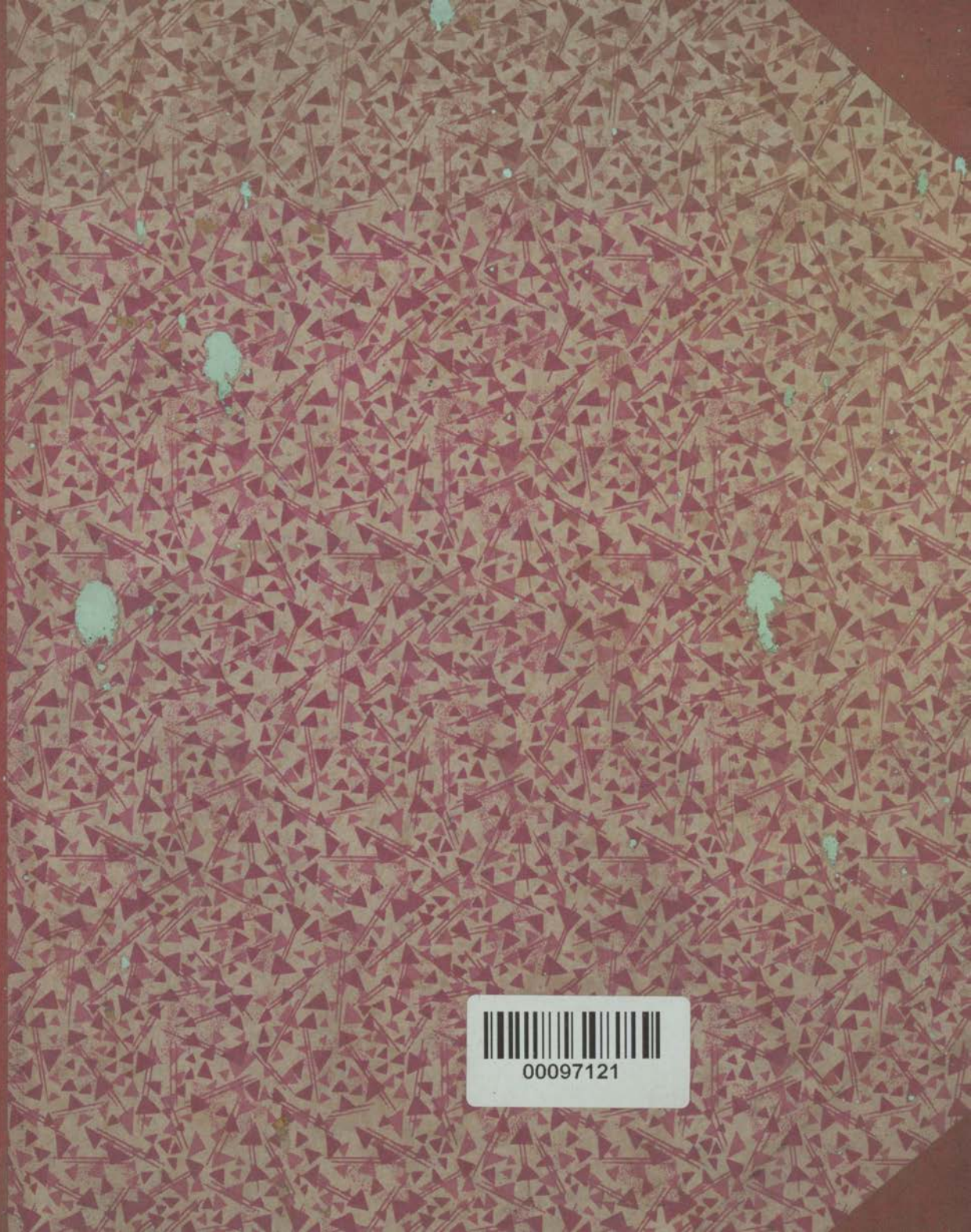
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THE
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HORATIO WALPOLE EARL OF ORFORD.

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THE

WORKS

OF

HORATIO WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.

97121

VOL. IX.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CHARLES KNIGHT, PALL-MALL-EAST.

MDCCCXXV.

PREFACE.

No apology, it is presumed, is necessary for the following Publication. The Letters of Mr. Walpole have already attained the highest rank in that department of English literature, and seem to deserve their popularity, whether they are regarded as objects of mere amusement, or as a collection of anecdotes illustrative of the politics, literature, and manners of an important and interesting period.

The first part of the following collection is composed of his letters to his cousin, the Earl of Hertford, while Ambassador at Paris, from 1763 to 1765, which seem, at least as much as those which have preceded them, deserving of the public attention.

It appears from some circumstances connected with the Letters themselves, that Mr. Walpole wrote them in the intention and hope that they might be preserved; and although they are enlivened by his characteristic vivacity, and are not deficient in the lighter matters with which he

was in the habit of amusing all his correspondents, they are, on the whole, written in a more careful style, and are employed on more important subjects than any others which have yet come to light.

Of the former collections, anecdote and chit-chat formed the principal topics, and politics were introduced only as they happened to be the news of the day. Of the series now offered to the Public, politics are the ground-work, and the town-talk is only the accidental embroidery.

Mr. Walpole's lately published *Memoires* have given proof of his ability in sketching parliamentary portraits and condensing parliamentary debates. In the following Letters powers of the same class will, it is thought, be recognised; and as the published parliamentary debates are extremely imperfect for the whole time to which this correspondence relates, Mr. Walpole's spirited sketches are additionally valuable.

These Letters also give a near view of the proceedings of political parties during that interesting period, and although the representation of so warm a partisan must be read with due caution, a great deal of authentic information on this subject will be found, and even the very errors of the writer will sometimes tend to elucidate the state of parties during one of the busiest periods of our domestic dissensions.

Mr. Walpole's party feelings were, indeed, so warm, and his judgment of individuals was so often affected by the political lights in which he viewed them, that the Editor has thought it due to many eminent political characters to add a few notes to endeavour to explain the prejudices and to correct the misapprehensions under which Mr. Walpole wrote. In doing so, the Editor has, he hopes, shown (what he certainly felt) a perfect impartiality, and he flatters himself that he has only endeavoured to perform (however imperfectly), what Mr. Walpole himself, after the heat of party had subsided, would have been inclined to do.

Some other notes have been added explanatory of allusions already by the lapse of time obscure, or likely to become so; and some attempt has been made to save the Reader the trouble of referring to magazines and peerages for information relative to the principal persons whom Mr. Walpole had occasion to mention.

The second collection of Letters to the Rev. Henry Zouch, is of a different class from the former; they are entirely occupied with literary subjects, and principally with topics connected with Mr. Walpole's very entertaining *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.* They will be read with interest by those who have paid any critical atten-

tion to Mr. Walpole's publications; and they afford a specimen of his literary life which may be properly, it is hoped, added to the *general collection of his works.* Of that collection, the present volume forms the *ninth.* If the Editor had thought himself at liberty to do so, he would, perhaps, have offered this publication in a smaller form; but on a consideration of all the circumstances, he has thought it right to follow the course, in some degree *prescribed* to him by the Editors of *The Memoires* and of *The Letters to Mr. Montague and Doctor Cole,* and to publish this volume as a continuation of the quarto edition.

ERRATA.

Page 10, Note 21, *for* George, *read* Richard.
„ 10, „ 21, *dele* than.
„ 20, „ 11, *for* distinction, *read* distinctions.
„ 25, „ 15, *dele* letters to Montague.
„ 42, „ 11, The story here alluded to is told also of Mademoiselle de Rohan, afterwards Duchess of Deux Ponts.
„ 43, „ 12, *for* Robert, third son, *read* George, fourth son.
„ 50, „ 21, *dele* facetious.
„ 50, „ 23, *after* period, *dele* of.
„ 54, „ 40, *for* Louisa, *read* Laura.
„ 81, „ 2, a few words are transposed.
„ 60, „ 2, *dele* the note on Forrester.
„ 82, „ 5, *for* too, *read* to.
„ 82, „ 9, *for* where, *read* when.
„ 88, „ 15, *for* they were, *read* it was.
„ 98, „ 11, *for* Dormer, *read* Damer.
„ 130, „ 1, The latter part of this note refers to Mr. Walpole himself, and should be separated from the former.
„ 136, „ 12, *for* a colon after Newcastle, *read* a comma.
„ 139, „ 21, *for* Kerret, *read* Skerret.
„ 146, „ last line, *for* ever, *read* even.
„ 162, „ Note 1, *for* Mr., *read* Mrs.

LETTERS

OF

THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE

TO

THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

LETTER I.

Arlington-street, Oct. 18, 1763.

My dear Lord,

I am very impatient for a letter from Paris, to hear of your outset, and what my Lady Hertford thinks of the new world she is got into, and whether it is better or worse than she expected. Pray tell me all: I mean of that sort, for I have no curiosity about the family compact, nor the harbour of Dunkirk. It is your private history—your audiences, reception, comforts or distresses, your way of life, your company—that interests me; in short, I care about my cousins and friends, not, like Jack Harris[1], about my Lord Ambassador. Consider you are in my power. You, by this time, are longing to hear from

[1] John Harris, Esq. of Hayne, in Devonshire, who married Anne, Lord Hertford's eldest sister.

England, and depend upon me for the news of London. I shall not send you a tittle, if you are not very good, and do not (one of you, at least) write to me punctually.

This letter, I confess, will not give you much encouragement, for I can absolutely tell you nothing. I dined at Mr. Grenville's[2] to-day, where, if there had been any thing to hear, I should have heard it; but all consisted in what you will see in the papers—some diminutive[3] battles in America, and the death of the King of Poland[4], which you probably knew before we did. The town is a desart; it is like a vast plain, which, though abandoned at present, is in three weeks to have a great battle fought upon it. One of the Colonels, I hear, is to be in town to-morrow, the Duke of Devonshire[5]. I came myself but this morning, but as I shall not return to Strawberry till the day after to-morrow, I shall not seal my letter till then. In the mean time, it is but fair to give you some more particular particulars of what I expect to know. For instance, of Monsieur de Nivernois's[6] cordiality; of Madame Dus-

[2] The Right Hon. George Grenville, First Lord of the Treasury. We shall see, by and by, that although Mr. Walpole was at this moment on familiar terms with Mr. Grenville, he soon after treated him with the bitterest hostility.

[3] The actions at Detroit and Edge Hill, on the 31st July and 5th and 6th August, between the British and the Indians. In the former the British were defeated, and their leader, Captain Dalyell, killed; in the latter engagements, under Colonel Bouguet, they defeated the Indians.

[4] Stanislaus Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, died at Dresden, on the 5th October.

[5] William, fourth Duke of Devonshire. He had been First Lord of the Treasury for a short time in the latter years of George II. He was afterwards Lord Chamberlain to that king and his successor, but in 1762 resigned his office, and went into opposition, of which he became, of course, one of the chiefs.

[6] The Duke de Nivernois had been lately Ambassador in England.

son's[7] affection for England; of my Lord Holland's joy at seeing you in France, especially without your secretary[8]; of all my Lady Hertford's[9] cousins, at St. Germains; and I should not dislike a little anecdote or two of the late Embassy[10], of which I do not doubt you will hear plenty. I must trouble you with many compliments to Madame de Boufflers[11], and with still more to the Duchesse de Mirepoix[12], who is always so good as to remember me. Her brother, Prince de Beauvau[13], I doubt has for-

[7] A Dutch lady, the wife of A. M. Dusson, who was, it is believed, one of the late Ambassador's suite, and who was himself subsequently French Minister at some foreign Courts: see Mr. Walpole's letter to Mr. Montague, (17th May, 1763,) for an account of an entertainment given to this lady and Madame de Boufflers, at Strawberry-hill.

[8] Mr. Fox, so long a political leader in the House of Commons, had been lately created Lord Holland, and was now in Paris. Mr. Walpole insinuates, in a letter to Mr. Montague (14th April, 1763), that Lord Holland's visit to France arose from apprehension of personal danger to himself, in consequence of his share in Lord Bute's administration—an absurd insinuation! What is meant by his *joy* at seeing Lord Hertford in France is not clear; but the allusion to the *Secretary* probably refers to the absence of the late Sir Charles (then Mr.) Bunbury, who was nominated Secretary to the Embassy, but who had not accompanied Lord Hertford to Paris: as Mr. Bunbury had married Lady Holland's niece, there may have been some family reason for this allusion.

[9] Lady Hertford was a grand-daughter of Charles II., and therefore cousin to the Pretender, who, however, was at this period in Italy, and the *cousins* alluded to were probably the family of Fitz-James.

[10] John, fourth Duke of Bedford, was Lord Hertford's predecessor. Mr. Walpole had been on terms of personal and political intimacy at Bedford-house; but political and private differences had occurred to sharpen his resentment against the Duke, and even occasionally against the Duchess of Bedford.

[11] The Countess de Boufflers, a lady of some literary pretensions, and celebrated as the intimate friend of the Prince de Conti, to whom she was probably united by a marriage *de la main gauche*.

[12] The Mareschale de Mirepoix was a clever woman, who was at the head of one class of French society. She, however, quarrelled with her family, and lost the respect of the public by the meanness of countenancing Madame du Barri.

[13] Son of the Prince de Craon; he was born in 1720; served with great distinction from the earliest age, and was created, in 1782, Marshal of France. His conduct in discountenancing the *favoritism* of the last years of Louis XV. was very honourable, as was his de-

gotten me. In the disagreeableness of taking leave, I omitted mentioning these messages. Good night for to-night—Oh! I forgot—pray send me some caffé au lait: the Duc de Picquigny[14] (who by the way is somebody's son, as I thought) takes it for snuff; and says it is the new fashion at Paris; I suppose they drink rappee after dinner.

Wednesday night.—I might as well have finished last night, for I know nothing more than I did then, but that Lady Mary Coke[15] arrived this evening. She has behaved very honourably, and not stolen the Hereditary Prince.

Mr. Bowman[16] called on me yesterday before I came, and left word that he would come again to-day, but did not. I wished to hear of you from him, and a little of my old acquaintance at Rheims. Did you find Lord Beauchamp[17] much grown? Are all your sons to be like those of the Amalekites? who were I forget how many cubits high.

Pray remind Mr. Hume[18] of collecting the whole history of the expulsion of the Jesuits. It is a subject worthy of his inquiry and pen. Adieu! my dear Lord.

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

votion to Louis XVI. in the first years of the revolution. The Marshal survived his unfortunate Sovereign but three months.

[14] Son of the Duke de Chaulnes.

[15] Youngest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich; widow of Viscount Coke. The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick was at this time betrothed to the King's eldest sister; and Mr. Walpole, a constant friend and admirer of Lady Mary's, affects to think that her beauty and vivacity might have seduced his Serene Highness from his Royal bride. Lady Mary lived till 1810.

[16] This gentleman was travelling tutor to Lord Hertford's eldest son, and had been lately residing with him at Rheims.

[17] Francis, afterwards second Marquis of Hertford, who died in 1822.

[18] David Hume, the historian, was at first Private Secretary to Lord Hertford, and afterwards Secretary of Embassy.

LETTER II.

Arlington-street, Nov. 17, 1763.

If the winter keeps up to the vivacity of its *debut*, you will have no reason to complain of the sterility of my letters. I do not say this from the spirit of the House of Commons on the first day[1], which was the most fatiguing and dull debate I ever heard, dull as I have heard many; and yet for the first quarter of an hour it looked as if we were met to chuse a King of Poland[2], and that all our names ended in *isky*. Wilkes[3], the night before, had presented himself at the Cockpit: as he was listening to the speech[4], George Selwyn said to him[5], in the words

[1] Parliament met on Tuesday the 15th November. The public mind was at this moment in a considerable ferment, and the King's speech invited Parliament "to discourage that licentious spirit which is repugnant to the true principles of liberty and of this happy constitution." It was expected that these words would, from their being understood as a direct attack on Mr. Wilkes, have opened a debate on his question, which was then uppermost in every mind; but the Opposition were unwilling to put themselves under the disadvantage of opposing the Address, and of excepting against words, which, in their general meaning, were unexceptionable; they, therefore, had recourse to the proceedings so well described in this letter; and which are not reported in the Parliamentary Histories, with the exception of a brief notice in *Debrett*.

[2] He means that parties were so violent that the members seemed inclined to come to blows.

[3] Mr. Wilkes, Member for Aylesbury, had been apprehended under a general warrant for a libel (the celebrated 45th No. of the *North Briton*), but was discharged by habeas corpus out of custody, on account of his privilege as a Member of Parliament.

[4] The King's Speech, which is now read at the house of the Minister, to a selection of the friends of Government, was formerly read at the Cockpit, and all who chose attended.

[5] George Augustus Selwyn; celebrated for his pleasantry and peculiarities. He was Member for the city of Gloucester, and held two or three subordinate but lucrative places under Government.

of the Dunciad, "May heaven preserve the ears you lend!" We lost four hours debating whether or not it was necessary to open the session with reading a bill. The opposite sides, at the same time, pushing to get the start, between the king's message, which Mr. Grenville stood at the bar to present, and which was to acquaint us with the arrest of Wilkes and all that affair, and the complaint which Wilkes himself stood up to make. At six[6] we divided on the question of reading a bill. Young Thos. Townshend[7] divided the House injudiciously, as the question was so idle; yet the whole argument of the day had been so complicated with this question, that in effect it became the material question for trying forces. This will be an interesting part to you, when you hear that your brother[8] and I were in the minority. You know *him*, and therefore know he did what he thought right; and for *me*, my dear Lord, you must know that I would die in the House for its privileges, and the liberty of the press. But come, don't be alarmed: this will have no consequences. I don't think your brother is going into opposition; and for me, if I may name myself to your affection after *him*, nothing but a question of such magnitude can carry me to the House at all. I

[6] The debate, then, had begun about 2 p. m.

[7] Member for Whitchurch, afterwards first Lord Sydney, son of Thomas, second son of the second Viscount Townshend. It will be seen, in the course of these letters, that the Townshends were supposed to be very unsteady, if not fickle, in their political conduct, a circumstance which gives point to Goldsmith's mention of this Mr. Townshend in his character of Burke:

> ——————— yet straining his throat
> To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.

[8] Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Lord Hertford, at this time a Groom of the Bed-chamber, Lieutenant-General in the army, and Colonel of the 1st regiment of dragoons. He was, as we shall see, in consequence of his opposition to Government on these questions, dismissed both from court and his regiment: but he became, on a change of Ministers in 1765, Secretary of State; and in 1772 was promoted to be a General; and in 1793 a Field-Marshal.

am sick[9] of parties and factions, and leave them to buy and sell one another. Bless me! I had forgot the numbers: they were 300, we 111. We then went upon the King's message; heard the *North Briton* read; and Lord North[10], who took the prosecution upon him and did it very well, moved to vote it a scandalous libel, *&c., tending to foment treasonable insurrections.* Mr. Pitt[11] gave up the paper, but fought against the last words of the censure. I say *Mr. Pitt*, for indeed, like Almanzor[12], he fought almost singly, and spoke forty times: the first time in the day with much wit, afterwards with little energy. He had a tough enemy too; I don't mean in parts or argument, but one that makes an excellent bull-dog, the Solicitor-General Norton[13]. Legge[14] was, as usual, concise; and Charles Townshend, what is not usual, silent. We sat till within few minutes of two, after dividing again; we, our exact former number, 111; they, 273; and then we adjourned to go on the point of privilege the next day: but now

> Listen, lordings, and hold you still;
> Of doughty deeds tell you I will.

[9] This was mere cant: Mr. Walpole loved nothing better than parties and factions: his letters to Bentley and Montague are full of this taste; and certainly no writer has given stronger proofs of party prejudice than he every where does. He was supposed to have had a considerable share in determining General Conway to take a course in opposition to the sentiments of his family.

[10] Frederick, afterwards Prime Minister. At this time one of the junior Lords of the Treasury.

[11] Afterwards the first Earl of Chatham.

[12] A bombastic character in Dryden's now almost forgotten *Conquest of Grenada.*

[13] Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards Attorney-General, and Speaker, and subsequently a Peer, by the title of Lord Grantley.

[14] Henry Bilson Legge, younger son of the first Earl of Dartmouth, had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Pitt's administration. He died in 1764.

Martin[15], in the debate, mentioned the *North Briton*, in which he himself had been so heavily abused; and he said, "whoever stabs a reputation in the dark, without setting his name, is a cowardly, malignant, and scandalous scoundrel." This, looking at Wilkes, he repeated twice, with such rage and violence, that he owned his passion obliged him to sit down. Wilkes bore this with the same indifference as he did all that passed in the day. The House too, who from Martin's choosing to take a public opportunity of resentment, when he had so long declined any private notice, and after Wilkes's courage was become so problematic, seemed to think there was no danger of such champions going further; but the next day, when we came into the House, the first thing we heard was that Martin had shot Wilkes: so he had; but Wilkes has six lives still good. It seems Wilkes had writ, to avow the paper, to Martin, on which the latter challenged him. They went into Hyde Park about noon, Humphrey Coates, the wine-merchant, waiting in a post-chaise to convey Wilkes away if triumphant. They fired at the distance of fourteen yards: both missed. Then Martin fired and lodged a ball in the side of Wilkes, who was going to return it, but dropped his pistol. He desired Martin to take care of securing himself, and assured him he would never say a word against him, and he allows that Martin behaved well. The wound yesterday was thought little more than a flesh wound, and he was in his old spirits. To-day the account is worse, and he has been delirious: so you will think when you hear what is to come. I think, from the agitation his mind must be in, from his spirits, and from drinking, as I suppose he will, that he probably will end here.

[15] Samuel Martin, Esq., Member for Camelford, who had been Secretary of the Treasury in Lord Bute's administration.

He puts me in mind of two lines of Hudibras[16], which, by the arrangement of the words combined with Wilkes's story, are stronger than Butler intended them—

> But he that fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day.

His adventures with Lord Talbot[17], Forbes[18], and Martin, make these lines history.

[16] These lines, and two others, usually appended to them—

> He that is in battle slain
> Can never rise to fight again,

are *not* in Hudibras. Butler has the same thought in two lines—

> For those that fly may fight again,
> Which he can never do that's slain. *Par. III. Cant.* 3, *l.* 243.

[17] At the Coronation, Lord Talbot, as Lord Steward, appeared on horseback in Westminster-hall. His horse had been, at numerous rehearsals, so assiduously trained to perform what was thought the most difficult part of his duty, namely, the retiring backwards from the Royal table, that, at the ceremony itself, no art of his rider could prevent the too docile animal from making his approaches to the Royal presence *tail foremost*. This ridiculous incident was the occasion of some sarcastic remarks in the *North Briton* of the 21st August, which led to a correspondence between Lord Talbot and Mr. Wilkes, and ultimately to a duel in the garden of the Red Lion Inn, at Bagshot. Mr. Wilkes proposed that the parties should *sup together* that night, and fight next morning. Lord Talbot insisted on fighting immediately. This altercation, and some delay of Wilkes in writing papers, which (not expecting, he said, to take the field before morning) he had left unfinished, delayed the affair till dusk, and after the innocuous exchange of shots *by moonlight*, the parties shook hands, and supped together at the inn with a great deal of jollity. Wilkes's biographer, in the *Biog. Dict.*, says that "he was not benefitted" by this affair, and Walpole here insinuates that it was not creditable to him; and in his letter to Mr. Montague (20th Nov. 1763), in allusion to Wilkes's subsequent duel with Mr. Martin, he says, more explicitly, "*cowards* fight duels:" yet, on a consideration of the correspondence and all the circumstances as they have reached us, it does not seem that any blame was fairly imputable to Mr. Wilkes. In his *first* reply to Lord Talbot he frankly offered his Lordship personal satisfaction, and it seems to have been no fault of his that the meeting was either so long delayed, or, at last, so indecently hastened.

[18] A young Scotch officer, of the name of Forbes, fastened a quarrel on Mr. Wilkes, in Paris, for having written against Scotland, and insisted on his fighting him. Wilkes

Now for part the second. On the first day, in your house, where the address was moved by Lord Hillsborough[19] and Lord Suffolk[20], after some wrangling between Lord Temple[21], Lord Halifax[22], the Duke of Bedford[23], and Lord Gower[24]; Lord Sandwich[25] laid before the House the most blasphemous and indecent poem that ever was composed, called "An Essay on Woman, with notes, by Dr. Warburton[26]." I will tell you none of the particulars: they were so exceedingly bad, that Lord Lyttleton[27] begged the reading might be stopped.

behaved with more coolness than his political adversaries thought necessary, and declined fighting Forbes, until he should have settled an engagement of the same nature which he had with Lord Egremont. Just at this time Lord Egremont died, and Wilkes immediately offered to meet Capt. Forbes, at Menin, in Flanders. (He was restricted from fighting in France.) By some mistake and *mal entendu*, Capt. Forbes did not appear, and the affair blew over. A long controversy was kept up on the subject by partisans in the newspapers; but on the whole it is impossible to deny that Forbes's conduct was hasty and foolish, and that Wilkes behaved himself like a man of temper and honour.

[19] Wills, second Earl of Hillsborough, afterwards first Marquis of Downshire, was at this time First Commissioner of Trade. He was afterwards Secretary of State. He died in 1793.

[20] Henry, twelfth Earl of Suffolk. In 1771 he became Privy Seal, and soon after Secretary of State.

[21] George, first Earl Temple. It must be recollected that Lord Temple, who was the most violent opposer in the Lords, was Mr. Grenville's brother; and Mr. Pitt, the Minister's most powerful antagonist in the lower house, his brother-in-law. These were than Theban contests.

[22] George, last Earl of Halifax, Secretary of State.

[23] See *Ante*, p. 3.

[24] Granville, second Earl Gower, afterwards first Marquis of Stafford, Lord Chamberlain.

[25] John, Earl of Sandwich, at this time Secretary of State, afterwards, for many years, at the head of the Admiralty.

[26] The celebrated Bishop of Gloucester, whose laborious commentaries on Pope's Essay on Man gave Wilkes the idea of fathering on him the notes on the Essay on Woman.

[27] George, first Lord Lyttleton. The elegance, decency, and piety of his own works

The House was amazed; nobody ventured even to ask a question: so it was easily voted every thing you please, and a breach of privilege into the bargain. Lord Sandwich then informed your Lordships that Mr. Wilkes was the author. Fourteen copies alone were printed, one of which the Ministry had bribed the printer to give up. Lord Temple then objected to the manner of obtaining it, and Bishop Warburton[28], as much shocked at infidelity as Lord Sandwich had been at obscenity, said, "the blackest fiends in hell would not keep company with Wilkes when he should arrive there." Lord Sandwich moved to vote Wilkes the author; but this Lord Mansfield stopped, advertising the House that it was necessary first to hear what Wilkes could say in his defence. To-day, therefore, was appointed for that purpose; but it has been put off by Martin's *lodging a caveat.* This bomb was certainly well conducted, and the secret, though known to many, well kept. The management is worthy of Lord Sandwich, and like him. It may sound odd for me, with my principles, to admire Lord Sandwich; but besides that he has in several instances been very obliging to me, there is a good humour and an industry about him that are very uncommon. I do not admire politicians; but when they are excellent in their way, one cannot help allowing them their due. Nobody but he could have struck a stroke like this.

Yesterday we sat till eight on the Address, which yet passed without a negative: we had two very long speeches from Mr. Pitt and Mr. Grenville; many fine parts in each. Mr. Pitt has given the latter

make it appear natural that he should have been the person to interrupt the reading of Wilkes's libel.

[28] It is to be hoped that Walpole's sneer at Warburton's christianity was not so well founded as that against Lord Sandwich's morality.

some strong words, yet not so many as were expected. To-morrow we go on the great question of privilege; but I must send this away, as we have no chance of leaving the House before midnight, if before next morning.

This long letter contains the history of but two days; yet if two days furnish a history, it is not my fault. The ministry, I think, may do whatever they please. Three hundred, that will give up their own privileges[29], may be depended upon for giving up any thing else. I have not time or room to ask a question, or say a word more.

Yours, ever,

H. W.

Nov. 18, *Friday.*—I have luckily got a holiday, and can continue my despatch, as you know dinner-time is my chief hour of business. The Speaker[30], unlike Mr. Onslow, who was immortal in the chair, is taken very ill, and our House is adjourned to Monday. Wilkes is thought in great danger: instead of keeping him quiet, his friends have shewn their zeal by visiting him, and himself has been all spirits and riot, and sat up in his bed the next morning to correct the press for to-morrow's *North Briton.* His bon mots are all over the town, but too gross, I think, to repeat; the chief are at the expense of poor Lord George[31]. Notwith-

[29] Walpole was blinded by party, or he could not have thought it consistent either with liberty or common sense that the privilege of Parliament should extend to criminal cases, or to offences committed not in the character of Member of Parliament.

[30] Sir John Cust: he filled the chair till Jan. 1770.

[31] Probably Lord George Sacville, so disagreeably celebrated for his conduct at Minden; afterwards a Peer, by the title of Lord Sacville, and Secretary of State. In the *North Briton,* which was in preparation when Wilkes was taken up, he advised that Lord George should carry the *sword* before the King at an intended thanksgiving. Of all the persons suspected of being the author of Junius, Lord George Sacville seems the most probable—the circumstances here alluded to would account for Junius's coolness towards Wilkes.

standing Lord Sandwich's masked battery, the tide runs violently for Wilkes, and I do not find people in general so inclined to excuse his Lordship as I was. One hears nothing but stories of the latter's impiety, and of the concert he was in with Wilkes on that subject. Should this hero die, the Bishop of Gloucester may doom him whither he pleases, but Wilkes will pass for a saint and a martyr.

Besides what I have mentioned, there were two or three passages in the House of Lords that were diverting. Lord Temple dwelled much on the Spanish Ministry being devoted to France. Lord Halifax replied, "Can we help that? We can no more oblige the King of Spain to change his Ministers, than his Lordship can force his Majesty to change the present Administration." Lord Gower, too, attacking Lord Temple on want of respect to the King, the Earl replied, "he never had wanted respect for the King: he and his family had been attached to the House of Hanover *full as long* as his Lordship's family had[32]."

You may imagine that little is talked of but Wilkes, and what relates to him. Indeed, I believe there is no other news, but that Sir George Warren[33] marries Miss Bishop, the maid of honour. The Duchess of Grafton[34] is at Euston, and *hopes* to stay there till after Christmas. Operas do not begin till to-morrow se'nnight; but the Mingotti is to

[32] Lord Gower had been reputed the head of the Jacobites. Sir C. H. Williams sneeringly calls him '*Hanoverian Gower*;' and when he accepted office from the House of Brunswick, all the Jacobites in England were mortified and enraged. Dr. Johnson, a steady Tory, was, when compiling his dictionary, with difficulty persuaded not to add to his explanation of the word *deserter*—"sometimes it is called a *Go'er*."

[33] This marriage took place in Feb. 1764. Miss Bishop was a celebrated beauty.

[34] Anne Liddell, only child of Henry Lord Ravensworth; wife of Augustus, third Duke of Grafton. She was one of the leaders of fashionable society—a great encourager of *loo*, and a particular friend of Mr. Walpole's. She soon after separated from the Duke, and was subsequently divorced.

sing, and that contents me. I forgot to tell you, and you may wonder at hearing nothing of the Reverend Mr. Charles Pylades[35], while Mr. John Orestes is making such a figure: but Dr. Pylades, the poet, has forsaken his consort and the muses, and is gone off with a stone-cutter's daughter. If he should come and offer himself to you for Chaplain to the Embassy!

The Countess of Harrington[36] was extremely alarmed last Sunday, on seeing the Duc de Prequigny enter her assembly: she forbade Lady Caroline[37] speaking to such a debauched young man, and communicated her fright to every body. The Duchess of Bedford[38] observed to me that as Lady Berkeley[39] and some other matrons of the same stamp were there, she thought there was no danger of any violence being committed. For my part, the sisters are so different, that I conclude my Lady Hertford has not found any young man in France wild enough for *her*. Your counterpart[40], Monsieur de Guerchy, takes extremely. I have not yet seen his wife.

I this minute receive your charming long letter of the 11th, and give you a thousand thanks for it. I wish next Tuesday was past, for Lady

[35] This Pylades and Orestes are Churchill the satirist, and Wilkes.

[36] Lady Caroline Fitzroy, second daughter of the second Duke of Grafton, and sister to Lady Hertford; married in 1746 to Lord Petersham, who became in 1754 second Earl of Harrington. Walpole's former letters have attributed to this lady a conduct very inconsistent with the *prudery* here mentioned.

[37] Her eldest daughter, afterwards Viscountess Fortrose; she died in 1767, at the age of 20.

[38] Gertrude, eldest daughter of John, Earl Gower. See *Ante*, p. 3.

[39] Elizabeth Drax, wife of Augustus, fourth Earl Berkeley: she had been Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Dowager.

[40] The Count de Guerchy, lately appointed Ambassador to England: amongst his titles we find Vicomte de *Fontenay-le-Marmion*. He died in Sept. 1767.

Hertford's sake. You may depend on my letting you know if I hear the least rumour in your disfavour. I should do so without your orders, for I could not bear to have you traduced and not advertise you to defend yourself. I have hitherto not heard a syllable; but the newspapers talk of your magnificence, and I approve extremely your intending to support their evidence; for though I do not think it necessary to scatter pearls and diamonds about the streets like their Vice-Majesties[41] of Ireland, one owes it to one's self and to the King's choice to prove it was well made.

The colour given at Paris to Bunbury's[42] stay in England has been given out here too. You need not, I think, trouble yourself about that; a majority of 300 will soon shew, that if he was detained, the reason at least no longer subsists.

Hamilton[43] is certainly returning from Ireland. Lord Shannon's[44]

[41] Hugh, Earl and afterwards Duke of Northumberland, and his Lady Elizabeth Seymour, only surviving child of Algernon, Duke of Somerset, and heiress, by her grandmother, of the Percies.

[42] The late Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart. The reason evidently was that he remained to vote in the House of Commons.

[43] The Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton: he had been Chief Secretary to Lord Halifax, late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and continued in the same office during the first portion of Lord Northumberland's Viceroyalty; but they were on such uneasy terms that Mr. Hamilton's resignation or dismissal was expected several months before it actually took place. It was during his employment in Ireland that Mr. Hamilton first brought Mr. Burke into public life, and procured for him a pension of 300*l.* per annum, which, after a year's existence, was terminated in a manner much to the credit of Mr. Burke, and little to that of Mr. Hamilton.

[44] Richard, Lord Boyle, eldest son of the first Earl of Shannon, married, Dec. 1763, Catharine, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, by Lady Ellen Cavendish, second daughter of the third Duke of Devonshire. Lord Shannon, Mr. Ponsonby, and the Primate, Dr. George Stone, Archbishop of Armagh, were the ruling triumvirate of Ireland. They were four times declared Lords Justices

son is going to marry the Speaker's daughter, and the Primate has begged to have the honour of joining their hands.

This letter is wofully blotted and ill written, yet I must say it is print compared to your Lordship's. At first I thought you had forgot that you was not writing to the Secretary of State, and had put it into cipher. Adieu! I am neither dead of my fever nor apoplexy, nay, nor of the House of Commons. I rather think the violent heat of the latter did me good. Lady Aylesbury[45] was at Court yesterday, and benignly received; a circumstance you will not dislike.

Yours, most cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. If I have not told you all you want to know, interrogate me, and I will answer the next post.

of that kingdom. Some differences had, however, occurred between these great leaders, which Mr. Walpole insinuates that this marriage was likely to heal.

[45] Caroline Campbell, only daughter of John, Duke of Argyle, and the celebrated Mary Bellenden: first married in 1739 to Charles, third Earl of Aylesbury, and secondly, in 1747, to General Conway. By Lord Aylesbury she was mother of Mary, Duchess of Richmond, and by General Conway, of Mrs. Damer. The *benignity* of her reception at Court is noticed, because General Conway's late votes against the minister might naturally have displeased the King, to whom he was Groom of the Bedchamber.

LETTER III.

Arlington-street, Nov. 25th, 1763.

You tell me, my dear Lord, in a letter I have this moment received from you, that you have had a comfortable one from me; I fear it was not the last[1]: you will not have been fond of your brother's voting against the Court. Since that he has been told by different channels that they think of taking away regiments from opposers. He heard it, as he would the wind whistle; while in the shape of a threat he treats it with contempt: if put into execution, his scorn would subside into indifference. You know he has but one object—doing what is right; the rest may betide as it will. One or two of the Ministers[2], who are honest men, would, *I have reason to believe,* be heartily concerned to have such measures adopted; but they are not directors. The little favour *they* possess, and the desperateness of their situation, oblige them to swallow many things they disapprove, and which ruin their character with the nation; while others, who have no character to lose, and whose situation is no less desperate, care not what inconveniences they bring on their master, nor what confusion on their country, in which they can never

[1] The letter, here alluded to, was probably one written between the two former, and which has not been found.

[2] There is reason to think that at this moment Mr. Grenville and Lord Halifax were those to whom Mr. Walpole gave credit for honest intentions and a disposition to moderate and conciliate. This opinion, though probably correct, Walpole soon changed, as to Mr. Grenville.

prosper, except when it is convulsed. The nation, indeed, seems thoroughly sensible of this truth. They are unpopular beyond conception: even of those that vote with them there are numbers that express their aversion without reserve. Indeed, on Wednesday, [23d Nov.] this went farther: we were to debate[3] the great point of privilege: Wilbraham[4] objected that Wilkes was involved in it, and ought to be present. On this, though, as you see, a question of slight moment, fifty-seven left them at once: they were but 243 to 166. As we had sat, however, till eight at night, the debate was postponed to next day. Mr. Pitt, who had a fever and the gout, came on crutches, and wrapped in flannels: so he did yesterday, but was obliged to retire at ten at night, after making a speech of an hour and fifty minutes; the worst, I think, I ever heard him make in my life. For our parts, we sat till within ten minutes of two in the morning [of the 25th.] Yet we had but few speeches, all were so long. Hussey[5], Solicitor to the Princess of Wales, was against the Court, and spoke with great spirit, and true Whig spirit. Charles Yorke[6]

[3] The report of this debate is not to be found in the Parliamentary History, nor in any other collection that we have seen, with the exception of a brief notice in Debrett's Parliamentary Debates. The question, as stated in the journals, was, "That Privilege of Parliament does not extend to the case of writing and publishing seditious libels, nor ought to be allowed to obstruct the ordinary course of the laws in the speedy and effectual prosecution of so heinous and dangerous an offence."

[4] Randle Wilbraham, L.L.D., a barrister; Deputy Steward of the University of Oxford; Member for Newton, in Lancashire.

[5] Richard Hussey, Member of St. Mawes. He was Counsel to the Navy, as well as Solicitor to the *Queen* (not, as Mr. Walpole says, to the Princess,): he was afterwards her Majesty's Attorney General.

[6] Charles Yorke, second son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: he had been Attorney-General, but resigned on the 31st Oct. 1763. He agreed with the Ministry on the question of *Privilege*, but differed from them on *General Warrants*. This last difference may have accelerated his resignation, but the event itself had been determined on ever since the failure of a negociation which took place towards the end of the preceding August, through

shone exceedingly. He had spoke and voted with us the night before; but now maintained his opinion against Pratt's[7]. It was a most able and learned performance, and the latter part, which was oratoric, uncommonly beautiful and eloquent. You find I don't let partiality to the Whig cause blind my judgment. That speech was certainly the masterpiece of the day. Norton would not have made a figure, even if Charles Yorke had not appeared; but giving way to his natural brutality, he got into an ugly scrape. Having so little delicacy or decency as to mention a cause in which he had prosecuted Sir John Rushout[8] (who sat just under him) for perjury, the tough old knight (who had been honourably acquitted of the charge) gave the House an account of the affair; and then added, "I was assured the prosecution was set on foot by that *honest gentleman;* I hope I don't call him out of his name—and that it was in revenge for my having opposed him in an election." Norton denied the charge, upon his honour, which did not seem to persuade every body. Immediately after this we had another episode. Rigby,[9] totally unprovoked either by any thing said or by the

Mr. Pitt and Lord Hardwicke, to form a new Administration on a Whig basis. His speech must have been wonderfully fine to have drawn such praises from Walpole, who personally and politically hated what he called the "*House of Yorke.*"

[7] Charles Pratt, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, afterwards Lord Camden. He had discharged Wilkes out of confinement on the ground of privilege.

[8] Sir John Rushout, of Northwick, the fourth Baronet. This old gentleman had sat in ten Parliaments; in the three first for Malmsbury, and in the rest for Evesham. He had been a violent politician in Sir Robert Walpole's administration. In a *characteristic List of pictures*, lately published in Lady Hervey's Letters, we find, in allusion to the style of his oratory, "*A Night-shade,*" by Sir John Rushout.

[9] The Right Honourable Richard Rigby, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, afterwards Paymaster of the Forces. A statesman of the second class, and a *bon vivant* of the first. Mr. Rigby was at one time a chief friend and favourite of Mr. Walpole's, but became involved in Mr. Walpole's dislike to the Duke of Bedford, to whom Mr. Rigby was sincerely and constantly attached, and over whom he was supposed to have great influence.

complexion of the day, which was grave and argumentative, fell upon Lord Temple, and described his behaviour on the commitment of Wilkes. James Grenville[10], who sat behind him, rose in all the acrimony of resentment: drew a very favourable picture of his brother, and then one of Rigby, conjuring up the bitterest words, epithets, and circumstances that he could amass together: told him how interested he was, and how ignorant: painted his journey to Ireland to get a law-place, for which he was so unqualified; and concluded with affirming he had fled from thence to avoid the vengeance of the people. The passive Speaker suffered both painters to finish their works, and would have let them carry their colours and brushes into Hyde-park the next morning, if other people had not represented the necessity of demanding their paroles that it should go no farther. They were both unwilling to rise: Rigby did at last, and put an end to it with humour and good humour. The numbers were 258 to 133. The best speech of all those that were *not* spoken was Charles Townshend's[11]. He has for some time been informing the world that for the last three months he had constantly employed six clerks to search and transcribe records, journals,

[10] Fourth brother of Lord Temple and Mr. Geo. Grenville: father of Lord Glastonbury.

[11] As Mr. Walpole here, and elsewhere, seems to impute Mr. Charles Townshend's silence on the question of Privilege to fickleness, or some worse cause, it is but just to state that he never quite approved that question. This will be seen from the following extract from one of his confidential letters to Dr. Brocklesby, written two months before Parliament met:—"You know I never approved of No. 45, or engaged in any of the consequential measures. As to the question of Privilege, it is an intricate matter. The authorities are contradictory, and the distinction to be reasonably made on the precedents are plausible and endless." Mr. Townshend gave a good deal of further consideration to the subject, and his silence in the debate only proves that his first impressions were confirmed. Mr. Burke's beautiful, but, perhaps, too favourable character of Charles Townshend will immortalize the writer and the subject.

precedents, &c. The production of all this mountain of matter was a mouse, and that mouse still-born: he has voted with us, but never uttered a word.

We shall now repose for some time; at least I am sure I shall. It has been hard service; and nothing but a Whig point of this magnitude could easily have carried me to the House at all, of which I have so long been sick. Wilkes will live, but is not likely to be in a situation to come forth for some time. The Blasphemous Book has fallen ten times heavier on Sandwich's own head than on Wilkes's: it has brought forth such a catalogue of anecdotes as is incredible! Lord Hardwicke[12] fluctuates between life and death. Lord Effingham is dead suddenly,[13] and Lord Cantelupe[14] has got his troop.

These are all our news; I am glad yours go on so smoothly. I take care to do you justice at Monsieur de Guerchy's for all the justice you do to France, and particularly to the House of Nivernois. D'Eon[15] is

[12] The great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: he had resigned the seals in 1756, and died 6th March, 1764.

[13] Thomas, second Earl of Effingham: a Lieutenant-General in the army, and Colonel of the first troop of Horse Grenadier Guards.

[14] John, afterwards second Earl of Delaware, Vice Chamberlain to the Queen.

[15] This singular person had been Secretary to the Duke de Nivernois's embassy, and in the interval between that Ambassador's departure and the arrival of M. de Guerchy, the French mission to our Court devolved upon him. This honour, as Mr. Walpole intimates, seems to have turned his head, and he was so absurdly exasperated at being superseded by M. de Guerchy, that he refused to deliver his letters of recall, set his Court at defiance, and published a volume of libels on M. de Guerchy and the French Ministers. As he persisted in withholding the letters of recall, the two Courts were obliged to notify in the *London Gazette* that his mission was at an end; and the French Government desired that he might be given up to them. This, of course, could not be done, but he was proceeded against by criminal information, and finally convicted of the libels against M. de Guerchy. D'Eon asserted that the French Ministry had a design to carry him off privately and it has been said that he was apprised of this scheme by

here still: I know nothing more of him but that the honour of having a hand in the Peace overset his poor brain. This was evident on the fatal night[16] at Lord Halifax's: when they told him his behaviour was a breach of the peace, he was quite distracted, thinking it was the *peace* between his country and this.

Our operas begin to-morrow. The Duchess of Grafton is come for a fortnight only. My compliments to the Embassadress, and all your Court.

Yours, my dear Lord,

Most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Louis XV., who, it seems, had entertained some kind of secret and extra-official communication with this adventurer. He afterwards continued in obscurity till 1777, when the public was astonished by the trial of an action before Lord Mansfield, for money lost on a wager respecting his sex. On that trial it seemed proved beyond all doubt that the person was a female. Proceedings in the Parliament of Paris had a similar result, and the soldier and the Minister was condemned to wear woman's attire, which D'Eon did for many years. He emigrated at the revolution, and died in London in May, 1810. On examination, after death, the body proved to be that of a male. This circumstance, attested by the most respectable authorities, is so strongly at variance with all the former evidence, that the French biographers have been induced to doubt whether the original Chevalier D'Eon and the person who died in 1810 were the same, and they even endeavour to shew that the real person, the *Chevalière*, as they term it, died in 1790; but we cannot admit this solution of the difficulty, for one, at least, of the surgeons who examined the body in 1810, had known D'Eon in his female habiliments, and he had for ten years lived unquestioned under the name of D'Eon.

[16] On the 26th of October, D'Eon, meeting M. de Guerchy and a M. de Vergy at Lord Halifax's, in Great George-street, burst out into such violence on some observation made by De Vergy, that it became necessary to call in the guard. His whole behaviour in this affair looks like insanity.

LETTER IV.

Arlington-street, Dec. 2d, 1763

I HAVE been expecting a letter all day, as Friday is the day I have generally received a letter from you, but it is not yet arrived, and I begin mine without it. Monsieur de Guerchy has given us a prosperous account of my Lady Hertford's audience: still I am impatient to hear it from yourselves. I want to know, too, what you say to your brother's being in the minority. I have already told you that unless they use him ill, I do not think him likely to take any warm part. With regard to dismission of officers, I hear no more of it; such a violent step would but spread the flames, which are already fierce enough. I will give you an instance: last Saturday, Lord Cornwallis[1] and Lord Allen[2] came drunk to the Opera: the former went up to Rigby in the pit, and told him in direct words that Lord Sandwich was a pickpocket. Then Lord Allen, with looks and gestures no less expressive, advanced close to him, and repeating this again in the passage, would have provoked a quarrel, if George West[3] had not carried him

[1] Charles, first Marquis of Cornwallis: born in 1738, succeeded his father, the first Earl, in 1762, and died in India in 1805.

[2] Joshua, fifth Viscount Allen, of Ireland, born in 1738: he was an intimate friend of Lord Cornwallis, and when the latter was called up to the House of Peers, Lord Allen succeeded him as Member for Eye.

[3] George, second son of the first Earl of Delaware: born in 1733, died 1776.

away by force. Lord Cornwallis, the next morning in Hyde-park, made an apology to Rigby for his behaviour, but the rest of the world is not so complaisant. His pride, insolence, and over-bearingness, have made him so many enemies, that they are glad to tear him to pieces for his attack on Lord Temple, so unprovoked, and so poorly performed. It was well that with his spirit and warmth he had the sense not to resent the behaviour of those two drunken young fellows.

On Tuesday, your Lordship's House sat till ten at night, on the resolutions we had communicated to you; and you agreed to them by 114 to 35: a puny minority indeed, considering of what great names it was composed! Even the Duke of Cumberland[4] voted in it; but Mr. Yorke's speech in our House, and Lord Mansfield's[5] in yours, for two hours, carried away many of the opposition, particularly Lord Lyttelton[6], and the greater part of the Duke of Newcastle's[7] Bishops. The Duke of Grafton[8] is much commended. The Duke of Portland[9] commenced, but was too much frightened. There was no warmth nor event; but Lord Shelburn[10], who they say spoke well, and against the Court, and as his friends had voted in our House, has produced one, the great

[4] The Hero of Culloden. Considerable jealousies had long existed between the Duke and the Princess Dowager and her family, and he was now almost the avowed leader of the opposition to his nephew's government; and was the principal means of forming, in 1765, the Rockingham Administration.

[5] The Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

[6] Who made an impressive speech on the occasion.

[7] He means Bishops made during the Duke of Newcastle's administration, and who were therefore supposed likely to be of his opinion. The Duke of Newcastle, after being nearly half a century in office, was now in opposition.

[8] Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton.

[9] William Henry, third Duke of Portland: born 1738, died 1809.

[10] Afterwards first Marquis of Lansdown: his Lordship had lately resigned the Board of Trade.

Mr. Calcraft[12] being turned out yesterday, from some Muster-mastership; I don't know what.

Lord Sandwich is canvassing to succeed Lord Hardwicke, as High Steward of Cambridge; another egg of animosity. We shall, however, I believe, be tolerably quiet till after Christmas, as Mr. Wilkes will not be able to act before the holidays. I rejoice at it: I am heartily sick of all this folly, and shall be glad to get to Strawberry again, as I hear nothing of it. The Ministry have bought off Lord Clive[13] with a bribe that would frighten the King of France himself: they have given him back his 25,000*l.* a year. Walsh[14] has behaved nobly: he said he could not in conscience vote with the Administration, and would not vote against Lord Clive, who chose him: he has, therefore, offered to resign his seat. Lady Augusta's[15] fortune was to be voted to-day, and Lord Strange[16] talked of opposing it; but I had not the curiosity to go down.

[12] John Calcraft, Esq., was Deputy-Commissary-General of Musters: he was particularly attached to Mr. Fox, which is, perhaps, one reason why Mr. Walpole, who had now quarrelled with Mr. Fox, speaks so slightingly of Mr. Calcraft.

[13] Robert Clive, Member for Shrewsbury, who, for his extraordinary services and success in India, was, at the age of 35, created an Irish Peer. It was of him that Mr. Pitt said that he was "a heaven-born general, who, without any experience in military affairs, had surpassed all the officers of his time." The wealth which this great man accumulated in India was during his whole subsequent life a subject of popular jealousy and party attack.

[14] John Walsh, Esq. Member for Worcester.

[15] Princess Augusta, eldest sister of George III.: married in Jan. 1764 to the Duke of Brunswick, killed at Jena, in 1806. Her Royal Highness died in London in 1810. The King is reported by Mr. Walpole [*Letters to Montague*] to have said, upon hearing that some objection would be made to his sister's fortune, "Oh, no, they'll make no objection to Augusta's fortune, for she is in the Opposition." The sum was 80,000*l.*, and was voted *nem. con.* on the 5th December.

[16] James, eldest son of the eleventh Earl of Derby, born in 1717; though he called himself Lord Strange, he had no right to that title, which being a barony in fee, had devolved

This is all our politics, and indeed all our news; we have none of any other kind. So far you will not regret England. For my part, I wish myself with you. Being perfectly indifferent who is minister and who is not, and weary of laughing[17] at both, I shall take hold of the first Spring to make you my visit.

Our operas do not succeed. Giardini, now become *Minister*, and having no exchequer to buy an audience, is grown unpopular. The Mingotti, whom he has forced upon the town, is as much disliked as if he had insisted on her being First Lord of the Treasury. The first man, though with sweet notes, has so weak a voice that he might as well hold his tongue like Charles Townshend. The figurantes are very pretty, but can dance no more than Tommy Pelham[18]. The first man dancer is handsome, well made, and strong enough to make his fortune *any where;* but you know, fortunes made in private are seldom agreeable to the public[19]. In short, it will not do; there was not a soul in the pit the second night.

Lady Mary Coke has received her gown by the Prince de Masseran[20], and is exceedingly obliged to you, though much disappointed; this being a slight gown made up, and not the one she expected, which is a

on the Athol family, the heirs general of the former Earl of Derby. He was Chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster.

[17] Mr. Walpole affected indifference to politics, but the tone of his correspondence does not quite justify the expression of laughing at either party; he was warmly interested in the one, and bitterly hostile to the other, and for a considerable period took a deep and active interest in political party.

[18] Thomas Pelham, Member for Sussex, afterwards Comptroller of the Household, and first Earl of Chichester.

[19] The reader will observe in this description of the Opera an amusing allusion to public affairs; the last sentence refers, no doubt, to Lord Bute.

[20] The Prince de Masserano, Spanish Ambassador.

fine one bought for her by Lady Holland[21], and which you must send somehow or other: if you cannot, you must despatch an ambassador on purpose. I dined with the Prince de Masseran, at Guerchy's, the day after his arrival, and if faces speak truth, he will not be our ruin. Oh! but there is a ten times more delightful man—the Austrian Minister[22]: he is so stiff and upright, that you would think all his mistress's diadems were upon his head, and that he was afraid of their dropping off.

I know so little of Irish politics, that I am afraid of misinforming you, but I hear that Hamilton, who has come off with honour in a squabble with Lord Newton[23], about the latter's wife, speaks and votes with the Opposition against the Castle[24]. I don't know the meaning of it, nor, except it had been to tell you, should I have remembered it.

Well! your letter will not come, and I must send away mine. Remember, the holidays are coming, and that I shall be a good deal out of town. I have been charming hitherto, but I cannot make brick without straw. Encore, you are almost the only person I ever write a line to. I grow so old and so indolent that I hate the sight of a pen and ink.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

[21] Lady Georgina Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. She had been, in 1762, created Baroness Holland, in her own right.

[22] Probably the Count de Seleirn, Minister from the Empress Queen, Maria Theresa.

[23] Brinsley Lord Newton, afterwards second Earl of Lanesborough, married Lady Jane Rochfort, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Belvidere. In the affair here alluded to, Lord Newton exhibited at first an extreme jealousy, and subsequently what was thought an extreme facility in admitting Mr. Hamilton's exculpatory assurances.

[24] This is not quite true; but Mr. Hamilton was on very bad terms with the Lord Lieutenant; and certainly did not take that prominent part in the House of Commons of Ireland which his station as Chief Secretary seemed to require.

LETTER V.

Friday, Dec. 9, 1763.

YOUR brother has sent you such a full account of his transaction with Mr. Grenville[1], that it is not necessary for me to add a syllable, except, what your brother will not have said himself, that he has acted as usual with the strictest honour and firmness, and has turned this negotiation entirely to his own credit. He has learned the ill wishes of his enemies, and what is more, knows who they are: he has laughed at them, and found at last that their malice was much bigger than their power. Mr. Grenville, as you would wish, has proved how much he disliked the violence of his associates, as I trust he will, whenever he has an opportunity, and has at last contented himself with so little or nothing, that I am sure you will feel yourself obliged to him. For the measure itself, of turning out the officers in general who oppose, it has

[1] This transaction was an endeavour, on the part of Mr. Grenville, to obtain from General Conway a declaration that "his disposition was not averse from a general support of the persons and measures of those now employed," and permission "to say so much when he might have occasion to speak of him." This declaration General Conway declined to give, although Mr. Grenville seemed to ask it only to enable him to save Conway from dismissal on account of his late vote. There is reason to believe that, at this conference (at which the Duke of Richmond was present as Conway's friend) some overtures of a more intimate connexion with the Administration were made, but Conway declared his determination to adhere to the politics of his friends, the Dukes of Devonshire and Grafton—"At least," he said, "if he should hereafter happen to differ from them, he should so steer his conduct as not to be, in any way of office or emolument, the better for it."

been much pressed, and what is still sillier, openly threatened by one set; but they dare not do it, and having notified it without effect, are ridiculed by the whole town, as well as by the persons threatened, particularly by Lord Albemarle[2], who has treated their menaces with the utmost contempt and spirit. This mighty storm, like another I shall tell you of, has vented itself on Lord Shelburn[3] and Colonel Barré[4], who were yesterday turned out; the first from Aid-de-Camp to the King, the latter from Adjutant-General and Governor of Stirling. Campbell[5], to whom it was promised before, has got the last; Ned Harvey[6], the former. My present expectation is an Oration from Barré[7], in honour of Mr. Pitt; for those are scenes that make the world so entertaining. After that, I shall demand a Satire on Mr. Pitt, from Wilkes; and I do

[2] George, third Earl of Albemarle, had been Aid-de-Camp of the Duke of Cumberland, and was attached to his Royal Highness's politics: he was now a Lieutenant-General and Colonel of the 3d Dragoons.

[3] William, second Earl of Shelburn, of his branch, and first Marquis of Lansdowne. He had been President of the Board of Trade, but resigned about the time of the failure of the negotiation for bringing Mr. Pitt into power. See *ante*. He was for many years a distinguished figure in the political world.

[4] Isaac Barré was a native of Ireland, and born in 1726: he entered the army early in life, and rose gradually to the rank of Colonel. He was in 1763 made Adjutant-General and the Governor of Stirling Castle, but was turned out on this occasion and even resigned his half-pay. He continued to make a considerable figure in the House of Commons: in 1782 he became a Privy-Councillor and Treasurer of the Navy, which latter office he soon exchanged for Paymaster of the Forces, but on the change of Government he retired on a pension of 3200*l*., which his political friends had previously secured for him. From this time his sight failed him, and he was quite blind for many years previous to his death, which took place in 1802.

[5] Captain James, afterwards Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglass: a Captain in the army: Member for the county of Stirling.

[6] Major-General Edward Harvey: Lieutenant-General in 1772.

[7] Colonel Barré had, it seems, previous to his dismissal, distinguished himself by an attack on Mr. Pitt, which is not reported in the Parliamentary Debates.

not believe I shall be balked, for Wilkes has already expressed his resentment on being given up by Pitt, who, says Wilkes, ought to be expelled for an impostor. I do not know whether the Duke of Newcastle does not expect a Palinodia from me[8]. T'other morning at the Duke's levée he embraced me, and hoped I would come and eat a bit of Sussex mutton with him. I had such difficulty to avoid laughing in his face that I got from him as fast as I could. Do you think me very likely to forget that I have been laughing at him these twenty years.

Well! but we have had a prodigious rest: are not you impatient to know the particulars? It was so prodigious a tumult, that I verily thought half the Administration would have run away to Harrowgate. The *North Briton* was ordered to be burned by the hangman at Cheapside, on Saturday last. The mob rose; the greatest mob, says Mr. Sheriff Blunt, that he has known in forty years. They were armed with that most bloody instrument, the mud out of the kennels: they hissed in the most murderous manner; broke Mr. Sheriff Harley's coach glass in the most frangent manner; scratched his forehead, so that he is forced to wear a little patch in the most becoming manner; and obliged the hangman to burn the paper with a link, though fagots were prepared to execute it in a more solemn manner. Numbers of gentlemen, from windows and balconies, encouraged the mob, who, in about an hour and half, were so undutiful to the ministry, as to retire without doing any mischief, or giving Mr. Carteret Webbe[9] the opportunity of a single

[8] This improbable event a few weeks brought about. We shall see that Mr. Walpole did sing his palinodia, and went down to Claremont to eat a bit of mutton with the man in the world whom (as all his writings, but especially his lately published *Memoirs*, show) he had most heartily hated and despised.

[9] Philip Carteret Webbe, Esq., Solicitor to the Treasury and Member for Haslemere.

information, except against an ignorant lad, who had been in town but ten days.

This terrible uproar has employed us four days. The Sheriffs were called before your House on Monday, and made their narrative. My brother Cholmondeley[10], in the most pathetic manner, and suitably to the occasion, recommended it to your Lordships, to search for precedents of what he believed never happened since the world began. Lord Egmont[11], who knows of a plot, which he keeps to himself, that it has been carrying on these twenty years, thought more vigorous measures ought to be taken on such a crisis, and moved to summon the mistress of the Union Coffee-house. The Duke of Bedford thought all this but piddling, and at once attacked Lord Mayor, Common Council, and Charter of the city, whom, if he had been supported, I believe he would have ordered to be all burned by the hangman next Saturday. Unfortunately for such national justice, Lord Mansfield, who delights in every opportunity of exposing and mortifying the Duke of Bedford, and Sandwich, interposed for the Magistracy of London, and after much squabbling, saved them from immediate execution. The Duke of Grafton, with infinite shrewdness and coolness, drew from the witnesses that the whole mob was of one mind; and the day ended in a vote of general censure on the rioters. This was communicated to us at a conference, and yesterday we acted the same farce; when Rigby trying to

[10] George, third Earl Cholmondeley: born in 1703: married Mr. Walpole's only legitimate sister, who died at Aix in 1731, and as all Sir Robert Walpole's sons died without issue, Lord Cholmondley's family succeeded to Houghton and the rest of the Walpole property as heirs at law of Sir Robert.

[11] John, second Earl of Egmont, at this time First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Egmont had been in the House of Commons what Coxe calls "a fluent and plausible debater;" but he had some peculiarities of mind, to which Walpole here and elsewhere alludes.

revive the imputation on the Lord Mayor, &c., (who, by the by, *did* sit most tranquilly at Guildhall during the whole tumult) the Ministry disavowed and abandoned him to a man, vindicating the Magistracy, and plainly discovering their own fear and awe of the city, who feel the insult, and will from hence feel their own strength. In short, to finish this foolish story, I never saw a transaction in which appeared so little parts, abilities, or conduct; nor do I think there can be any thing weaker than the Administration, except it is the Opposition: but an Opposition, bed-rid and tongue-tied, is a most ridiculous body. Mr. Pitt is laid up with the gout; Lord Hardwicke, though much relieved by a quack medicine, is still very ill; and Mr. Charles Townshend is as silent as my Lord Abercorn[12]—that they two should ever be alike!

This is not all our political news; Wilkes is an inexhaustible fund: on Monday was heard in the Common Pleas, his suit against Mr. Wood[13], when, after a trial of fourteen hours, the jury gave him damages of 1000*l.*; but this was not the heaviest part of the blow. The Solicitor-General[14] tried to prove Wilkes author of the *North Briton*, and failed in the proof. You may judge how much that miscarriage adds to the defeat. Wilkes is not yet out of danger: they think there is still a piece of coat or lining to come out of the wound. The campaign is over for the present, and the troops going into country quarters. In the mean

[12] James, eighth Earl of Abercorn, "a nobleman," says his panegyrist, "whose character was but little known, or rather but little understood; but who possessed singular vigour of mind, integrity of conduct, and patriotic views." Mr. Walpole elsewhere laughs at his Lordship's dignified aversion to throwing away his words.

[13] An action brought by Wilkes against Robert Wood, Esq., late Under-Secretary of State, for seizing Wilkes's papers, *&c.* It was tried before Chief-Justice Pratt, and under his direction the jury found for the plaintiff.

[14] Sir Fletcher Norton was not made Attorney-General till after this trial.

time the House of Harrington has supplied us with new matter of talk. My Lord was robbed about three o'clock in the night between Saturday and Sunday last, of money, bills, watches, and snuff-boxes, to the amount of three thousand pounds. Nothing is yet discovered, but that the guard in the stable-yard saw a man in a great coat and white stockings, come from thereabouts, at the time I have named. The servants have all been examined over and over to no purpose. Fielding[15] is all day in the House, and a guard of his at night. The bureau in my Lord's dressing-room (the little red-room where the pictures are) was forced open. I fear you can guess *who* was at first suspected[16].

I have received yours, my dear Lord, of Nov. 30th, and am pleased that my Lady Hertford is so well reconciled to her Ministry. You forgot to give me an account of her audience, but I have heard of the Queen's good-natured attention to her.

The anecdotes about Lord Sandwich are numerous; but I do not repeat them to you, because I know nothing how true they are, and because he has, in several instances, been very obliging to me; and I have no reason to abuse him. Lord Hardwicke's illness, I think, is a rupture and consequences.

I hope to hear that your little boy is recovered. Adieu! I have filled my gazette, and exhausted my memory. I am glad such gazettes please you: I can have no other excuse for sending such tittle-tattle.

Yours, ever,

H. W.

[15] Sir John Fielding, Chief Police Magistrate.

[16] The robbery was committed by one Bradley, a discharged footman, and one John Wisket. The former was admitted a witness for the crown, and the latter was hanged on his evidence, in December, 1764.

LETTER VI.

Arlington-street, Dec. 16, 1763.

On the very day I wrote to you last, my dear Lord, an extraordinary event happened, which I did not then know. A motion was made in the Common Council, to thank the Sheriffs for their behaviour at the riot, and to prosecute the man who was apprehended for it. This was opposed, and the previous question being put, the numbers were equal; but the casting vote of the Lord Mayor[1] was given against putting the first question—a pretty strong proceeding; for though, in consequence and in resentment of the Duke of Bedford's speech, it seemed to justify his Grace, who had accused the Mayor and Magistracy of not trying to suppress the tumult; if they will not prosecute the rioters, it is not very unfair to surmise that they did not dislike the riot. Indeed, the city is so inflamed, and the Ministry so obnoxious, that I am very apprehensive of some violent commotion. The Court have lost the Essex election[2], merely from Lord Sandwich interfering in it, and from the Duke of Bedford's speech; a great number of votes going from the city on that account to vote for Luther. Sir John

[1] William Bridgen, Esq.

[2] John Luther, Esq., was returned for Essex, on the popular interest, after a severe and most expensive contest.

Griffin[3], who was disobliged by Sandwich's espousing Conyers, went to Chelmsford, at the head of 500 voters.

One of the latest acts of the Ministry will not please my Lady Hertford: they have turned out her brother, Colonel Fitzroy[4]: Fitzherbert[5], too, is removed, and, they say, Sir Joseph Yorke[6] recalled. I must do Lord Halifax and Mr. Grenville the justice to say that these violences are not imputed to them. It is certain that the former was the warmest opposer of the measure for breaking the officers; and Mr. Grenville's friends take every opportunity of throwing the blame on the Duke of Bedford and Lord Sandwich. The Duchess of Bedford, who is too fond a wife not to partake in all her husband's fortunes, has contributed her portion of indiscretion. At a great dinner, lately, at Lord Halifax's, all the servants present, mention being made of the Archbishop of Canterbury[7], Monsieur de Guerchy asked the Duchess, "Est il de famille?" She replied, "Oh! mon Dieu, non, il a été sage-femme." The mistake of *sage-femme* for *accoucheur*, and the strangeness of the proposition,

[3] Sir John Griffin Griffin, K.B., Major-General and Colonel of the 33d regiment: Member for Andover. He established, in 1784, a claim to the barony of Howard de Walden, and was created in 1788, Baron Braybrook, with remainder to A. A. Neville, Esq. He died in 1797.

[4] Colonel Charles Fitzroy, Member for Bury, afterwards Lord Southampton. It seems strange that Mr. Walpole should be mistaken in such a point, but Colonel Fitzroy was *not* Lady Hertford's brother, but her brother's son.

[5] William Fitzherbert, Esq., Member for Derby: a Lord of Trade.

[6] Sir Joseph Yorke, afterwards Lord Dover: Minister at the Hague: third son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: the rumour mentioned in the text was unfounded. He continued at the Hague till 1783.

[7] Archbishop Secker. The grounds for this strange story (which Walpole was fond of repeating) was, that the Archbishop had, in early youth, been intended for the medical profession, and had attended some hospitals.

confounded Guerchy so much, that it was necessary to explain it: but think of a Minister's wife telling a foreigner, and a Catholic, that the Primate of her own church had been bred a man-midwife!

The day after my last, another verdict was given in the Common Pleas, of 400*l.* to the printers; and another episode happened, relating to Wilkes: one Dunn, a mad Scotchman, was seized in Wilkes's house, whither he had gone intending to assassinate him. This was complained of in the House of Commons, but the man's phrensy was verified; it was even proved that he had notified his design in a coffee-house, some days before. The mob, however, who are determined that Lord Sandwich shall answer for every body's faults, as well as his own, believe that he employed Dunn. I wish the recess, which begins next Monday, may cool matters a little, for indeed it grows very serious.

Nothing is discovered of Lord Harrington's robbery, nor do I know any other news, but that George West[8] is to marry Lady Mary Grey. The Hereditary Prince's wound is broken out again, and will defer his arrival. We have had a new comedy[9], written by Mrs. Sheridan, and admirably acted; but there was no wit in it, and it was so vulgar that it ran but three nights.

Poor Lady Hervey[10] desires you will tell Mr. Hume how incapable she is of answering his letter. She has been terribly afflicted for these six weeks with a complication of gout, rheumatism, and a nervous com-

[8] See *Ante*, p. 22. Mr. West married, in February, 1764, Lady Mary Grey, daughter of the Earl of Stamford: he died without issue, in 1776.

[9] "The Dupe," by Mrs. Sheridan, mother of Richard Brinsley.

[10] Mary Lepel Lady Hervey; celebrated by Pope: she died in 1767.

plaint. She cannot lie down in her bed, nor rest two minutes in her chair. I never saw such continued suffering.

You say in your last, of the 7th, that you have omitted to invite no Englishman of rank or name. This gives me an opportunity, my dear Lord, of mentioning one Englishman, not of great rank, but who is very unhappy that you have taken no notice of him. You know how utterly averse I am to meddle, or give impertinent advice, but the letter I saw was expressed with so much respect and esteem for you, that you would love the person. It is Mr. Selwyn, the banker. He says, he expected no favour, but the great regard he has for the amiableness of your character, makes him miserable at being totally undistinguished by you. He has so good a character himself, and is so much beloved by many persons here, that you know, that I think you will not dislike my putting you in mind of him. The letter was not to me, nor to any friend of mine, therefore, I am sure, unaffected. I saw the whole letter, and he did not even hint at its being communicated to me.

I have not mentioned Lady Holdernesse's[11] presentation, though I by no means approve it, nor a Dutch woman's lowering the Peerage of England. Nothing of that sort could make me more angry, except a Commoner's wife taking such a step; for you know I have all the pride of

—— A citizen of Rome, while Rome survives:

In that respect my name is thoroughly

HORATIUS.

[11] Mary Doublet, wife of the last Earl of Holdernesse; a Dutch lady: the presentation disapproved of was, no doubt, to Madame de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV.

LETTER VII.

Arlington-street, Dec. 29th, 1763.

You are sensible, my dear Lord, that any amusement from my letters must depend upon times and seasons. We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they, themselves, are now a very weak one); but then that absurdity depends upon the Almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that every body will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto[1] win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the Ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens; every body is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives; every body goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again; taxes are warmly

[1] Robert Shafto, Esq., of Whitworth, M. P. for Durham, well known on the turf.

opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription[2]. The Opposition languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than any thing that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new Peerage or two. Ranelagh opens and Vauxhall; one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October. I dare to prophesy, that if you keep this letter, you will find that my future correspondence will be but an illustration of this text; at least, it is an excuse for my having very little to tell you at present, and was the reason of my not writing to you last week.

Before the Parliament adjourned, there was nothing but a trifling debate in an empty House, occasioned by a motion from the Ministry, to order another Physician and Surgeon to attend Wilkes: it was carried by about 70 to 30, and was only memorable by producing Mr. Charles Townshend[3], who, having sat silent through the question of privilege, found himself interested in the defence of Dr. Brocklesby[4]! Charles

[2] To a loan.

[3] Charles, second son of the third Viscount Townshend, and of Audrey Harrison, celebrated for her wit and eccentricities, in both of which her son surpassed her: he was born in 1725; came into Parliament in 1747; and for twenty years astonished, amused, and perplexed that assembly by the vivacity of his talents and the vacillation of his principles: he died in September, 1767, in the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[4] Dr. Richard Brocklesby, an eminent physician. He had been examined before the House of Commons as to Mr. Wilkes's incapacity to attend in his place. His Whig politics, which probably induced Mr. Wilkes to send for him, induced the majority of the House to distrust his report, and to order two other medical men to visit the patient. This pro-

ridiculed Lord North extremely, and had warm words with George Grenville. I do not look upon this as productive of consequential speaking for the Opposition; on the contrary, I should expect him sooner in place, if the Ministry could be fools enough to restore weight to him, and could be ignorant that he can never hurt them so much as by being with them. Wilkes refused to see Heberden and Hawkins, whom the House commissioned to visit him; and to laugh at us more, sent for two Scotchmen, Duncan and Middleton. Well! but since that, he is gone off himself: however, as I did in D'Eon's case, I can now only ask news of him from you, not tell you any; for you have got him. I do not believe you will invite him, and make so much of him, as the Duke of Bedford did. Both sides pretend joy at his being gone; and for once I can believe both. You will be diverted, as I was, at the cordial esteem the Ministers have for one another: Lord Waldegrave[5] told my niece, this morning, that he had offered a shilling, to receive an hundred pounds when Sandwich shall lose his head! what a good opinion they have of one another! apropos to losing heads, is Lally beheaded?

The East India Company have come to an unanimous resolution of

ceeding implied a doubt of Dr. Brocklesby's veracity, which certainly called for the interference of Mr. Charles Townsend, who was a private as well as a political friend of the Doctor's. Dr. Brocklesby, besides being one of the first physicians of his time, was a man of literature and taste, and did not confine his society nor his beneficence to those who agreed with him in politics. He was the friend and physician of Dr. Johnson; and when, towards the close of that great man's life, it was supposed that his circumstances were not quite easy, Dr. Brocklesby generously pressed him to accept an annuity of 100*l*., and he attended him to his death with unremitted affection and care.

[5] John, third Earl of Waldegrave, a general in the army, in 1770 Master of the Horse to the Queen.

not paying Lord Clive the three hundred thousand pounds, which the Ministry had promised him in lieu of his nabobical[6] annuity. Just after the bargain was made, his old rustic of a father was at the King's levée; the King asked where his son was; he replied, "Sire, he is coming to town, and then your Majesty will have another vote." If you like these franknesses, I can tell you another. The Chancellor[7] is chosen a Governor of St. Bartholomew's hospital: a smart gentleman, who was sent with the staff, carried it in the evening, when the Chancellor happened to be drunk. "Well, Mr. Bartlemy, said his Lordship, snuffling, what have you to say?" The man, who had prepared a formal harangue, was transported to have so fair opportunity given him of uttering it, and with much dapper gesticulation, congratulated his Lordship on his health, and the nation on enjoying such great abilities. The Chancellor stopped him short, crying, "By God, it is a lie; I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities." The late Chancellor[8] is much better.

The last time the King was at Drury-lane, the play given out for next night was "*All in the wrong:*" the galleries clapped, and then cried out "Let *us* be all in the right! Wilkes and Liberty!" When the King comes to a theatre, or goes out, or goes to the House, there is not a single applause; to the Queen there is a little: in short, *Louis le bien-aimé* is not French at present for King George.

The town, you may be sure, is very empty; the greatest party is at Woburn, whither the Comte de Guerchy and the Duc de Pecquigny are going. I have been three days at Strawberry, and had George Sel-

[6] See *ante*.

[7] Robert Lord Henly, afterwards Earl of Northington.

[8] Lord Hardwicke.

wyn, Williams, and Lord Ashburnham[9]; but the weather was intolerably bad. We have scarce had a moment's drought since you went, no more than for so many months before. The towns and the roads are beyond measure dirty, and every thing else under water. I was not well neither, nor am yet, with pains in my stomach: however, if I ever used one, I could afford to pay a physician. T' other day, coming from my Lady Townshend's, it came into my head to stop at one of the lottery offices, to inquire after a single ticket I had, expecting to find it a blank, but it was five hundred pounds—thank you! I know you wish me joy. It will buy twenty pretty things when I come to Paris.

I read, last night, your new French play, Le Comte de Warwic[10], which we hear has succeeded much. I must say, it does but confirm the cheap idea I have of you French: not to mention the preposterous perversion of history in so known a story, the Queen's ridiculous preference of old Warwick to a young King; the omission of the only thing she ever said or did in her whole life worth recording, which was thinking herself too low for his wife, and too high for his mistress[11]; the romantic honour bestowed on two such savages as Edward and Warwick: besides these, and forty such glaring absurdities, there is but one scene that has any merit, that between Edward and Warwick in the third act. Indeed, indeed, I don't honour the modern French: it is making your son but a slender compliment, with his knowledge, for them to say it is

[9] John, second Earl of Ashburnham; one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, and Keeper of the Parks.

[10] By La Harpe. This play, written when the author was only twenty-three years old, raised him into great celebrity, and is, in the opinion of the French critics, his first work in merit as well as date.

[11] This phrase has been also attributed to Mademoiselle de Montmorency, afterwards Princess de Condé, in reply to the solicitations of Henry IV.

extraordinary. The best proof I think they give of their taste, is liking you all three. I rejoice that your little boy[12] is recovered. Your brother has been at Park Place[13] this week, and stays a week longer: his hill is too high to be drowned.

Thank you for your kindness to Mr. Selwyn: if he had too much impatience, I am sure it proceeded only from his great esteem for you.

I will endeavour to learn what you desire; and will answer, in another letter, that and some other passages in your last. Dr. Hunter is very good, and calls on me sometimes. You may guess whether we talk you over or not. Adieu!

Yours, ever,

H. WALPOLE.

P.S. There has not been a death, but Sir William Maynard's[14], who is come to life again; or a marriage, but Admiral Knollys's[15], who has married his divorced wife again.

[12] Lord Robert, his Lordship's third son.

[13] General Conway's beautiful seat on the banks of the Thames, near Henley.

[14] M.P. for Essex.

[15] Admiral Sir Charles Knowles.

LETTER VIII.

Arlington-street, Jan. 22d, 1764.

MONSIEUR MONIN, who will deliver this to you, my dear Lord, is the particular friend I mentioned in my last[1], and is, indeed, no particular friend of mine at all, but I had a mind to mislead my Lord Sandwich, and send you one letter which he should not open. This I write in peculiar confidence to you, and insist upon your keeping it entirely to yourself from every living creature. It will be an answer to several passages in your letters, to which I did not care to reply by the post.

Your brother was not pleased with your laying the stopping your bills to his charge[2]. To tell you the truth, he thinks you as too much inclined to Courts and Ministers, as you think him too little so. So far from upbraiding him on that head, give me leave to say you have no reason to be concerned at it. You must be sensible, my dear Lord, that you are far from standing well with the Opposition, and should any change happen, your brother's being well with them, would prevent

[1] This letter does not appear.

[2] Lord Hertford had claimed certain expenses of his journey to Paris which had been allowed to his predecessors, but which were refused to him; he therefore may have expressed a suspicion that his brother's opposition in Parliament rendered the Ministers at home less favourable to him; but there never was any difference or coldness between the brothers in their private relations. This appears from their private letters at this period.

any appearance that might be disagreeable to you. In truth, I cannot think you have abundant reason to be fond of the Administration. Lord Bute[3] never gave you the least *real* mark of friendship. The Bedfords certainly do not wish you well: Lord Holland has amply proved himself your enemy: for a man of your morals, it would be a disgrace to you to be connected with Lord Sandwich: and for George Grenville[4], he has shewn himself the falsest and most contemptible of mankind. He is now the intimate tool of the Bedfords, and reconciled to Lord Bute, whom he has served and disserved just as occasion or interest directed. In this situation of things, can you wonder that par-

[3] John, third Earl of Bute, had been Lord of the Bedchamber to Frederic Prince of Wales. On the death of that Prince, he became Groom of the Stole to Prince George, whose entire favour and confidence he obtained. On the accession of his young master, he continued to be Groom of the Stole till March, 1761, when he became Secretary of State. In May, 1762, he became Prime Minister, in the office of First Lord of the Treasury; but in April, 1763, he surprised both his friends and his opponents by a sudden resignation. The motive of this resolution is still a mystery. Some have said, that having concluded the peace, his patriotic views and ambition were satisfied; others that he resigned in disgust at the falsehood and ingratitude of public men; others that he was driven from his station by libels and unpopularity. None of these reasons seem consistent with a desire which Lord Bute appears to have entertained, to return to office with a new Administratiou. A clamour was long kept up against Lord Bute's secret and irresponsible influence; but it is now generally admitted that no such influence existed, and that Lord Bute soon ceased to have any weight in public affairs.

[4] Mr. Walpole was so vehement in his party feelings, that all his characters of political enemies must be read with great distrust. Of Mr. George Grenville, it is mere justice to quote Mr. Burke against Mr. Walpole.—"Mr. Grenville was a first-rate figure in this country: with a masculine understanding and a resolute heart, he had an application undissipated and unwearied: he took public business, not as a duty he was obliged to fulfil, but as a pleasure to enjoy. If he was ambitious, I will say this for him, that his ambition was of a noble and generous strain. It was to raise himself, not by the low politics of a Court, but to win his way to power through the laborious gradations of public service, and to secure himself a well-earned rank in Parliament, by a thorough knowledge of its constitution, and a perfect practice in all its business." Mr. Grenville died in 1770.

ticular marks of favour are withheld from you, or that the expenses of your journey are not granted to you as they were to the Duke of Bedford?

You ask me how your letters please: it is impossible for me to learn, now I am so disconnected with every thing Ministerial. I wish you not to make them please too much. The negotiations with France must be the great point on which the nation will fix its eyes: with France we must break sooner or later. Your letters will be strictly canvassed: I hope and firmly believe that nothing will appear in them but attention to the honour and interest of the nation; points, I doubt, little at the heart of the present Administration, who have gone too far not to be in the power of France, and who must bear any thing rather than quarrel. I would not take the liberty of saying so much to you, if, by being on the spot, I was not a judge how very serious affairs grow, and how necessary it is for you to be upon your guard.

Another question you ask is, whether it is true that the Opposition is disunited. I will give you one very necessary direction, which is, not to credit any Court stories. Sandwich is the father of lies[5], and every report is tinctured by him. The Administration give it out, and trust to this disunion. I will tell you very nearly what truth there is or is not in this. The party in general is as firmly and cordially united as ever party was. Consider, that without any heads or leaders at all, 102[6] men stuck to Wilkes, the worst cause they could have had, and

[5] Lord Sandwich was an able Minister, and so important a member of the Administration to which Mr. Walpole was now opposed, that we must read all that he says of this Lord with some "grains of allowance."

[6] On the 19th of January, when the Ministers were about to proceed to vote Wilkes in contempt, and expel him, a motion was made by Wilkes's friends to postpone the consideration of the affair till next day, this was lost by 239 to 102.

with all the weight of the Yorkes against them. With regard to the leaders there is a difference. The old Chancellor is violent against the Court: but, I believe, displeased that his son was sacrificed[7] to Pratt, in the case of privilege. Charles Yorke[8] resigned, against his own and Lord Royston's[9] inclination, is particularly angry with Newcastle for complying with Pitt in the affair of Privilege, and not less displeased that Pitt prefers Pratt to him for the Seals; but then Norton is Attorney-General, and it would not be graceful to return to Court, which he has quitted, while the present Ministers remain there. In short, as soon as the affair of Wilkes and Privilege is at an end, it is much expected that the Yorkes will take part with the Opposition. It is for that declaration that Ch. Townshend says he waits. He again broke out strongly on Friday last against the Ministry, attacking George Grenville, who seems his object. However, the childish fluctuation of his temper, and the vehemence of his brother George[10] for the Court, that is for himself, will for ever make Charles little to be depended on. For Mr. Pitt, you know, he never will act like any other man in Opposition, and to that George Grenville trusts: however, here are such materials, that if they could once be put in operation for a fortnight together, the present Administration would be blown up. To

[7] He means that the Opposition had adopted Pratt's view instead of Mr. Yorke's.

[8] This is not true; the real cause of his resignation is stated *ante;* he certainly disagreed from the Duke of Newcastle and others of his friends, who made the matter of privilege a party question instead of treating it as a legal one, as Mr. Yorke did.

[9] Philip Lord Royston, afterwards second Earl of Hardwick, elder brother of Mr. Charles Yorke.

[10] George, first Marquis of Townshend, at this time a Major-General in the army. In the divisions on branches of the Wilkes question, we sometimes find General Townshend a teller on one side, and Mr. Townshend on the other.

this you may throw in dissensions among themselves: Lord Halifax[11] and Lord Talbot[12] are greatly dissatisfied. Lord Bute is reconciled to the rest; sees the K. continually; and will soon want more power, or will have more jealousy than is consistent with their union. Many single men are ill-disposed to them, particularly Lord G. Sackville[13]: indeed nobody is with them, but as it is farther off, from, or nearer to, quarter-day: the nation is unanimous against them: a disposition, which their own foolish conduct during the episode of the Prince of Brunswick[14], to which I am now coming, has sufficiently manifested.

The fourth question put to him on his arrival was, "When do you go?" The servants of the King and Queen were forbid to put on their new clothes for the wedding, or drawing-room, next day, and ordered to keep them for the Queen's birth-day. Such pains were taken to keep the Prince from any intercourse with any of the Opposition, that—he has done nothing but take notice of them. He not only wrote to the Duke of Newcastle[15] and Mr. Pitt, but has been at Hayes to see the latter, and has dined *twice* with the Duke of Cumberland; the first time on Friday last, when he was appointed to be at St. James's at half an hour after seven, to a concert. As the time drew near, Ferronée pulled out his watch; the Duke took the hint, and said, "I am sorry to part

[11] The last Earl of Halifax and Secretary of State.

[12] William, only Earl Talbot of that creation; see *ante*, p. 9.

[13] Afterwards Lord Sackville; so disagreeably known for his conduct at Minden.

[14] The Hereditary Prince, (see *ante*, p. 24,) who came to England to marry the Princess Augusta, eldest sister of George III. He landed at Harwich on the 12th January, and arrived the same evening at Somerset-house, where he was lodged.

[15] The first Duke of Newcastle of the Pelham family: he had been, with a short interval, in office, ever since the reign of Queen Anne, but was now in Opposition, having been obliged to retire before the influence of Lord Bute and George Grenville.

with you, but I fear your time is come." He replied, "n'importe;" sat on, drank coffee, and it was half an hour after eight before he sat out from Upper Grosvenor-street for St. James's. He and Princess Augusta have felt and shewn their disgusts so strongly, and his suite have complained so much of the neglect and disregard of him, and of the very quick dismission of him, that the people have caught it, and on Thursday, at the play, received the King and Queen without the least symptom of applause, but repeated such outrageous acclamations to the Prince, as operated very visibly on the King's countenance. Not a gun was fired for the marriage, and Princess Augusta asking Lord Gower[16] about some ceremony, to which he replied, it could not be, as no such thing had been done for the Prince of Orange[17]; she said, it was extraordinary to quote that precedent to her in one case, which had been followed in no other. I could tell you ten more of these stories, but one shall suffice. The Royal Family went to the Opera on Saturday: the crowd not to be described: the Duchess of Leeds[18], Lady Denbigh[19], Lady Scarborough[20], and others, sat on chairs between the scenes: the doors of the front boxes were thrown open, and the passages were all filled to the back of the stoves; nay, women of fashion stood on the very stairs till eight at night. In the middle of the second act, the

[16] Granville, second Earl Gower, afterwards first Marquis; Groom of the Stole.

[17] William Charles Henry, Prince of Orange, who, in 1734, married Anne, eldest daughter of George II.

[18] Mary, youngest daughter of Francis, Earl of Godolphin, wife of Thomas, fourth Duke of Leeds. She died in 1764, æt. 40.

[19] Isabella de Jonghe, sister of Lady Blandford, and wife of William, fourth Earl of Denbigh. She died in 1769.

[20] Frances Henrietta, second daughter of George, Earl of Orkney, and wife of Thomas, third Earl of Scarborough. She died 1772.

Hereditary Prince, who sat with his wife and her brothers in their box, got up, *turned his back* to King and Queen, pretending to offer his place to Lady Tankerville[21] and then to Lady Susan. You know enough of Germans and their stiffness to etiquette, to be sure that this could not be done inadvertently; especially as he repeated this, only without standing up, with one of his own gentlemen, in the third act.

I saw him, without any difficulty, from the Duchess of Grafton's box. He is extremely slender, and looks many years older than he is: in short, I suppose it is *his manner* with which every mortal is captivated, for though he is well enough for a man, he is far from having any thing striking in his person. To-day (this is Tuesday) there was a drawing-room at Leicester-house[22], and to-night there is a subscription ball for him at Carlisle-house, Soho, made *chiefly* by the Dukes of Devonshire and Grafton[23]. I was invited to be of it, but not having been to wait on him, did not think it civil to meet him there. The Court, by accident or design, had forgot to have a bill passed for naturalizing him. The Duke of Grafton undertook it, on which they adopted it, and the Duke of Bedford moved it; but the Prince sent word to the Duke of Grafton, that he should not have liked the compliment half so well, if he had not owed it to his Grace. You may judge how he will report of us at his return!

With regard to your behaviour to Wilkes[24], I think you observed the

[21] Alicia Ashley, wife of Charles, third Earl of Tankerville, Lady of the Bedchamber to Princess Augusta. Nothing but Mr. Walpole's factious ingenuity could have tortured the Prince's little attention to Lady Tankerville into a desire to insult the King.

[22] The residence of the Princess Dowager.

[23] These Dukes were at this period of the heads of the Opposition.

[24] Mr. Wilkes, it will be recollected, had thought it prudent to retire to Paris, under

just medium: I have not heard it mentioned: if they should choose to blame it, it will not be to me, known as your friend and no friend of theirs. They very likely may say that you did too much, though the Duke of Bedford did ten times more. Churchill has published a new Satire, called *The Duellist*, the finest[25] and bitterest of his works. The poetry is glorious; some lines on Lord Holland, hemlock: charming abuse on that scurrilous mortal, Bishop Warburton: an ill-drawn, though deserved, character of Sandwich; and one, as much deserved, and better, of Norton.

Wednesday after dinner.—The Lord knows when this letter will be finished; I have been writing it this week, and believe I shall continue it till old Monin sets out. Encore, the Prince of Brunswick. At the ball, at Buckingham-house, on Monday; it had begun two hours before he arrived. Except the King's and Queen's servants, nobody was there but the Duchesses of Marlborough[26] and Ancaster[27], and Lord Bute's[28] two daughters. No supper. On Sunday evening the Prince had been to Newcastle-house, to visit the Duchess. His speech to

circumstances which certainly rendered it unlikely that the King's Ambassador should pay him any kind of civil attention.

[25] Again, Mr. Walpole's partiality blinds him. *The Duellist* is surely far from being the *finest* of Churchill's works. Mr. Walpole's own feelings are strongly marked by the glee with which he sees *hemlock* administered to his old friend Lord Holland, and by being *charmed* with the abuse of Bishop Warburton.

[26] Caroline Russel, daughter of the Duke of Bedford, and wife, in 1762, of George, third Duke of Marlborough: his Grace was, at this time, Lord Chamberlain.

[27] Mary Panton, wife of Peregrine, third Duke of Ancaster.

[28] Probably Lady Mary, who, in 1761, married James, Earl of Lonsdale, and who died in 1824; and Lady Jane, who, in 1768, married Lord Macartney, and who is still living.

the Duke of Bedford, at first, was by no means so strong as they gave it out: he only said, "Milord, nous avons fait deux métiers bien differens; le vôtre a été le plus agréable: j'ai fait couler du sang, vous l'avez fait cesser." His whole behaviour, so much *à la minorité*, makes this much more probable. His Princess thoroughly agrees with him. When Mr. Grenville objected to the greatness of her fortune, the King said, "Oh! it will not be opposed, for Augusta is in the Opposition."

The ball, last night, at Carlisle-house, Soho, was most magnificent: one hundred and fifty men subscribed, at five guineas each, and had each three tickets. All the beauties in town were there, that is, of rank, for there was no bad company. The Duke of Cumberland was there too; and the Hereditary Prince so pleased, and in such spirits, that he staid till five in the morning. He is gone to-day, heartily sorry to leave every thing but St. James's and Leicester-house. They lie to-night at Lord Abercorn's[29], at Witham, who does not *step from his pedestal* to meet them. Lady Strafford said to him, "Soh! my Lord, I hear your House is to be royally filled on Wednesday."—"And *serenely*[30]," he replied, and closed his mouth again till next day.

Our politics have been as follow. Last Friday the Opposition moved

[29] See *ante*, p. 32. Mr. Walpole, by one of those happy expressions which make the chief charm of his writings, characterizes the stately formality of this noble Lord. His house, at Witham, is close to the great road, a little beyond the town of Witham. Her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, slept there on her way to London, in 1761.

[30] Mr. Walpole probably understood his Lordship to mean that a *Serene* Highness was not sufficiently important to require his attendance at Witham.

for Wilkes's complaint of breach of privilege to be heard as to-day: Grenville objected to it, and at last yielded, after receiving some smart raps from Charles Townshend and Sir George Saville[33]. On Tuesday the latter, and Sir William Meredith[34], proposed to put it off to the 13th of February, that Wilkes's servant, the most material evidence, might be here. George Grenville again opposed it, was not supported, and yielded. Afterwards Dowdswell[35] moved for a Committee on the Cider Bill; and, at last, a Committee was appointed for Tuesday next, with powers to report the grievances of the Bill, and suggest amendments and redress, but with no authority to repeal it. This the Administration carried but by 167 to 125. Indeed, many of their people were in the House of Lords, where the Court triumphed still less. They were upon the *Essay on Woman.* Sandwich proposed two questions; 1st, that Wilkes was the author of it[36]; 2dly, to order the Black Rod to attach him. It was much objected by the Dukes of Devonshire, Grafton, Newcastle, and even *Richmond*, that the first was not proved, and might affect him in the Courts below. Lord Mansfield tried to explain this away, and Lord Marchmont and Lord Temple had warm words. At last Sandwich, artfully, to get something, if not all, agreed to melt both questions into one, which was accepted; and the vote passed, that *it appearing* Wilkes was the author, he should be taken into custody by the Usher. It appearing, was allowed to mean *as far as appears.* Then a Committee was appointed to search for precedents how to proceed on

[33] Member for Yorkshire.

[34] Member for Liverpool: one of the Lords of the Admiralty in the next Administration.

[35] Member for Worcestershire: Chancellor of the Exchequer in the next Administration.

[36] Wilkes was convicted, in the Court of King's Bench, on the day before this letter was begun, of having written the *Essay on Woman.*

his being withdrawn. That dirty dog Kidgel[37] had been summoned by the Duke of Grafton, but as they only went on the breach of privilege, he was not called. The new club[38], at the house that was the late Lord Waldegrave's, in Albemarle-street, makes the Ministry very uneasy; but they have worse grievances to apprehend!

Sir Robert Rich[39] is extremely angry with my nephew, the Bishop of Exeter[40], who, like his own and wife's family, is tolerably warm. They were talking together at St. James's, when A'Court[41] came in. "There 's poor A'Court," said the Bishop. "Poor A'Court!" replied the Marshal, "I wish all those fellows that oppose the King were to be turned out of the army!" "I hope," said the Bishop, "they will first turn all the old women out of it!"

The Duc de Pecquigny was on the point of a duel with Lord Garlies[42], at Lord Milton's[43] ball, the former handing the latter's partner down to supper. I wish you had this Duke again, lest you should have trouble with him from hence: he seems a genius of the wrong sort. His behaviour on the visit to Woburn was very wrong-headed, though their treatment of him was not more right. Lord Sandwich flung him

[37] Mr. Kidgel, a clergyman, had obtained from a printer a copy of the Essay on Woman, which he said he felt it his duty to denounce. His own personal character turned out to be far from respectable.

[38] The Opposition Club was in Albemarle-street, and the Ministerial at the Cocoa-tree; and the papers of the day had several political letters addressed to and from these clubs.

[39] The oldest Field-Marshal in the army.

[40] Frederick, fifth son of William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle, Bishop of Exeter: he married Louisa, natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, the elder brother of Horace.

[41] Major-General A'Court had a little before resigned, or rather been dismissed, for his Parliamentary opposition, from the command of the 2d regiment of Foot Guards.

[42] John, afterwards seventh Earl of Galloway.

[43] Joseph Damer, first Lord Milton.

down in one of their horse-plays, and almost put his shoulder out. He said the next day there, at dinner, that for the rest of his life he should fear nothing so much as a lettre de cachet from a French Secretary of State, or a coup d'épaule from an English one. After this he had a pique with the Duchess, with whom he had been playing at whisk. A shilling and sixpence were left on the table, which nobody claimed. He was asked if it was his, and said no. Then they said, Let us put it to the cards: there was already a guinea. The Duchess, in an air of grandeur said, as there was gold for the Groom of the Chambers, the sweeper of the room might have the silver, and brushed it off the table. The Pecquigny took this to himself, though I don't believe meaned, and complained to the whole town of it, with large comments, at his return. It is silly to tell you such silly stories, but in your situation it may grow necessary for you to know the truth, if you should hear them repeated. I am content to have you call me gossip, if I prove but of the least use to you.

Here have I tapped the ninth page! well! I am this moment going to Monsieur de Guerchy's, to know when Monin sets out, that I may finish this eternal letter. If I tire you, tell me so: I am sure I do myself. If I speak with too much freedom to you, tell me so: I have done it in consequence of your questions, and mean it most kindly. In short, I am ready to amend any thing you disapprove; so don't take any thing ill, my dear Lord, unless I continue after you have reprimanded me. The safe manner in which this goes, has made me, too, more explicit than you know I have been on any other occasion. Adieu!

Wednesday night, late.—Well, my letter will be finished at last. Monsieur Monin sets out on Friday; so does my Lord Holland: but I

affect not to know it, for he is not just the person that you or I should choose to be the bearer of this. You will be diverted with a story they told me to-night at the French Ambassador's. When they went to supper, at Soho, last night, the Duke of Cumberland placed himself at the head of the table. One of the waiters tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Sir, your Royal Highness can't sit there; that place is designed for the Hereditary Prince." You ought to have seen how every body's head has been turned with this Prince, to make this story credible to you. My Lady Rockingham[44], at Leicester-house, yesterday, cried great sobs for his departure.

Yours, ever,

PAGE THE NINTH.

LETTER IX.

Arlington-street, Feb. 6, 1764.

You have, I hope, long before this, my dear Lord, received the immense letter that I sent you by old Monin. It explained much, and announced most part of which has already happened; for you will observe that when I tell you any thing very positively it is on good intelligence. I have another much bigger secret for you, but that will be delivered to you by word of mouth. I am not a little impatient for the

[44] Mary, daughter of Thomas Bright, Esq., married, in 1752, to Charles, last Marquis of Rockingham.

long letter you promised me. In the mean time thank you for the account you give me of the King's extreme civility to you. It is like yourself, to dwell on that, and to say little of Monsieur de Chaulnes's dirty behaviour; but Monsieur and Madame de Guerchy have told your brother and me all the particulars.

I was but too good a prophet when I warned you to expect new extravagancies from the Duc de Chaulnes's son. Some weeks ago he lost 500*l.* to one Virette, an equivocal being, that you remember here. Paolucci, the Modenese Minister, who is not in the odour of honesty, was of the party. The Duc de Pecquigny said to the latter, "Monsieur, ne jouez plus avec lui, si vous n'êtes pas de moitié." So far was very well. On Saturday, at the Maccaroni Club (which is composed of all the travelled young men who wear long curls and spying-glasses), they played again: the Duc lost, but not much. In the passage at the Opera, the Duc saw Mr. Stuart talking to Virette, and told the former that Virette was a coquin, a fripon, *&c. &c.* Virette retired, saying only, "Voilà un fou." The Duc then desired Lord Tavistock[1] to come and see him fight Virette, but the Marquis desired to be excused. After the opera, Virette went to the Duc's lodgings, but found him gone to make his complaint to Monsieur de Guerchy, whither he followed him; and farther this deponent knoweth not. I pity the Count (de Guerchy), who is one of the best-natured amiable men in the world, for having this absurd boy upon his hands!

Well! now for a little politics. The Cider Bill[2] has not answered to

[1] Son of the fourth and father of the fifth Dukes of Bedford. This young nobleman was killed by a fall from his horse, in 1767, during his father's life.

[2] A Bill, passed in the last Session, for an additional Duty on Cider and Perry, which was violently opposed by the cider counties, and taken up as a general opposition

the minority, though they ran the Ministry hard[3]; but last Friday was extraordinary. George Grenville was pushed upon some Navy Bills. I don't understand a syllable, you know, of money and accounts; but whatever was the matter[4], he was driven from entrenchment to entrenchment by Baker[5] and Charles Townshend. After that affair was over, and many gone away, Sir W. Meredith[6] moved for the depositions on which the warrant against Wilkes had been granted. The Ministers complained of the motion being made so late in the day; called it a surprise; and Rigby moved to adjourn, which was carried but by 73 to 60. Had a surprise been intended, you may imagine the minority would have been better provided with numbers; but it certainly had not been concerted: however, a majority, shrunk to thirteen, frightened them out of the small senses they possess. Heaven, earth, and the Treasury, were moved to recover their ground to-day, when the question was renewed. For about two hours the debate hobbled on very lamely, when on a sudden your brother rose, and made such a speech[7]—but I wish

question. This measure was considered as a great error on the part of Lord Bute, and the unpopularity consequent upon it is said to have contributed to his resignation.

[3] On a motion for a Committee on the Cider Bill on the 24th January, the numbers were, Ayes 125, Noes 167.

[4] It was a proposal for converting certain outstanding Navy Bills into Annuities at 4 per cent.

[5] Sir W. Baker, Member for Plympton; an alderman and merchant in London.

[6] *Ante*, p. 53.

[7] There is no other account of this remarkable speech to be found; and indeed we have little notice of General Conway's Parliamentary efforts, except Mr. Burke's general and brilliant description of his conduct as leader of the House of Commons in the Rockingham administration. As General Conway's reputation in the House of Commons has been in some degree forgotten, it may be as well to cite the passage from Mr. Burke, in support of what Mr. Walpole says of the General's powers in debate. "I will likewise do justice, I ought to do it, to the Honourable Gentleman who led us to this House (General Conway.)

any body was to give you the account except me, whom you will think partial: but you will hear enough of it, to confirm any thing I can say. Imagine fire, rapidity, argument, knowledge, wit, ridicule, grace, spirit; all pouring like a torrent, but without clashing. Imagine the House in a tumult of continued applause: imagine the Ministers thunder-struck; lawyers abashed and almost blushing, for it was on their quibbles and evasions he fell most heavily, at the same time answering a whole session of arguments on the side of the Court. No, it was *unique;* you can neither conceive it, nor the exclamations it occa-

Far from the duplicity wickedly charged on him, he acted his part with alacrity and resolution. We all felt inspired by the example he gave us, down even to myself, the weakest in that phalanx. I declare for one, I knew well enough (it could not be concealed from any body) the true state of things; but, in my life, I never came with so much spirits into this House. It was a time for a man to act in. We had powerful enemies; but we had faithful and determined friends, and a glorious cause. We had a great battle to fight; but we had the means of fighting; not as now, when our arms are tied behind us. We did fight that day, and conquer.

"I remember, Sir, with a melancholy pleasure, the situation of the Honourable Gentleman, (General Conway,) who made the motion for the repeal; in that crisis, when the whole trading interest of this empire, crammed into your lobbies with a trembling and anxious expectation, waited, almost to a winter's return of light, their fate from your resolution. When, at length, you had determined in their favour, and your doors thrown open, shewed them the figure of their deliverer in the well-earned triumph of his important victory, from the whole of that grave multitude there arose an involuntary burst of gratitude and transport. They jumped upon him like children on a long-absent father. They clung about him as captives about the redeemer. All England, all America, joined in his applause. Nor did he seem insensible to the best of all earthly regards—the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens. Hope elevated, and joy brightened his crest. I stood near him; and his face, to use the expression of the Scripture of the first Martyr, 'his face was as if it had been the face of an Angel.' I do not know how others feel; but if I had stood in that situation, I never would have exchanged it for all that Kings, in their profusion, could bestow. I did hope, that that day's danger and honour would have been a bond to hold us all together for ever. But alas! that, with other pleasing visions, is long since vanished."—*Speech on American Taxation.*

sioned. Ellis[8], the forlorn hope, Ellis presented himself in the gap, till the Ministers could recover themselves, when on a sudden Lord George Sackville *led up the Blues*[9]; spoke with as much warmth as your brother had, and with great force continued the attack which he had begun. Did not I tell you he would take this part? I was made privy to it; but this is far from all you are to expect. Lord North[10] in vain rumbled about his mustard-bowl, and endeavoured alone to outroar a whole party: him and Forrester[11], Charles Townshend took up, but less well than usual. His jealousy of your brother's success, which was very evident, did not help him to shine. There were several other speeches, and, upon the whole, it was a capital debate; but Plutus is so much more persuasive an orator than your brother or Lord George, that we divided but 122 against 217. Lord Strange, who had agreed to the question, did not dare to vote for it, and declared off; and George Townshend, who had actually voted for it on Friday, now voted against us. Well! upon the whole, I heartily wish this Administration may last: both their characters and abilities are so contemptible, that I am sure we can be in no danger from prerogative when trusted to such hands!

Before I have done with Charles Townshend, I must tell you one of

[8] Right Hon. Welbore Ellis, Member for Aylesbury; Secretary at War.

[9] Mr. Walpole tinges his approbation of Lord George's politics by this allusion to Minden, where his Lordship had *not* "led up the Blues."

[10] The celebrated Lord North, afterwards second Earl of Guilford, at this time one of the Puisné Lords of the Treasury. In 1767 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and showed for thirteen years that he had talents of the highest order, temper of the most enviable serenity, and the purest personal integrity. His great antagonist, Burke, says of him, "He was a man of admirable parts, of general knowledge, of a versatile understanding, fit for every kind of business, of a delightful temper, and of a mind most disinterested."

[11] Probably Mr. Brooke Forrester, Member for Wenlock.

his admirable *bon mots.* Miss Draycote[12], the great fortune, is grown very fat: he says her *tonnage* is become equal to her *poundage.*

There is the devil to pay in Nabob-land, but I understand Indian histories no better than stocks. The Council rebelled against the Governor[13], and sent a deputation, the Lord knows why, to the Nabob, who cut off the said Deputies' heads, and then, I think, was disnabob'd himself, and Clive's old friend reinstated. There is another rebellion in Minorca, where Johnson has renounced his allegiance to Viceroy Dick Littleton[14], and set up for himself. Sir Richard has laid the affair before the King and Council; Charles Townshend first, and then your brother, (you know why I am sorry they should appear together in *that* cause) have tried to deprecate Sir Richard's wrath; but it was then too late. The silly fellow has brought himself to a precipice.

I forgot to tell you that Lord George Sackville carried into the minority with him his own brother[15] Lord Middlesex; Lord Milton's[16]

[12] Miss Anna Maria Draycote, married in April, 1763, to the Earl Pomfret. To taste Mr. Townshend's jest, one must recollect, that in the finance of that day the duties of *tonnage* and *poundage* held a principal place.

[13] Governor Vansittart, contrary to the advice of his Council, had deposed the Nabob Meer Jaffier, and transferred the sovereignty to his son-in-law, Cossim Ali Cawn. The latter, however, soon forgot his obligations to the English; and, in consequence of some aggressions on his part, a deputation, consisting of Messrs. Amyatt and Hay, Members of Council, attended by half a dozen other gentlemen, was sent to the new Nabob. While this deputation was on its return, hostilities broke out, and these gentlemen were put to death as they were passing the city of Moreshedabad. About the same time the English Council at Patna and their attendants were made prisoners, and afterwards cruelly massacred. These events necessitated the deposition of Cossim, and Jaffier was accordingly, after a short campaign, restored.

[14] Sir Richard Lyttelton, K.B., and a General in the Army, younger brother to the first Lord Lyttelton.

[15] Charles, afterwards second Duke of Dorset.

[16] John Damer, Member for Dorchester. Lord Milton had married Lord George's youngest sister, Lady Caroline.

brother; young Beauclerc[17]; Sir Thomas Hales[18]; and Colonel Irwine[19].

We have not heard a word yet of the hereditary Prince and Princess. They were sent away in a tempest, and I believe the best one can hope is, that they are driven to Norway.

Good night, my dear Lord; it is time to finish, for it is half an hour after one in the morning: I am forced to purloin such hours to write to you, for I get up so late, and then have such a perpetual succession of nothings to do, such auctions, politics, visits, dinners, suppers, books to publish or revise, &c., that I have not a quarter of an hour without a call upon it; but I need not tell you, who know my life, that I am forced to create new time, if I will keep up my correspondence with you. You seem to like I should, and I wish to give you every satisfaction in my power.

Your's ever,

H. W.

Tuesday, February 7th, Four o'Clock.

I tremble whilst I continue my letter, having just heard such a dreadful story! A Captain of a vessel has made oath before the Lord Mayor, this morning, that he saw one of the yachts sink on the coast of Holland; and it is believed to be the one in which the Prince was. The city is in an uproar; nor need one point out all such an accident may produce, if true; which I most fervently hope it is not. My long

[17] Honourable Aubrey Beauclerk, son of Lord Vere, Member for Thetford, afterwards fifth Duke of St. Albans.

[18] Sir T. Pym Hales, Member for Downton; in the next Administration Deputy Warden of the Cinque Ports.

[19] Major-General John Irwin, Member for East Grinstead, was promoted to that Rank in July, 1762; so that it seems odd that Mr. Walpole should still call him *Colonel*.

letter will help you to comments enough, which will be made on this occasion. I wish you may know, at this moment, that our fears are ill placed. The Princess[20] was not in the same yacht with her husband. Poor Fanshawe[21], as Clerk of the Green Cloth, with his wife and sister, was in one of them.

Here is more of the Duc de Pecquigny's Episode. An officer was sent yesterday to put Virette under arrest. His servant disputed with the officer on his orders, till his master made his escape. Virette sent a friend, whom he ordered to deliver his letter in person, and see it read, with a challenge, appointing the Duc to meet him at half an hour after seven this morning, at Buckingham-gate, where he waited till ten to no purpose, though the Duc had not been put under arrest. Virette absconds, and has sent Monsieur de Pecquigny word, that he shall abscond till he can find a proper opportunity of fighting him. Your discretion will naturally prevent your talking of this; but I thought you would like to be prepared, if this affair should any how happen to become your business, though your late discussion with the Duc de Chaulnes will add to your disinclination from meddling with it.

I must send this to the post before I go to the Opera, and therefore shall not be able to tell you more of the Prince of Brunswick by this post.

Adieu!

[20] The reason of this strange separation of the new-married couple has not reached our days.

[21] Simon Fanshawe, Esq., M.P., for Grampound. He had married a Lady of his own name.

LETTER XI.

Arlington-street, Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1764.

My dear Lord[1],

You ought to be witness to the fatigue I am suffering, before you can estimate the merit I have in being writing to you at this moment. Cast up eleven hours in the House of Commons on Monday, and above seventeen hours yesterday,—ay, seventeen at length,—and then you may guess if I am tired! nay, you must add seventeen hours that I may possibly be there on Friday, and then calculate if I am weary. In short, yesterday was the longest day ever known in the House of Commons—why, on the Westminster election at the end of my father's reign[2], I was at home by six. On Alexander Murray's[3]

[1] The important debate on the question of *general warrants*, which is the subject of the following able and interesting letter, has never been reported. There are, indeed, in the Parliamentary History, a letter from Sir George Yonge, and two statements by Sir William Meredith and Charles Townsend, on the subject, but they relate chiefly to their own motives and reasonings, and give neither the names nor the arguments of the debaters, and fall very short indeed of the vigour and vivacity of Mr. Walpole's animated sketch.

[2] On the 22d December, 1741. This was one of the debates that terminated Sir Robert Walpole's administration: the numbers in the division were 220 against 216.

[3] The proceedings on the 6th February, 1751, against the Honourable A. Murray, for impeding the Westminster election; but Walpole, in his Memoirs, states that the House adjourned at *two* in the morning.

affair, I believe, by five—on the militia, twenty people, I think, sat till six, but then they were only among themselves, no heat, no noise, no roaring. It was half an hour after seven this morning before I was at home. Think of that, and then brag of your French parliaments[4]!

What is ten times greater, Leonidas and the Spartan *minority* did not make such a stand at Thermopylæ, as we did. Do you know, we had like to have been the *majority?* Xerxes[5] is frightened out of his senses; Sysigambis[6] has sent an express to Luton to forbid Phraates[7] coming to town to-morrow; Norton's[8] impudence has forsaken him; Bishop Warburton is at this moment reinstating Mr. Pitt's name in the dedication to his sermons, which he had expunged for Sandwich's[9]; and Sandwich himself is—at Paris, perhaps, by this time, for the first thing I expect to hear to-morrow is, that he is gone off.

Now are you mortally angry with me for trifling with you, and not telling you at once the particulars of this *almost-revolution.* You may be angry, but I shall take my own time, and shall give myself what airs I please both to you, my Lord Ambassador, and to you, my Lord Secre-

[4] The disputes between Louis XV. and his parliaments, which prepared the revolution, were at this period assuming a serious appearance.

[5] The King, George III.

[6] The Princess Dowager.

[7] Lord Bute. Luton was his seat in Bedfordshire.

[8] Mr. Walpole was too sanguine: Sir Fletcher had not even lost his *boldness*, for in the further progress of the adjourned debate, we shall find that he told the House that he would regard their resolution of no more value (*in point of law*, must be understood) than the vociferations of so many *drunken porters*.

[9] Lord Sandwich was an agreeable companion and an able minister; but one whose moral character did not point him out as exactly the fittest patron for a volume of sermons; and he was at this moment so unpopular, that Mr. Walpole affects to think he may have been intimidated to fly.

tary of State, who will, I suppose, open this letter—if you have courage enough left. In the first place, I assume all the impertinence of a prophet, aye, of that great curiosity, a prophet, who really prophesied before the event, and whose predictions have been accomplished. Have I, or have I not, announced to you the unexpected blows that would be given to the administration?—come, I will lay aside my dignity, and satisfy your impatience. There 's moderation.

We sat all Monday hearing evidence against Mr. Wood[10], that dirty wretch Webb[11], and the messengers, for their illegal proceedings against Mr. Wilkes. At midnight, Mr. Grenville offered us to adjourn or proceed. Mr. Pitt humbly begged not to eat or sleep till so great a point should be decided. On a division, in which though many said *aye* to adjourning, nobody would go out for fear of losing their seats, it was carried by 379 to 31, for proceeding—and then—half the House went away. The ministers representing the indecency of this, and Fitzherbert[12] saying that many were within call, Stanley[13] observed, that after voting against adjournment, a third part had adjourned themselves, when, instead of being within *call*, they ought to have been within *hearing:* this was unanswerable, and we adjourned.

[10] Robert Wood, Esq., Under Secretary of State; against whom, for his official share in the affair of the general warrants, Mr. Wilkes's complaint was made: he was a literary man, and the author of an ingenious "Essay on Homer."

[11] Philip Carteret Webb, Esq., solicitor to the treasury, complained of on the same ground. Mr. Walpole probably applies these injurious terms to Mr. Webb, on account of a supposed error in his evidence on the trial in the Common Pleas, for which he was afterwards indicted for perjury, but he was fully acquitted. The point was of little importance—whether he had or had not had a key in his hand.

[12] See *ante*, p. 35.

[13] The Right Honourable Hans Stanley, one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

Yesterday we fell to again. It was one in the morning before the evidence was closed. Carrington, the messenger, was alone examined for seven hours. This old man, the cleverest of all ministerial terriers, was pleased with recounting his achievements, yet perfectly guarded and betraying nothing. However, the *arcana imperii* have been wofully laid open.

I have heard Garrick, and other players, give themselves airs of fatigue after a long part—think of the speaker[14], nay, think of the clerks taking most correct minutes for sixteen hours, and reading them over to every witness; and then let me hear of fatigue! . Do you know, not only my Lord Temple[15],—who you may swear never budged as spectator,—but old Will Chetwynd[16], now past eighty, and who had walked to the House, did not stir a single moment out of his place, from three in the afternoon till the division at seven in the morning. Nay, we had *patriotesses*, too, who staid out the whole: Lady Rockingham[17] and Lady Sondes[18] the first day; both again the second day, with Miss Mary Pelham[19], Mrs. Fitzroy[20], and the Duchess of Rich-

[14] Sir John Cust.

[15] Lord Temple was, as every one knows, a very keen politician, and took in all this matter a most prominent part; indeed he was the prime mover of the whole affair, and bore the expense of all Wilkes's law proceedings out of his own pocket.

[16] William Chetwynd, brother of Lord Chetwynd; now Master of the Mint. He was in early life a friend of Lord Bolingbroke, and called, from the darkness of his complexion, Oroonoko Chetwynd; he sat out these debates with impunity, for he survived to succeed his brother as Lord Chetwynd, in 1767, and did not die for some years after.

[17] *Ante*, p. 56.

[18] Grace, daughter of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham, born in 1735, married, October, 1752, to Lewis, first Lord Sondes, cousin of Lord Rockingham.

[19] Lady Sondes's youngest sister, born in 1739, died unmarried.

[20] Probably Anne, daughter of Admiral Sir Peter Warren, married, 1758, to Colonel Charles Fitzroy, afterwards first Lord Southampton.

mond[21], as patriot as any of us. Lady Mary Coke[22], Mrs. George Pitt[23], and Lady Pembroke[24], came after the opera, but I think did not stay above seven or eight hours at most.

At one, Sir W. Meredith[25] moved a resolution of the illegality of the warrant, and opened it well. He was seconded by old Darlington's brother[26], a convert to us. Mr. Wood, who had shone the preceding day by great modesty, decency, and ingenuity, forfeited these merits a good deal by starting up, (according to a ministerial plan) and very arrogantly, and repeatedly in the night, demanding justice and a previous acquittal, and telling the House he scorned to accept being merely *excused;* to which Mr. Pitt replied, that if he disdained to be *excused,* he would deserve to be *censured.* Mr. Charles Yorke (who, with his family, have come roundly to us for support against the Duke of

[21] Lady Mary Bruce, daughter of Lord Aylesbury by Lady Caroline Campbell.

[22] *Ante*, p. 4.

[23] Penelope, daughter of Sir H. Atkins, married, in 1746, to George Pitt, first Lord Rivers.

[24] Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Spenser, first Duke of Marlborough of the Spenser branch, married, in 1756, to Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke; she was celebrated for her beauty, which had even, it was said, captivated George III. When General Conway was dismissed for the vote of this very night, Lord Pembroke succeeded to his regiment.

[25] Sir William Meredith's motion was, "That a general warrant for apprehending and securing the authors, printers, and publishers of a seditious libel, together with their papers, is not warranted by law." This proposition the administration did not venture to deny, but they attached to it an exculpatory amendment to the following effect:—"Although such warrant has been issued according to the usage of office, and has been frequently produced to, and never condemned by Courts of justice."

[26] Gilbert, youngest brother of Henry, first Earl of Darlington, who was so well known in Sir Robert Walpole's and Mr. Pelham's time as "Harry Vane." Mr. Gilbert Vane was Deputy Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital, but on this occasion abandoned the ministerial side of the House, with which he had hitherto voted: he died in 1772.

Bedford on the Marriage Bill[27]) proposed to adjourn. Grenville and the ministry would have agreed to adjourn the debate on the great question itself, but declared they would push this acquittal. This they announced haughtily enough—for as yet, they did not doubt of their strength. Lord Frederic Campbell[28] was the most impetuous of all, so little he foresaw how much *wiser* it would be to follow your brother. Pitt made a short speech, excellently argumentative, and not bombast, nor tedious, nor deviating from the question. He was supported by your brother, and Charles Townshend, and Lord George[29]; the two last of whom are strangely firm, now they are got under the cannon of your brother. Charles, who must be extraordinary, is now so in romantic nicety of honour. His father[30], who is dying, or dead, at Bath, and from whom he hopes two thousand a year, has sent for him.—He has refused to go—lest his *steadiness* should be questioned. At a quarter after four we divided. *Our* cry was so loud, that both we and the ministers thought we had carried it. It is not to be painted, the dismay of the

[27] The marriage act was not an original measure of Lord Hardwicke, but as he, on the failure of one or two previous attempts at a bill on that subject, was requested by the House of Lords to prepare one, he, and of course his sons, must have continued interested in its maintenance; but Mr. Walpole's suspicion of a bargain and sale of sentiments between them and the opposition is quite absurd. Even from Mr. Walpole's own statement, it would seem, that, on the subject of general warrants, Mr. Charles Yorke acted with sincerity and moderation,—anxious to have a great legal question properly decided, and unwilling to prostitute its success to the purposes of party.

[28] Fourth son of John, third Duke of Argyle; afterwards Keeper of the Privy Seal in Scotland, Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and finally, Lord Register of Scotland. As he was the brother-in-law of General Conway, Mr. Walpole seems to have expected him to have followed Conway's politics.

[29] Lord George Sackville. *Ante*, p. 48.

[30] Charles, third Lord Townshend, a Peer, whose reputation is lost between that of his father and his sons.

latter—in good truth not without reason, for *we* were 197, they but 207. Your experience can tell you, that a majority of *but* ten is a defeat. Amidst a great defection from them, was even a white staff, Lord Charles Spencer[31]—now you know still more of what I told you was preparing for them!

Crest-fallen, the ministers then proposed simply to discharge the complaint; but the plumes which they had dropped, Pitt soon placed in his own beaver. He broke out on liberty, and, indeed, on whatever he pleased, uninterrupted. Rigby sat feeling the Vice-Treasurership slipping from under him. Nugent[32] was not less pensive—Lord Strange[33], though not interested, did not like it. Every body was too much taken up with his own concerns, or too much daunted, to give the least disturbance to the Pindaric. Grenville, however, dropped a few words, which did but heighten the flame. Pitt, with less modesty than ever he showed, pronounced a panegyric on his own administration, and from thence broke out on the *dismission of officers.* This increased the roar from us. Grenville replied, and very finely, very pathetically, very animated. He painted Wilkes and faction, and, with

[31] Second son of the Duke of Marlborough; his white staff was that of Comptroller of the Household. He was, it seems, in Mr. Walpole's sense of the word, *wiser* than Lord Frederick Campbell; but we shall see presently, that this wisdom grew ashamed of itself in a day or two, and in 1765, when the party which he had this night assisted, came into power, he was turned out.

[32] Nugent, afterwards Viscount Clare, and Lord Nugent, a man of some poetical talents, and of considerable readiness and humour in debate. He also was one of the Vice Treasurers of Ireland.

[33] James, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, born in 1717; he died in 1771, before his father. I know not why Walpole says he was *not interested;* he was a very respectable man, but he was also Chancellor of the Duchy, and might naturally have felt as much *interest* as the other placemen.

very little truth, denied the charge of menaces to officers. At that moment, General A'Court [34] walked up the House—think what an impression such an incident must make, when passions, hopes, and fears, were all afloat—think, too, how your brother and I, had we been ungenerous, could have added to these sensations! There was a man not so delicate. Colonel Barrè rose—and this attended with a striking circumstance; Sir Edward Deering [35], one of *our* noisy fools, called out, "*Mr.* Barrè [36]." The latter seized the thought with admirable quickness, and said to the speaker, who, in pointing to him, had called him *Colonel*, "I beg your pardon, Sir. you have pointed to me by a title I have no right to," and then made a very artful and pathetic speech on his own services and dismission; with nothing bad but an awkward attempt towards an excuse to Mr. Pitt for his former behaviour. Lord North, who will not lose his *bellow*, though he may lose his place, endeavoured to roar up the courage of his comrades, but it would not do—the House grew tired, and we again divided at seven for adjournment; some of our people were gone, and we remained but 184, they 208, however, you will allow our affairs are mended, when we say, *but* 184. *We* then came away, and left the ministers to satisfy Wood, Webb, and themselves, as well as they could. It was eight this morning before I was in bed; and considering, that this is no very short letter, Mr. Pitt bore the fatigue with his usual spirit—and even old Onslow, the late speaker, was sitting up, anxious for the event.

[34] Lately dismissed. See *ante*, p. 54.

[35] Born in 1732; Member for New Romney.

[36] Colonel Barrè had been lately dismissed from the office of Adjutant-General. See *ante*, p. 29.

On Friday we are to have the great question, which would prevent my writing; and to-morrow I dine with Guerchy, at the Duke of Grafton's, besides twenty other engagements. To-day I have shut myself up, for with writing this, and taking notes yesterday all day, and all night, I have not an eye left to see out of—nay, for once in my life, I shall go to bed at ten o'clock.

I am glad to be able to contradict two or three passages in my last letter. The Prince and Princess of Brunswick are safely landed[37], though they were in extreme danger. The Duc de Pecquigny had not only been put in arrest late on the Sunday night, which I did not know, but has retrieved his honour. Monsieur de Guerchy sent him away, and at Dover, Virette found him, and whispered him to steal from [38]D'Allonville and fight. The Duc first begged his pardon, owned himself in the wrong, and then fought him, and was wounded, though slightly, in four places in the arm; and both are returned to London with their honours as white as snow.

Sir Jacob Downing[39] is dead, and has left every shilling to his wife; *id est*, not sixpence to my Lord Holland[40]; a mishap, which being followed by a minority of 197, will not make this a pleasant week to him

Well! now would you believe how I feel and how I wish? I wish

[37] At Helvoet, on the 2d February.

[38] Probably the gentleman in whose charge M. de Guerchy had sent away the giddy Duke.

[39] Sir Jacob Gerrard Downing, Bart., Member for Dunwich; he died the 6th February, and left his estate, as Mr. Walpole says, to his wife; but only for her life, and afterwards to build and endow Downing College at Cambridge.

[40] The grounds of any expectation which Lord Holland may have entertained from Sir J. Downing have not reached us; but it is right to say, that Mr. Walpole had quarrelled with Lord Holland, and was glad of any occasion, just or otherwise, to sneer at him.

we may continue the minority. The desires of some of my associates, perhaps, may not be satisfied, but mine are. Here is an opposition formidable enough to keep abler ministers than Messieurs the present gentlemen in awe. They may pick pockets, but they will pick no more locks. While we continue a minority, we shall preserve our characters, and we have some too good to part with. I hate to have a camp to plunder; at least, I am so whig, I hate all spoils but the opima spolia. I think it, too, much more creditable to control ministers, than to *be* ministers—and much more creditable than to become *mere* ministers ourselves. I have several other excellent reasons against our success, though I could combat them with as many drawn from the insufficience of the present folk, and from the propriety of Mr. Pitt being minister, but I am too tired, and very likely so are you, my dear Lord, by this time, and therefore good-night,

Yours most affectionately,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Friday, Noon.

I had sealed my letter, and break it open again on receiving yours of the 13th, by the messenger. Though I am very sorry you had not then got mine from Monin, which would have prepared you for much of what has happened, I do not fear its miscarriage, as I think I can account for the delay. I had, for more security, put it into the parcel with two more volumes of my Anecdotes of Painting; which, I suppose, remained in Monin's baggage; and he might not have unpacked it when he delivered the single letters. If he has not yet sent you the parcel, you may ask for it, as the same delicacy is not necessary as for a letter.

I thank Lord Beauchamp much for the paper, but should thank him much more for a letter from himself. I am going this minute to the House, where I have already been to prayers[41], to take a place. It was very near full then, so critical a day it is! I expect we shall be beaten—but we shall not be so many times more.

Lord Granby[42], I hear, is to move the previous question—they are reduced to their heavy cannon.

Sunday Evening, 19*th*.

Happening to hear of a gentleman who sets out for Paris in two or three days, I stopped my letter, both out of prudence (pray admire me!) and from thinking that it was as well to send you at once the complete history of our Great Week. By the time you have read the preceding pages, you may, perhaps, expect to find a change of the ministry in what I am going to say. You must have a little patience; our parliamentary war, like the last war in Germany, produces very considerable battles, that are not decisive. Marshal Pitt has given another great blow to the subsidiary army, but they remained masters of the field, and both sides sing *Te Deum*. I am not talking figuratively, when I assure you that bells, bonfires, and an illumination from the Monument, were prepared in the city, in case we had had the

[41] It may be necessary to remark, that any member who attends at the daily prayers of the House has a right, for that evening, to the place he occupies at prayers. On nights of great interest, when the House is expected to be crowded, there is consequently a considerable attendance at prayers.

[42] Eldest son of the third Duke of Rutland, well known for his gallant conduct at Minden, and still remembered for his popularity with the army and the public. He was at this time Commander-in-Chief and Master General of the Ordnance. He died before his father, in 1770.

majority. Lord Temple was so indiscreet and indecent as to have fagots ready for two bonfires, but was persuaded to lay aside the design, even before it was abortive.

It is impossible to give you the detail of so long a debate as Friday's. You will regret it the less when I tell you it was a very dull one. I never knew a day of expectation answer. The impromptus and the unexpected are ever the most shining. We love to hear ourselves talk, and yet we must be formed of adamant to be able to talk day and night on the same question for a week together. If you had seen how ill we looked, you would not have wondered we did not speak well. A company of colliers emerging from damps and darkness could not have appeared more ghastly and dirty than we did on Wednesday morning; and we had not recovered much bloom on Friday. We spent two or three hours on corrections of, and additions to, the question of pronouncing the warrant illegal, till the ministry had contracted it to fit scarce any thing but the individual case of Wilkes, Pitt not opposing the amendments because Charles Yorke gave into them; for it is wonderful[43] what deference is paid by both sides to that House. The debate then began by Norton's moving to adjourn the consideration of the question for four months, and holding out a promise of a bill, which neither they mean, nor, for my part, should I like: I would not give prerogative so much as a definition. You are a Peer, and, therefore, perhaps, will hear it with patience—but think how *our* ears must have tingled, when he told us, that should we pass the resolution, and

[43] Wonderful to Mr. Walpole only, who had a private pique against the Yorkes; no one else could wonder that deference should be paid to long services, high stations, great abilities, and unimpeached integrity.

he were a judge, he would mind it no more than the resolution of a drunken porter!—Had old Onslow been in the chair, I believe he would have knocked him down with the mace. He did hear of it during the debate, though not severely enough; but the town rings with it. Charles Yorke replied, and was much admired. Me he did not please; I require a little more than palliatives and sophistries. He excused the part he has taken by pleading that he had never seen the warrant, till after Wilkes was taken up—yet he then pronounced the No. 45 a libel, and advised the commitment of Wilkes to the Tower. If you advised me to knock a man down, would you excuse yourself by saying you had never seen the stick with which I gave the blow? Other speeches we had without end, but none good, except from Lord George Sackville, a short one from Elliot, and one from Charles Townshend, so fine that it *amazed, even from him.* Your brother had spoken with excellent sense against the corrections, and began well again in the debate, but with so much rapidity that he confounded himself first, and then was seized with such a hoarseness that he could not proceed. Pitt and George Grenville ran a match of silence, striving which should reply to the other. At last, Pitt, who had three times in the debate retired with pain[44], rose about three in the morning, but so languid, so exhausted, that, in his life, he never made less figure. Grenville answered him; and at five in the morning we divided. The Noes were so loud, as it admits a deeper sound than Aye, that the Speaker, who has got a bit of *nose*[45] since the Opposition

[44] Mr. Pitt's frequent fits of the gout are well known: he was even suspected of sometimes *acting* a fit of the gout in the House of Commons.

[45] Sir John Cust's *nose* was rather short, as his pictures by *Reynolds*, as well as by *Walpole*, testify.

got numbers, gave it for us. They went forth; and when I heard our side counted to the amount of 218, I did conclude we were victorious; but they returned 232. It is true we were beaten by fourteen, but we were increased by twenty-one; and no ministry could stand on so slight an advantage, if we could continue above 200.

We may, and probably shall, fall off: this was our strongest question—but our troops will stand fast; their hopes and views depend upon it, and their spirits are raised. But for the other side it will not be the same. The lookers-out will be stayers away, and their very subsidies will undo them.

They bought two single votes that day with two peerages[46]; Sir R. Bampfylde[47] and Sir Charles Tynte[48]—and so are going to light up the flame of two more county elections—and that in the west, where surely nothing was wanting but a tinder-box!

You would have almost laughed to see the spectres produced by both sides; one would have thought that they had sent a search-warrant for Members of Parliament into every hospital. Votes were brought down in flannels and blankets, till the floor of the House looked like the pool of Bethesda. 'Tis wonderful that half of us are not dead—I should not say *us;* Herculean *I* have not suffered the least, except that from being a Hercules of ten grains, I don't believe I now weigh above eight. I felt from nothing so much as the noise, which made me as drunk as an owl—you may imagine the clamours of two parties so nearly matched, and so impatient to come to a decision.

[46] Not true. See afterwards.

[47] Sir Richard Warwick Bampfylde, fourth Baronet, Member for Devonshire.

[48] Sir Charles Kemeys Tynte, fifth Baronet, Member for Somersetshire.

The Duchess of Richmond has got a fever with the attendance of Tuesday—but on Friday we were forced to be unpolite. The Amazons came down in such squadrons, that we were forced to be denied. However, eight or nine of the patriotesses dined in one of the Speaker's rooms, and stayed there till twelve—nay, worse, while their dear country was at stake, I am afraid they were playing at loo!

The Townshends, you perceive by this account, are returned; their father not dead[49]. Lord Howe[50] and the Colonel voted with us; so did Lord Newnham[51], and is likely to be turned out of doors for it. A warrant to take up Lord Charles Spenser was sent to Blenheim from Bedford House[52], and signed by his brother, and returned for him; so he went thither—not a very kind office in the Duke of Marlborough to Lord Charles's character. Lord Granby refused to make the motion, but spoke for it.

Lord Hardwicke is relapsed; but we do not now fear any consequences from his death. The Yorkes, who abandoned a triumphant administration, are not so tender as to return and comfort them in their depression.

[49] He died on the 13th of the ensuing month.

[50] Richard, fourth Viscount and first Earl Howe, the hero of the 1st of June, and his brother, Colonel, afterwards General Sir William, who succeeded him as fifth Viscount Howe.

[51] George Simon, Viscount Newnham, afterwards second Earl of Harcourt, remarkable for a somewhat exaggerated imitation of French fashions. His father, the first Earl, was, at this time, Chamberlain to the Queen.

[52] See *ante*, p. 70. The meaning of this passage is, that the Duke of Bedford (who was President of the Council) wrote a letter, which he sent to Blenheim for the Duke of Marlborough to sign, desiring his brother, Lord Charles, to abstain from again voting against the government. The Duke of Marlborough (who was Privy Seal) signed, as Walpole intimates, the letter, and Lord Charles, instead of attending the House, and voting, as he had done on the former night, against Ministers, went down to Blenheim.

The chief business now, I suppose, will lie in *souterreins* and intrigues. Lord Bute's panic will, probably, direct him to make application to us. Sandwich will be manufacturing lies, and Rigby negotiations. Some change or other, whether partial or extensive, must arrive. The best that can happen for the ministers, is to be able to ward off the blow till the recess [53], and they have time to treat at leisure; but in just the present state it is impossible things should remain. The opposition is too strong, and their leaders too able to make no impression.

Adieu! pray tell Mr. Hume that I am ashamed to be thus writing the history of England, when he is with you!

P.S. The new baronies [54] are contradicted, but may recover truth at the end of the Session.

[53] The Easter recess might be expected to commence about the last days of March.

[54] See *ante*, page 77. They never took place, and probably never were in contemplation.

LETTER XII.

Arlington-street, Feb. 24th, 1764.

As I had an opportunity, on Tuesday last, of sending you a letter of eleven pages by a very safe conveyance, I shall say but few words to day; indeed, I have left nothing to say, but to thank you for the answer I received from you this morning to mine, by Monsieur Monin. I am very happy that you take so kindly the freedom I used: the circumstances made me think it necessary; and I flatter myself, that you are persuaded I was not to blame in speaking so openly, when two persons so dear to me were concerned [1]. Your indulgence will not lead me to abuse it. What you say on the caution I mentioned, convinces me that I was right, by finding your judgment correspond with my own—but enough of that.

My long letter, which, perhaps, you will not receive till after this, (you will receive it from a Lady,) will give you a full detail of the last extraordinary week. Since that, there has been an accidental suspension of arms. Not only Mr. Pitt is laid up with the gout, but the Speaker has it too. We have been adjourned till to-day, and as he is not recovered, have again adjourned till next Wednesday. The events of the week have been, a complaint made by Lord Lyttelton in your

[1] It related, as we have seen, to General Conway's vote in opposition to the Government.

House, of a book called *Droit le Roy*[2], a tract written in the highest strain of prerogative, and drawn from all the old obsolete law books on that question. The ministers met this complaint with much affected indignation, and even on the complaint being communicated to us, took it up themselves; and both Houses have ordered the book to be burned by the hangman. To comfort themselves for this forced zeal for liberty, the *North Briton*, and the *Essay on Woman*, have both been condemned[3] by juries in the King's Bench; but that triumph has been more than balanced again, by the city giving their freedom to Lord Chief-Justice Pratt[4], ordering his picture to be placed in the King's Bench, thanking their members for their behaviour in Parliament on the warrant, and giving orders for instructions to be drawn for their future conduct.

Lord Granby is made Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire, but the vigour of this affront was wofully weakened by excuses to the Duke of Devon-

[2] "*Droit le Roy*, or the rights and prerogatives of the Imperial Crown of Great Britain." In the examination of Griffin the printer before the Peers, he stated that, as an accomplice of George Robert Fitzgerald, Timothy Becknock, afterwards hanged in Ireland, had sent the pamphlet to the press, and was, Griffin believed, the author of it.

[3] Mr. Wilkes was tried on the 21st Feb., for republishing the *North Briton*, No. 45, and for printing the *Essay on Woman*, and found *guilty* of both.

[4] The preamble of these resolutions is worthy of observation. "Whereas, the indepen-"dency and uprightness of judges is essential to the *impartial* administration of justice, *&c.*, "this court, in manifestation of their just sense of the inflexible firmness and integrity of the "Right Honourable Sir C. Pratt, Lord Chief-Justice, *&c.*, gives him the freedom of "the city, and orders his picture to be placed in Guildhall;" as if *impartiality* could only be assailed from one side, and as if gold boxes and pictures, and addresses from the Corporation of London, were not as likely to have influence on the human mind as the favours from the Crown. Their applause was either worth *nothing*, or it was an attempt on the *impartiality* of the Judge.

shire, and by its being known that the measure was determined two months ago.

All this sounds very hostile,—yet, don't be surprised if you hear of some sudden treaty. Don't you know a little busy squadron that had the chief hand in the negotiation[5] last autumn? Well, I have reason to think that Phraates[6] is negotiating with Leonidas[7] by the same intervention. All the world sees that the present ministers are between two fires. Would it be extraordinary if the artillery of both should be discharged on them at once? But this is not proper for the post: I grow prudent the less prudence is necessary.

We are in pain for the Duchess of Richmond, who, instead of the jaundice, has relapsed into a fever. She was blooded twice last night, and yet had a very bad night. I called at the door at three o'clock, when they thought the fever rather diminished, but spoke of her as very ill. I have not seen your brother, or Lady Aylesbury to-day, but found they had been very much alarmed yesterday evening[8].

Lord Suffolk[9], they say, is going to be married to Miss Trevor Hampden.

Your brother has told me, that among Lady Hertford's things seized

[5] The negotiation in August, 1763, already alluded to, for Mr. Pitt's coming into power. There is some reason to suppose that Mr. Calcraft was employed in the first steps of this negotiation, and this may be what Mr. Walpole here refers too.

[6] Lord Bute.

[7] Mr. Pitt.

[8] The Duchess was the sister of Lady Aylesbury's first husband.

[9] Henry, twelfth Earl of Suffolk, married May, 1764, Miss Trevor, who had been on the point of marriage with Mr. Child of Osterley, where he suddenly died in Sept. 1763.

at Dover, was a packet for me from you. Mr. Bowman has undertaken to make strict inquiry for it. Adieu, my dear Lord,

Yours most faithfully,

H. WALPOLE.

P. S. We had, last Monday, the prettiest ball that ever was seen at Mrs. Ann Pitt's[10], in the compass of a silver penny. There were one hundred and four persons, of which number fifty-five supped. The supper-room was disposed with tables and benches back to back in the manner of an ale-house. The idea sounds ill, but the Fairies had so improved upon it, had so *be-garlanded*, so *sweetmeated*, and so *desserted* it, that it looked like a vision. I told her she could only have fed and stowed so much company by a miracle, and that, when we were gone, she would take up twelve basketsful of people. The Duchess of Bedford asked me before Madam de Guerchy, if I would not give them a ball at Strawberry? Not for the universe!—What! turn a ball, and dust, and dirt, and a million of candles into my charming new gallery! I said, I could not flatter myself that people would give themselves the trouble of going eleven miles for a *ball*—(though I believe they would go fifty)—"Well, then," says she, "it shall be a *dinner*"—"With all my heart, I have no objection; but no *ball* shall set its foot within my doors."

[10] Sister of the Great Lord Chatham, whom she resembled in some qualities of her mind. Mr. Walpole, when some foreigner who could not see Mr. Pitt himself, had asked him if he was like his sister, answered, in his usual happy style of giving a portrait at a touch, "Ils se resemblent comme deux gouttes de *feu*!" She was Privy Purse to the Princess Dowager.

LETTER XIII.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, March 11th, 1764.

My dear Lord,

The last was so busy a week with me, that I had not a minute's time to tell you of Lord Hardwicke's[1] death. I had so many auctions, dinners, loo-parties, so many sick acquaintance, with the addition of a long day in the House of Commons, (which, by the way, I quitted for a sale of books,) and a ball, that I left the common newspapers to inform you of an event, which two months ago would have been of much consequence. The Yorkes are fixed, and the contest[2] at Cambridge will but make them strike deeper root in opposition. I have not heard how their father has portioned out his immense treasures. The election at Cambridge is to be on Tuesday, 24th; Charles Townshend is gone thither[3], and I suppose, by this time, has ranted, and romanced, and turned every one of their ideas topsy-turvey.

Our long day was Friday, the opening of the budget. Mr. Grenville spoke for two hours and forty minutes; much of it well, but too long,

[1] It took place on the 6th of March.

[2] For High Steward of the University between Lord Sandwich and the new Lord Hardwicke.

[3] In the interest of Lord Hardwicke.

too many repetitions, and too evident marks of being galled by reports, which he answered with more art than sincerity. There were a few more speeches, till nine o'clock, but no division. Our Armistice, you see, continues. Lord Bute is, I believe, negotiating with both sides; I know he is with the Opposition, and has a prospect of making very good terms for himself, for patriots seldom have the gift of perseverance. It is wonderful how soon their virtue thaws!

Last Thursday, the Duchess of Queensberry [4] gave a ball, opened it herself with a minuet, and danced two country dances; as she had enjoined every body to be with her by six, to sup at twelve, and go away directly. Of the Campbell-sisters, all were left out but Lady Strafford [5]. Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes, who having had colds, deferred sending answers, received notice that their places were filled up, and that they must not come; but were pardoned on submission. A card was sent to invite Lord and Lady Cardigan, and Lord *Beaulieu*, instead of Lord Montagu [6]. This, her Grace protested, was by accident. Lady Cardigan was very angry, and yet went. Except these flights, the only extraordinary thing the Duchess did, was to do nothing extraordinary, for I do not call it very mad that some

[4] Catherine Hyde, the grand-daughter of the great Lord Clarendon; herself remarkable for her patronage of Gay, and for some oddities of character, dress, and manners, to which the world became less indulgent as she ceased to be young and handsome.

[5] The sisters omitted were, Lady Dalkeith, Lady Elizabeth Mackenzie, and Lady Mary Coke.

[6] John, Duke of Montagu, left two daughters; the eldest, Isabella, married first the Duke of Manchester, and, secondly, Mr. Hussey, an Irish gentleman, created, in consequence of this union, Lord Beaulieu. Mary, the younger sister, married Lord Cardigan, who was, in 1776, created Duke of Montagu: their eldest son having been, in 1762, created Lord Montagu. The marriage of the elder sister with Mr. Hussey, was considered, by her family and the world, as a *mèsalliance;* and, therefore, the mistake of Lord *Beaulieu* for Lord *Montague* was likely to give offence.

pique happening between her and the Duchess of Bedford, the latter had this distich sent to her,

> Come with a whistle, and come with a call,
> Come with a good will, or come not at all.

I do not know whether what I am going to tell you did not border a little upon Moorfields[7]. The gallery where they danced was very cold. Lord Lorn[8], George Selwyn, and I, retired into a little room, and sat comfortably by the fire. The Duchess looked in, said nothing, and sent a smith to take the hinges of the door off. We understood the hint, and left the room, and so did the smith the door. This was pretty legible.

My niece Waldegrave[9] talks of accompanying me to Paris, but ten or twelve weeks may make great alteration in a handsome young widow's plan: I even think I see some[10] who will—not forbid banns, but propose them. Indeed, I am almost afraid of coming to you myself. The air of Paris works such miracles, that it is not safe to trust one's self there. I hear of nothing but my Lady Hertford's rakery, and Mr. Wilkes's religious deportment, and constant attendance at your Chapel. Lady Anne[11], I conclude, chatters as fast as my Lady Essex[12] and her four daughters.

[7] It is now almost necessary to remind the reader that old Bedlam stood in Moorfields.

[8] Afterwards fifth Duke of Argyle.

[9] Maria, one of the natural daughters of Sir Edward Walpole, second son of Sir Robert, married in 1759, to James, second Lord of Waldegrave, who died in 1763. She afterwards re-married the late Duke of Gloucester.

[10] He means, as subsequently appears, the Duke of Portland.

[11] Lord Hertford's eldest daughter, afterwards wife of Mr. Stewart, subsequently created Earl and Marquis of Londonderry, by whom she was mother of the late Marquis.

[12] Elizabeth Russel, daughter of the second Duke of Bedford. She had four daughters; but the Peerage states the eldest to have died young.

Princess Amelia told me t'other night, and bade me tell you, that she had seen Lady Massarene[13] at Bath, who is warm in praise of you, and said that you had spent 2000*l.* out of friendship, to support her son in an election. She told the Princess too, that she had found a rent-roll of your estate in a farm-house, and that it is 14,000*l.* a-year. This I was ordered, I know not why, to tell you too. The Duchess of Bedford has not been asked to the loo-parties at Cavendish House[14] this winter, and only once to whisk there, and that was one Friday when she is at home herself. We have nothing at the Princess's but silver-loo, and her Bath and Tunbridge acquaintance. The *trade* at our gold-loo is as contraband as ever. I cannot help saying, that the Duchess of Bedford would mend our silver-loo, and that I wish every body played like her at the gold.

Arlington Street, Tuesday.

You thank me, my dear Lord, for my Gazettes (in your Letter of the 8th) more than they deserve. There is no trouble in sending you news, as you excuse the careless manner in which I write any thing I hear. Don't think yourself obliged to be punctual in answering me: it would be paying too dear for such idle and trifling despatches. Your picture of the attention paid to Madame Pompadour's illness, and of the ridicule attached to the mission of that homage, is very

[13] Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Eyre, Esq., of Derbyshire, second wife of the first, and mother of the second, Earl of Massarene, the latter being at this time a minor. The election was probably for the County of Antrim, in which both Lord Massarene and Lord Hertford had considerable property.

[14] Princess Amelia's, the corner of Harley-street; since the residence of Mr. Hope, and of Mr. Watson Taylor.

striking. It would be still more so by comparison.—Think if the Duke of Cumberland was to set up with my Lord Bute!

The East India Company, yesterday, elected Lord Clive—Great Mogul; that is, they have made him Governor-General of Bengal, and restored his Jaghuire [15]. I dare to say he will put it out of their power to ever to take it away again. We have had a deluge of disputes and pamphlets on the late events in that distant province of our empire, the Indies. The novelty of the manners divert me: our Governors there, I think, have learned more of their treachery and injustice, than they have taught them of our discipline.

Monsieur Helvetius [16] arrived yesterday. I will take care to inform the Princess, that you could not do otherwise than you did about her trees. My compliments to all your Hotel.

Yours, most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[15] A rent charge which had been granted him by the late Nabob, and which, on the seizure of the territory on which they were charged by the East India Company, Lord Clive insisted, with some colour of reason, that the Company should continue to pay. It was about 25,000*l.* per annum.

[16] A French *Philosophe*, the son of a Dutch Physician, brought into France by Louis XIV. He was the author of a dull book mis-named *De l'Esprit*. We cannot resist repeating a joke made about this period on the occasion of a requisition made by the French Ministry to the government of Geneva, that it should seize copies of this book *De l'Esprit* and Voltaire's *Pucelle d'Orleans*, which were supposed to be collected there in order to be smuggled into France. The worthy Magistrates were said to have reported that, after the most diligent search they could find in their whole town no trace "*De l'Esprit*, et pas une *Pucelle*."

LETTER XIV.

Sunday, March 18th, 1764.

You will feel, my dear Lord, for the loss I have had, and for the much greater affliction of poor Lady Malpas. My Nephew[1] went to his Regiment in Ireland before Christmas, and returned but last Monday. He had, I suppose, heated himself in that Bacchanalian country, and was taken ill the very day he set out, yet he came on, but grew much worse the night of his arrival; it turned to an inflammation in his bowels, and he died last Friday. You may imagine the distress where there was so much domestic felicity, and where the deprivation is augmented by the very slender circumstances in which he could but leave his family, as his father—such an improvident father—is living! Lord Malpas himself was very amiable, and I had always loved him—but this is the cruel tax one pays for living, to see one's friends taken away before one!—It has been a week of mortality. The night I wrote to you last, and had sent away my letter, came an account of my Lord Townshend's death. He had been ill treated by a surgeon

[1] George Viscount Malpas, M. P. for Corfe-Castle, and Colonel of the 65th Regiment of Foot, the son of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, and of Mary, only (legitimate) daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. Lord Malpas had married in 1747, Hester, daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Edwards, Bart., and by her was father of the fourth Earl.

in the country, then was carried improperly to the Bath, and again back to Rainham, though Hawkins, and other surgeons and physicians, represented his danger to him. But the woman he kept, probably to prevent his seeing his family, persisted in these extravagant journeys, and he died in exquisite torment the day after his arrival in Norfolk. He mentions none of his children in his will, but the present Lord, to whom he gives 300*l.* a year that he had bought, adjoining to his estate. But there is said, or supposed to be, 50,000*l.* in the funds in his Mistress's name, who was his housemaid. I do not aver this, for truth is not the staple commodity of that family. Charles is much disappointed and discontented—not so, my Lady, who has to 2000*l.* a year already, another 1000*l.* in jointure, and 1500*l.* her own estate in Hertfordshire[2]. We conclude, that the Duke of Argyle[3] will abandon Mrs. Villiers[4] for this richer widow; who will only be inconsolable, as she is too cunning, I believe, to let any body console her. Lord Macclesfield[5] is dead too; a great windfall for Mr. Grenville, who gets a Teller's place for his son.

There is no public news: there was a longish day on Friday in our House, on a demand for money for the new bridge from the city. It was refused, and into the accompt of contempt, Dr. Hay[6] threw a good

[2] She was the daughter and heiress of J. Harrison, Esq., of Balls, in Herts.

[3] Colonel John Campbell of Mammore, the widower of the celebrated Miss Bellenden, succeeded his cousin in 1761, as fourth Duke of Argyle; his Grace was at this time about 70 years old; he died in 1770.

[4] Probably Mary Fowke, widow of Mr. Henry Villiers, Nephew of the first Earl of Jersey.

[5] George, second Earl of Macclesfield, one of the Tellers of the Exchequer, and President of the Royal Society.

[6] George Hay, L.L.D., Member for Sandwich, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

deal of abuse on the Common-Council—a nest of hornets, that I do not see the prudence of attacking.

I leave to your brother to tell you the particulars of an impertinent paragraph in the papers on you and your embassy; but I must tell you how instantly, warmly, and zealously, he resented it. He went directly to the Duke of Somerset, to beg him to complain of it to the Lords. His Grace's bashfulness made him choose rather to second the complaint, but he desired Lord Marchmont to make it, who liked the office, and the printers are to attend your House to-morrow[7].

I went a little too fast in my history of Lord Clive, and yet I had it from Mr. Grenville himself. The Jaghire is to be decided by law, that is, in the year 1900. Nor is it certain that his Omrahship goes; that will depend on his obtaining a Board of Directors to his mind, at the approaching election[8]. I forgot, too, to answer your question about

[7] We find in the journals, that the printers of two papers in which the libellous paragraph appeared, were, after examination at the bar, committed to Newgate. The libel itself is not recorded—the proceedings in the House of Lords were notified to Lord Hertford by the Secretary of State, and the following is a copy of his reply to this communication.

"*Paris, March 27th*, 1764.

"I am informed by my friends of the insult that has been offered to my character in two public papers, and of the zeal shown by administration in seconding the resentment of the House of Peers in my favour.

"Perhaps my own inclination might have led me to despise such low indignities; but if others, and particularly my friends, take the matter more warmly, I am not insensible to their attention, and receive with gratitude such pledges of their regard. I had, indeed, flattered myself, that my course of life had hitherto created me no enemy; but as I find that this felicity is too great for any man, I am pleased, at least, to find that he is a very low one: and I am so far obliged to him for discovering to me the share I have in the friendship of so many great persons, and for procuring me a testimony of esteem from so honourable an assembly as that of the Peers of England."

[8] Lord Clive made it a condition of his going to India, that Mr. Sulivan should be deprived of the lead he had in the direction at home.

Luther[9]; and now I remember it, I cannot answer it. Some said his wife had been gallant. Some, that he had been too gallant, and that she suffered for it. Others laid it to his expenses at his election; others again, to political squabbles on that subject between him and his wife—but in short, as he sprung into the world by his election, so he withered when it was over, and has not been thought on since.

George Selwyn has had a frightful accident, that ended in a great escape. He was at dinner at Lord Coventry's, and just as he was drinking a glass of wine, he was seized with a fit of coughing, the liquor went wrong, and suffocated him: he got up for some water at the side-board, but being strangled, and losing his senses, he fell against the corner of the marble-table with such violence, that they thought he had killed himself by a fracture of his scull. He lay senseless for some time, and was recovered with difficulty. He was immediately blooded, and had the chief wound, which is just over the eye, sowed up—but you never saw so battered a figure. All round his eye is as black as jet, and besides the scar on his forehead, he has cut his nose at top and bottom. He is well off with his life, and we with his wit.

Yours most sincerely,

H. WALPOLE.

P.S. Lord Macclesfield has left his wife[10] threescore thousand pounds.

[9] John Luther Esq., of *Myless*, near Ongar in Essex, who, on the death of Mr. Harvey of Chigwell, stood on the popular interest for that county against Mr. Conyers, and succeeded. (See *ante*, p. 34.) It seems as if he had gone to Paris, and that Lord Hertford had inquired about him.

[10] Lord Macclesfield's second wife, whom he married in 1757, was a Miss Dorothy Nesbit.

LETTER XV.

Tuesday Night, March 27th, 1764.

YOUR brother has just told me, my dear Lord, at the Opera, that Colonel Keith, a friend of his, sets out for Paris on Thursday. I take that opportunity of saying a few things to you, which would be less proper by the common post; and if I have not time to write to Lord Beauchamp too, I will defer my answer to him till Friday, as the Post-Office will be more welcome to read that.

Lord Bute is come to town, has been long with the King alone, and goes publicly to Court and the House of Lords, where the Barony of Bottetourt[1] has engrossed them some days, and of which the town thinks much, and I not at all, so I can tell you nothing about it. The first two days, I hear, Lord Bute was little noticed, but to-day much court was paid to him, even by the Duke of Bedford. Why this difference, I don't know: that matters are somehow adjusted between the Favourite not Minister, and the Ministers not Favourites, I have no doubt. Pitt certainly has been treating with him, and so threw away

[1] The ancient Barony of Bottetourt had been considered as extinct ever since the reign of Edward III., and was now claimed by Mr. Norborne Berkeley, Member for Gloucestershire, and a Groom of the Bedchamber; the revival of a claim so long forgotten created considerable interest.

the great and unexpected progress which the Opposition had made. They, good people, are either not angry with him for this, or have not found it out. The Sandwiches and Rigbys, who feel another half year coming into their pockets, are not so blind. For my own part, I rejoice that the Opposition are only fools, and by thus missing their treaty, will not appear knaves. In the mean time, I have no doubt but the return of Lord Bute must produce confusion at Court. He and Grenville are both too fond of being Ministers, not to be jealous of one another. If what is said to be designed proves true, that the King will go to Hanover, and take the Queen with him, I shall expect that clamour (which you see depends on very few men[2], for it has subsided during these private negotiations) will rise higher than ever. The Queen's absence must be designed to leave the Regency in the hands of another Lady[3]: connect that with Lord Bute's return, and judge what will be the consequence! These are the present politics, at least mine, who trouble myself little about them, and know less. I have not been at the House this month; the great points which interested me are over, and the very stand has shut the door. I might like some folks *out*, but there are so few that I desire to see *in*, that indifference is my present most predominating principle. The busier world are attentive to the election at Cambridge, which comes on next Friday, and I think, now, Lord Sandwich's friends have little hopes. Had I a vote, it would not be given for the new Lord Hardwicke.

But we have a more extraordinary affair to engage us, and of which

[2] This is an important observation; it affords a clue to the causes of the unpopularity of the early years of George III.

[3] The Princess Dowager.

you particularly will hear much more, indeed, I fear must be involved in. D'Eon has published (but to be sure you have already heard so) a most scandalous quarto, abusing Monsieur de Guerchy outrageously, and most offensive to Messieurs de Praslin and Nivernois [4]. In truth, I think he will have made all three irreconcileable enemies. The Duc de Praslin must be enraged as to the Duke's carelessness and partiality to D'Eon, and will certainly grow to hate Guerchy, concluding the latter can never forgive *him*. D'Eon, even by his own account, is as culpable as possible, mad with pride, insolent, abusive, ungrateful, and dishonest, in short, a complication of abominations, yet originally ill-used by his Court, afterwards too well; above all, he has great malice, and great parts to put that malice in play. Though there are even many bad puns in his book, a very uncommon fault in a French book, yet there is much wit too [5]. Monsieur de Guerchy is extremely hurt, though with the least reason of the three, for his character for bravery and good-nature is so established, that here, at least, he will not suffer. I could write pages to you upon this subject, for I am full of it—but I will send you the book. The council have met to-day to consider what to do upon it. Most people think it difficult for them to do any thing. Lord Mansfield thinks they can—but I fear he has a little alacrity on the severe side in such cases. Yet I should be glad the *law* would allow severity in the present case. I should be glad of it, as I was in your case last week; and considering the present constitution of things, would put the severity of the law in execution. You will wonder at

[4] M. de Praslin was secretary for foreign affairs, and M. de Nivernois had been lately Ambassador in England.

[5] At this distance of time, D'Eon's book seems to us the mere ravings of insane vanity,—the puns poor, and the wit rare and forced.

this sentence out of my mouth[6], but not when you have heard my reason. The liberty of the press has been so much abused, that almost all men, especially such as have weight, I mean, grave hypocrites and men of arbitrary principles, are ready to demand a restraint. I would therefore show, that the law, as *it already stands*, is efficacious enough to repress enormities. I hope so, particularly in Monsieur de Guerchy's case, or I do not see how a foreign Minister can come hither; if, while their persons are called *sacred*, their characters are at the mercy of every servant that can pick a lock and pay for printing a letter. It is an odd coincidence of accidents that has produced abuse on you and your tally in the same week—but yours was a flea-bite.

Thank you, my dear Lord, for your anecdotes relative to Madame Pompadour, her illness, and the pretenders to her succession. I hope she may live till I see her; she is one of the greatest curiosities of the age, and I am a pretty universal virtuoso. The match of my Niece with the Duke of P[7]. was, I own, what I hinted at, and what I then believed likely to happen. It is now quite off, and with very extraordinary circumstances; but if I tell it you at all, it must not be in a letter, especially when D'Eons steal letters and print them. It is a secret, and so little to the lover's advantage, that I who have a great regard for his family, shall not be the first to divulge it.

We had, last night, a magnificent ball at Lady Cardigan's[8]; three

[6] It certainly does not appear quite consistent, that Mr. Walpole, who so much disapproves of an attack on his *friends*, Lord Hertford and M. de Guerchy, should have been delighted, but a few pages since, with the *hemlock* administered to Lord Holland, and the *scurrility* against Bishop Warburton.

[7] Vide *ante*, p. 86.

[8] See *ante*, p. 85.

sumptuous suppers in three rooms. The house, you know, is crammed with fine things, pictures, china, japan, vases, and every species of curiosity. These are much increased even since I was in favour there, particularly by Lord Montagu's importations. I was curious to see how many quarrels my Lady must have gulped before she could fill her house—truly, not many, (though some,) for there were very few of her own acquaintance, chiefly recruits of her son and daughter. There was not the *soupçon* of a Bedford, though the town has married Lord Tavistock and Lady Betty[9]—but he is coming to you to France. The Duchess of Bedford told me how hard it was, that I, who had personally offended my Lady Cardigan, should be invited, and that she, who had done nothing, and yet had tried to be reconciled, should not be asked. "Oh, Madam," said I, "be easy as to that point, for though she has invited me, she will scarce speak to me—but I let all such quarrels come and go as they please: if people, so indifferent to me, quarrel with me, it is no reason why I should quarrel with them, and they have my full leave to be reconciled when they please."

I must trouble you once more to know to what merchant you consigned the Princess's trees, and Lady Hervey's biblioteque—I mean for the latter. I did not see the Princess last week, as the loss of my nephew kept me from public places. Of all public places, guess the most unlikely one for the most unlikely person to have been at. I had sent to know how Lady Macclesfield did: [10] Louis brought me word

[9] Lady Cardigan's eldest daughter, married in 1767 to the third Duke of Buccleugh. This amiable and venerable Lady is still living.

[10] His valet.

that he could hardly get into St. James's-square, there was so great a crowd to see my Lord lie in state. At night I met my Lady Milton[11] at the Duchess of Argyle's, and said in joke, "Soh, to be sure, you have been to see my Lord Maclesfield lie in state!" thinking it impossible—she burst out into a fit of laughter, and owned she had. She and my Lady Temple[12] had dined at Lady Betty's[13], put on hats and cloaks, and literally waited on the steps of the house in the thick of the mob, while one posse was admitted and let out again for a second to enter, before they got in.

You will as little guess what a present I have had from Holland—only a treatise of mathematical metaphysics from an author I never heard off, with great encomiums on my taste and knowledge. To be sure, I am warranted to insert this certificate among the *testimonia authorum*, before my next edition of the *Painters*. Nor, I assure you, I am much more just—I have sent the gentleman word what a perfect ignoramus I am, and did not treat my vanity with a moment's respite. Your brother has laughed at me, or rather at the poor man who has so mistaken me, as much as ever I did at his *absence* and flinging down every thing at breakfast. Tom, your brother's man, told him to-day, that *Mister Helvoetsluys* had been to wait on him—now you are guessing,—did you find out this was Helvetius?

It is piteous late, and I must go to bed, only telling you a *bon mot*

[11] Lady Caroline Sackville, wife of Joseph Dormer, Lord Milton, of Ireland.

[12] Anna Chamber, a lady whose taste in literature would not have led us to expect to find her in such an *escapade* as this.

[13] Lady Betty Germain.

of Lady Bel Finch[14]. Lord Bath owed her *half a crown;* he sent it next day, with a wish that he could give her *a crown.* She replied, that though he could not give her *a crown,* he could give her *a coronet,* and she was very ready to accept it[15].

I congratulate you on your new house, and am,

Your very sleepy humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[14] Lady Isabella Finch, daughter of Daniel, sixth Earl of Winchelsea. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to Princess Amelia, and died unmarried in 1771.

[15] It seems that Lord Bath's coronet, and perhaps still more his great wealth, for which, after his son's death, he had no direct heir, subjected his Lordship to views of the nature alluded to in Lady Bell's *bon mot.* In the Suffolk letters lately published, is a proposition to this effect from Mrs. Anne Pitt, made with all appearance of seriousness.

LETTER XVI.

Arlington-street, April 5, 1764.

Your idea, my dear Lord, of the abusive paragraph on you being conceived at Paris[1], and transmitted hither, tallies exactly with mine. I guessed that a Satire on your whole Establishment must come from thence: I said so immediately to two or three persons; but, I did not tell you I thought so, because I did not choose to fill you with suggestions for which I had no ground, but in my own reasoning. Your arguments convince me I was in the right. Yet, were you master of proofs, the wisest thing you can do, is to act as if you had no suspicion; that is, to act as you have done, civilly, but coolly. There are men whom one would, I think, no more acknowledge for enemies than friends. One's resentment distinguishes them, and the only gratitude they can pay for that distinction is, to double the abuse. Wilkes's mind, you see, is sufficiently volatile, when he can already forget Lord Sandwich and the Scotch, and can employ himself on you. He will soon flit to other prey, when you disregard him. It is my way; I never publish a sheet, but buzz! out fly a swarm of hornets, insects that

[1] See *ante*, p. 91. Lord Hertford suspected this paragraph to have been written by Mr. Wilkes, which certainly would have been ungrateful, as Lord Hertford showed Mr. Wilkes more attention than most people thought proper to be shown by the King's Ambassador to a person in Mr. Wilkes's circumstances.

never settle upon you, if you don't strike at them; and whose venom is diverted to the next object that presents itself.

We have divine weather. The Bishop of Carlisle[2] has been with me two days at Strawberry, where we saw the eclipse[3] to perfection:—not that there was much sight in it. The air was very chill at the time, and the light singular; but there was not a blackbird that left off singing for it. In the evening, the Duke of Devonshire came with the Straffords[4] from t'other end of Twickenham, and drank tea with us: they had none of them seen the Gallery since it was finished; even the Chapel was new to the Duke, and he was so struck with it that he desired to offer at the Shrine an incense pot of silver philigrain[5].

The Election at Cambridge has ended, for the present, in strange confusion[6]. The Proctors, who were of different sides, assumed each a majority: the votes, however, appear to have been equal. The learned in University decisions say, an equality is a negative: if so, Lord Hardwicke is excluded. Yet the novelty of the case, it not having been very customary to *solicit* such a trifling honour, and the antiquated forms of proceeding retained in Colleges, leave the matter wide open for

[2] Dr. Charles Littleton, promoted, in 1762, to the Bishoprick of Carlisle.

[3] A considerable eclipse of the sun, which took place on the 1st of April. It was annular at Boulogne, in France, and of course nearly so at Paris and London.

[4] William, second Earl Strafford, of the second creation, and his Lady, Anne, daughter of John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. They had a villa at Twickenham.

[5] Commonly called fillagree.

[6] The contest was between Lords Hardwicke and Sandwich; but, according to university forms, the poll was taken on the first name; there appeared among the Blackhoods for Lord Hardwicke, placet 103; non-placet 101: among the Whitehoods, the Proctors' accounts differed, one made placet 108, non-placet 107; the other made placet 107, non-placet 101: on this a scrutiny was demanded, and refused, and a great confusion ensuing, the Vice-Chancellor adjourned the senate *sine die*.

further contention, an advantage Lord Sandwich cherishes as much as success. The grave are highly scandalized:—popularity was still warmer. The under-graduates, who, having no votes, had, consequently, been left to their *real* opinions, were very near expressing their opinions against Lord Sandwich's friends in the most outrageous manner: hissed they were; and after the Election, the Juniors burst into the Senate-House, elected a fictitious Lord Hardwicke, and chaired him. The indecent arts and applications which had been used by the *Twitcherites* (as they are called, from Lord Sandwich's nick-name, *Jemmy Twitcher*) had provoked this rage. I will give you but one instance: a voter, who was blooded on purpose that morning, was brought out of a mad-house with his keeper. This is the great and wise nation, which the Philosopher Helvetius is come to study! When he says of us, *C'est un furieux pais!* he does not know that the literal translation is the true description of us.

I don't know whether I did not tell you some lies in my last—very likely,—I tell you what I *hear*, and do not answer for truth but when I tell you what I *know*. How should I *know* any thing? I am in no confidence: I think of both sides alike: I care for neither: I ask few questions. The King's journey to Hanover is contradicted. The return of Lord Bute is still a mystery. The zealous say, he declares for the Administration; but some of the latter do not trust too much to that security; and, perhaps, they are in the right: I know what I think and why I think it: yet some, who do not go on ill-grounds, have a middle opinion, that is not very reconcileable to mine. You will not wonder that there is a mystery, doubt, or irresolution. The scene will be opened further before I get to Paris.

Lord Lyttelton and Lord Temple have dined with each other, and the reconciliation of the former with Mr. Pitt is concluded.—It is well that enmities are as frail as friendships.

The Archbishop and Bishops, who are so eager against Dr. Pearse's divorce from his See, not as illegal, but improper, and of bad example, have determined the King, who left it to them, not to consent to it, though the Bishop himself still insists on it. As this decision disappoints Bishop Newton[7], Lord Bath has obtained a consolatory promise for him of the Mitre of London, to the great discomfort of Terrick[8] and Warburton[9]. You see Lord Bath[10] does not hobble up the back stairs for nothing. Oh, he is an excellent Courtier! The Prince of Wales shoots him with play-thing arrows; he falls down dead; and the child kisses him to life again. Melancholy ambition! I heard him, t'other night, propose himself to Lady Townshend as a rich widow. Such spirits at fourscore are pleasing; but when one has lost all one's children, to be flattering those of Kings!

The Bishop of Carlisle told me, that t'other day in the House of Lords, Warburton said to another of the Bench, "I was invited by my Lord Mansfeld to dine with that Helvetius, but he is a professed patron of Atheism, a rascal, and a scoundrel, and I would not countenance him; besides, I should have worked him, and that Lord Mansfeld would not have liked."—No, in good truth: who can like such vulgarism! His French, too, I suppose, is equal to his wit and his piety.

[7] Dr. Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol, and Dean of St. Paul's.

[8] Dr. Richard Terrick, Bishop of Peterborough, translated in 1764, to London.

[9] Bishop of Gloucester.

[10] The once idolized patriot, William Pulteney; it must be borne in mind that Mr. Walpole cherished a filial aversion to his father's great antagonist.

I dined, on Tuesday, with the Imperial Minister; we were two-and-twenty, collected from the four corners of the earth. Since it is become the fashion to banquet whole kingdoms, by turns, I should pray, if I was minister, to be sent to Lucca. Have you received D'Eon's very curious book, which I sent by Colonel Keith? I do not find that the Administration can discover any method of attacking him. Monsieur de Guerchy very properly determines to take no notice of it. In the mean time, the wit of it gains ground, and palliates the abomination, though it ought not.

Princess Amelia asked me again about her trees. I gave her your message. She does not blame you, but Madame de Boufflers, for sending them so large. Mr. Legge[11] is in a very bad way; but not without hopes: his last night was better.

Adieu! my dear Lords and Ladies!

Yours, ever,

H. W.

[11] See *ante*.

LETTER XVII.

Arlington-street, April 12th, 1764.

MAKE yourself perfectly easy, my dear Lord, about newspapers and their tattle; they are not worth a moment's regard. In times of party it is impossible to avoid abuse. If attached to one side, one is pelted by the other; if to neither, by both. One can place one's self above deserving invectives; and then it signifies little, whether they are escaped or not. But when one is conscious that they are unmerited, it is noblest to scorn them—perhaps, I even think, that such a situation is not ineligible. Character is the most precious of all blessings; but, pray allow that it is too sacred to be hurt by any thing but itself: does it depend on others, or on its own existence? That character must be fictitious, and formed for man, which man can take away. Your reputation does not depend on Mr. Wilkes[1], like his own. It is delightful to deserve popularity, and to despise it.

You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester by his daughter's[2] marriage with O'Brien the actor. But, perhaps, you do not know the circumstances, and how much his grief must be aggravated by reflection on his own credulity and negligence.

[1] See *ante*, p. 91.

[2] Lady Susan Fox, born in 1743, eldest daughter of the first Lord Ilchester.

The affair has been in train for eighteen months. The swain had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah Bunbury's[3] hand so well, that in the country Lord Ilchester has himself delivered several of O'Brien's letters to Lady Susan; but it was not till about a week before the catastrophe that the family was apprized of the intrigue. Lord Cathcart[4] went to Miss Reade's, the paintress—she said softly to him—"My Lord, there is a couple in next room that I am sure ought not to be together, I wish your Lordship would look in." He did, shut the door again, and went directly and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off—but —what a *but!*—desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed—even this was granted. The parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning—instead of being under lock and key in the country—walked down stairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Reade's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney chair, was married at Covent Garden Church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable. My Lady—my Lady Hertford! what say *you* to permitting young ladies to act plays, and go to Painters by themselves?

Poor Lord Ilchester is almost distracted; indeed, it is the completion of disgrace[5]—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the

[3] Daughter of the Duke of Richmond, wife of Sir T. C. Bunbury, and afterwards of Colonel Napier.

[4] Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart, K.T.

[5] It must be observed how little consistent this aristocratical indignation is with the *Roman* sentiments expressed in page 37, and signed so emphatically *Horatius*.

hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. *Il ne sera pas milord, tout comme un autre.* I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low. She may, however, still keep good company, and say, "nos numeri sumus"—Lady Mary Duncan[6], Lady Caroline Adair[7], Lady Betty Gallini[8]—the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well born.. If our genealogies had been so confused four hundred years ago, Norbone Berkeley would have had still more difficulty with his obsolete Barony of Bottetourt, which the House of Lords at last has granted him. I have never attended the hearings, though it has been much the fashion, but nobody cares less than I about what they don't care for. I have been as indifferent about other points, of which all the world is talking, as the restriction of franking, and the great cause of Hamilton and Douglas. I am almost as tired of what is still more in vogue, our East India affairs. Mir Jaffeir[9] and Cossim Aly Cawn, and their deputies Clive and Sullivan, or rather their principals, employ the public attention, instead of Mogul Pitt and Nabob Bute, the former of whom remains shut up in Asiatic dignity at Hayes, while the other is again mounting his elephant and levying troops. What Lord Tavistock meaned of his invisible Haughtiness's[10] invective on Mr. Neville, I do not know. He has not been in the House of Commons since the war of privilege. It must have been something he dropped in private.

[6] Daughter of the seventh Earl of Thanet, married in Sept. 1763, to Doctor Duncan, M.D., soon after created a Baronet.

[7] Daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, married in 1759, to Mr. Adair, a surgeon.

[8] Daughter of the third Earl of Abingdon, married to Sir John Gallini—she died in 1804, aged 80.

[9] See *ante*, p. 61.

[10] Mr. Pitt.

I was diverted just now with some old rhymes that Mr. Wilkes would have been glad to have North Britonized for our little Bishop of Osnaburgh [11].

Eligimus puerum, puerorum festa colentes,
Non nostrum morem, sed Regis jussa sequentes.

They were literally composed on the election of a juvenile Bishop.

Young Dundas marries Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam [12]. Sir Lawrence [13] settles four thousand per annum in present, and six more in future—compare these riches got in two years and a half, with D'Eon's account of French economy! Lord Garlies remarries himself with the Duchess of Manchester's [14] next sister, Miss Dashwood. The youngest is to have Mr. Knightley—à-propos to D'Eon, the foreign Ministers had a meeting yesterday morning at the Imperial Minister's, and Monsieur de Guerchy went from thence to the King, but on what result I do not know, nor can I find that the Lawyers agree, that any thing can be done against him. There has been a plan of some changes among the Dii Minores, your Lord North's [15], and Carysfort's [16], and Ellis's [17],

[11] Frederick, Duke of York, born in August 1763, elected Bishop of Osnaburgh, 27th February, 1764.

[12] Second daughter of the third Earl Fitzwilliam, born in 1746.

[13] Sir Lawrence Dundas, father of the first Lord Dundas, is said to have made his fortune in the commissariat, during the Scotch rebellion of 1745.

[14] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Dashwood, Bart., and wife of the fourth Duke of Manchester.

[15] Afterwards Prime Minister, at this time a Junior Lord of the Treasury.

[16] First Lord Carysfort in Ireland, Member in the British Parliament for Huntingdonshire, and a Lord of the Admiralty.

[17] Right Honourable Welbore Ellis, Member for Aylesbury, Secretary at War.

and Frederick Campbell's[18], and such like; but the supposition that Lord Holland would be willing to accommodate the present Ministers with the Paymaster's place, being the axle on which this project turned, and his Lordship not being in the accommodating humour, there are half a dozen abortions of new Lords of the Treasury and Admiralty—excuse me if I do not send you this list of embryos; I do not load my head with such fry. I am little more *au fait* of the confusion that happened yesterday at the East India House; I only know it was exactly like the jumble at Cambridge. Sullivan's list was chosen, all but himself—his own election turns on one disputed vote. Every thing is intricate—a presumption that we have few heads very clear. Good night, for I am tired; since dinner I have been at an auction of prints, at the Antiquarian Society in Chancery Lane, at Lady Dalkeith's[19] in Grosvenor Square, and at loo at my niece's in Pall Mall; I left them going to supper, that I might come home and finish this letter; it is half an hour after twelve, and now I am going to supper myself. I suppose all this sounds very sober to you!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

[18] Second son of the fourth Duke of Argyle. He was successively keeper of the Privy seal in Scotland, Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord Register of Scotland, in which office he died.

[19] The eldest daughter of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, the widow of Francis, Earl of Dalkeith son of the second Duke of Buccleugh, and wife of Mr. Charles Townshend. She was, in 1767, created Baroness Greenwich, with remainder to her sons by Mr. Townshend. She, however, died leaving none.

LETTER XVIII.

Arlington Street, April 20th, 1764.

THERE has been a strong report about Town for these two days that your brother is dismissed, not only from the Bed-chamber, but from his Regiment, and that the latter is given to Lord Pembroke. I do not believe it. Your brother went to Park-place but yesterday morning at ten; he certainly knew nothing of it the night before when we parted, after one, at Grafton-House; nor would he have passed my door yesterday without stopping to tell me of it: no letter has been sent to his house since, nor were any orders arrived at the War-Office at half an hour after three yesterday;—nay, tho' I can give the Ministry credit for much folly, and some of them credit for even violence and folly, I do not believe they are so rash as this would amount to. For the Bed-chamber, you know, your brother never liked it, and would be glad to get rid of it. I should be sorry for his sake, and for your's too, if it went farther:—gentle and indifferent as his nature is, his resentment, if his profession were touched, would be as serious as such spirit and such abilities could make it. I would not be the man that advised provoking him; and one man[1] has put himself wofully in his power! In my own opinion, this is one of the lies of which the time is so fruitful; I would not even swear that it has not the same

[1] No doubt Mr. George Grenville is here meant. See *ante*, p. 28.

parent with the legend I sent you last week, relating to an intended disposition in consequence of Lord Holland's resignation. The Court confidently deny the whole plan, and ascribe it to the fertility of Charles Townshend's brain. However, as they have their Charles Townshends too, I do not totally disbelieve it.

The Parliament rose yesterday,—no new Peers, not even Irish: Lord Northumberland's list is sent back ungranted[2]. The Duke of Mecklenburgh[3] and Lord Halifax are to have the Garters. Bridgman[4] is turned out of the Green-Cloth, which is given to Dick Vernon, and his place of Surveyor of the Gardens, which young Dickinson held for him, is bestowed on Cadogan[5]. Dyson[6] is made a Lord of Trade. These are all the changes I have heard—not of a complexion that indicates the removal of your brother.

The Foreign Ministers agreed, as to be sure you have been told, to make Monsieur de Guerchy's *cause commune;* and the Attorney-General has filed an information against D'Eon: that poor lunatic was at the Opera on Saturday, looking like Bedlam. He goes armed, and threatens, what I dare say he would perform, to kill or be killed, if any attempt is made to seize him.

[2] This list was, Sir Ralph Gore, Sir Richard King, and Mr. Stephen Moore, all created Peers in this summer by the respective titles of Bellisle, Kingston, and Kilworth.

[3] Adolphus Frederick III. Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, the Queen's brother. He died in 1794.

[4] Mr. George Bridgman, brother of the first Lord Bradford. He had been many years Surveyor of the Royal Gardens, and was celebrated for his taste in ornamental gardening. He died at Lisbon, in 1767.

[5] Probably Charles Sloane Cadogan, son of the second Lord Cadogan, who was Treasurer to Edward Duke of York.

[6] Jeremiah Dyson, Esq., afterwards a Privy-Counsellor.

The East Indian affairs have taken a new turn. Sullivan had twelve votes to ten: Lord Clive bribed off one. When they came to the election of Chairman, Sullivan desired to be placed in the Chair' without the disgrace of a ballot; but it was denied. On the scrutiny, the votes appeared eleven and eleven. Sullivan understood the blow, and with three others left the room. Rous, his great enemy, was placed in the Chair; since that, I think matters are a little compromised, and Sullivan does not abdicate the direction; but Lord Clive, it is supposed, will go to Bengal in the stead of Colonel Barrè, as Sullivan and Lord Shelburne had intended.

Mr. Pitt is worse than ever with the gout. Legge's case is thought very dangerous:—thus stand our politics, and probably will not fluctuate much for some months. At least—I expect to have little more to tell before I see you at Paris, except balls, weddings, and follies, of which, thank the Moon! we never have a dearth: for one of the latter class, we are obliged to the Archbishop[7], who, in remembrance, I suppose, of his original profession of midwifery, has ordered some decent alterations to be made in King Henry's figure in the tower. Poor Lady Susan [O'Brien,] is in the most deplorable situation, for her Adonis is a Roman Catholic, and cannot be provided for out of his calling. Sir Francis Delaval being touched with her calamity, has made her a present—of what do you think?—of a rich gold stuff! The delightful charity! O'Brien comforts himself, and says it will make a shining passage in his little history.

I will tell you but one more folly, and hasten to my signature. Lady Beaulieu was complaining of being waked by a noise in the

[7] See *ante*, p. 35.

night: my Lord[8] replied, "Oh, for my part, there is no disturbing me; if they don't wake me before I go to sleep, there is no waking me afterwards."

Lady Hervey's table is at last arrived, and the Princess's trees, which I sent her last night; but she wants nothing, for Lady Barrymore[9] is arrived.

I smiled when I read your account of Lord Tavistock's expedition. Do you remember that I made seven days from Calais to Paris, by laying out my journeys at the rate of travelling in England thirty miles a-day; and did not find but that I could have gone in a third of the time! I shall not be such a snail the next time. It is said that at Lord Tavistock's return, he is to decide whom he will marry.

Is it true that the Choiseuls totter, and that the Broglios are to succeed; or is there a Charles Townshend at Versailles?

Adieu! my dear Lord.

Yours ever,

H. W.

[8] Mr. Hussey was an Irishman. See *ante*.

[9] Margaret Davis, sister and heiress of Edward, the last Viscount Mountcashel of that family, and widow of James, Earl of Barrymore.

LETTER XIX.

[As two of Mr. Walpole's letters, relative to General Conway's dismissal are wanting, the editor is glad to be able to supply their place by two letters on the subject from the General himself; and as his dismissal was, both in its principle and consequences, a very important political event, as well as a principal topic in Mr. Walpole's succeeding letters, it is thought that General Conway's own view of it cannot fail to be acceptable.]

GENERAL CONWAY TO LORD HERTFORD.

Park Place, April 23d, 1764.

DEAR BROTHER,

You will, I think, be much surprised at the extraordinary news I received yesterday, of my total dismission from his Majesty's service, both as groom of the Bedchamber, and Colonel of a Regiment. What makes it much stronger is, that I do not hear that any of the many Officers who voted with me on the same questions in the minority, are turned out. It seems almost impossible to conceive it should be so, and yet, so I suspect it is; and if it be, it seems to me upon the coolest reflection I am able to give it, the harshest and most unjust treatment ever offered to any man on the like occasion. I never gave a single vote[1] against the Ministry, but in the questions on the great

[1] General Conway and Mr. Walpole seem to have taken the argument on too low a scale. Their anxiety seems to have been, to show that the General was not in *decided* opposition, thereby appearing to admit, that if he had been so, the dismissal would have been justifiable. It is, however, clear, from Mr. Walpole's own accounts, that General Conway was considered as not only in opposition, but as one of the most distinguished leaders of the party,

constitutional point of *the warrants;* people are apt to dignify with such titles any question that serves their factious purpose to maintain; but what proved this to be really so, was the great number of persons who voted as I did, having no connexion with the opposition, but determined friends of the Ministry in all their conduct, and in the Government's service, such as Lord Howe, and his brother, and several more—as to the rest I never gave another vote against the Ministry. I refused being of the opposition club, or to attend any one meeting of the kind, from a principle of not entering into a scheme of opposition, but being free to follow my own sentiments upon any question that should arise. On the Cider Act I even voted for the Court, in the only vote I gave on that subject; and in another case, relative to the supposed assassination of Wilkes, I even took a part warmly in preventing that silly thing from becoming an object of clamour. So that undoubtedly, my overt acts have been only voting as any man might from judgment, only in a very extraordinary and serious question of privilege and personal liberty; the avowing my friendship and obligation to some few now in opposition, and my neglecting to pay court to those in the administration; that seemed to me both an honest and an honourable part in my situation, which was something delicate. My poor judgment, at least, could point out no better for me to take, and I

and so the public thought: witness the following extract of "a letter" from Albemarle-street to the *Cocoa-tree*, published about this period.

"Amongst the foremost stands a gallant General, pointed out for supreme command by the unanimous voice of his grateful country—England has a Conway, the powers of whose eloquence, inspired by his zeal for liberty, animated with the fire of true genius, and furnished with a sound knowledge of the constitution, at once entertain, ravish, convince, conquer—such noble examples are the riches of the present age, the treasure of posterity."

enter into so much detail upon this old story, that you may not think I have done any thing lightly or passionately which might give just ground for this extraordinary usage; and I must add to the account, that neither in or out of the house can I, I think, be charged with a single act or expression of offence to any one of his Majesty's Ministers. This was, at least, a moderate part; and after this, what the Ministry should find in their judgment, their justice, or their prudence, from my situation, my conduct, or my character, to single *me* out and stigmatize *me* as the proper object of disgrace, or how the merit of so many of my friends who are acting in their support, and whom they might think it possible would feel hurt, did not, in their prudential light, tend to soften the rigour of their aversion towards me, does, I confess, puzzle me. I don't exactly know from what particular quarter the blow comes; but I must think Lord Bute has, at least, a share in it, as since his return, the countenance of the King, who used to speak to me *after all my votes*, is visibly altered, and of late he has not spoke to me at all.

So much for my political history, I wish it was as easy to my fortune as it is to my mind in most other respects; but that, too, I must make as easy as I can; it comes unluckily at the end of two German campaigns which I felt the expense of with a much larger income, and have not yet recovered[2], as far from having any reward, it was with great difficulty I got the reimbursement of the extraordinary money my last command through Holland cost me, though the States-General had, by

[2] On this occasion, Lord Hertford, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Horace Walpole (each without the knowledge of the others) pressed General Conway to accept from them, an income equivalent to what he had lost.

a public act, represented my conduct so advantageously to our Court—so that on the whole I think no man was ever more contemptuously used, who was not a wretch lost in character and reputation. It requires all the philosophy one can muster, not to show the strongest resentment. I think I have as much as my neighbours, and I shall endeavour to use it, yet not so as to betray quite an unmanly insensibility to such extraordinary provocation. Horace Walpole has, on this occasion, shown that warmth of friendship that you know him capable of, so strongly that I want words to express my sense of it. I have not yet had time to see or hear from any of the rest of my friends who are in the way of this bustle; many of them have, I believe, taken their part for different reasons another way, and I am sure I shall never say a word to make them abandon what they think their own interest for my petty cause. Nor am I anxious enough in the object of my own fortune to wish for their taking any step that may endanger theirs in any degree. With retrenchments and economy I may be able to go on, and this great political wheel that is always in motion, may one day or other turn me up that am but the fly upon it[3].

I shall go to town for a few days soon, and probably to Court, I suppose to be frowned upon, for I am not treated with the same civility as others who are in determined opposition. Give my best love and compliments to all with you, and believe me, dear brother,

Ever most affectionately yours,

H. S. C.

[3] Within little more than a year he was Secretary of State, and leader of the House of Commons.

LETTER XX.

GENERAL CONWAY TO LORD HERTFORD.

London, May 1st, 1764.

DEAR BROTHER,

I WROTE a letter some days ago from the country, which I am sorry to find, does not set out till to-day, having been given to M. des Ardrets by Horace Walpole, as it was one I did not choose to send by the post just at this time, though God knows there was less in it, I think, than almost any but myself would have said on such an occasion. I am sorry it did not go, as it must seem very strange to you to hear on that subject from any body before me: had it been possible, at the same time, I should have wished not to write to you upon it at all. It is a satisfaction, in most situations, certainly, to communicate even one's griefs to those friends to whom one can do it in confidence, but it is a pain where one thinks it must give them any, and I assure you, I feel this sincerely from the share I know your goodness will take in this, upon my account, as well as that, which, in some respects, it may give you on your own: as the particular distinction with which I am honoured beyond so many of my brother officers who have so much more directly, declaredly, and longer been in real opposition to the Ministry, has great unkindness in it to all those friends of mine who have been acting in their support. However, I would not, on any

account, that you or any of them, should, for my sake, be drove a single step beyond what is for their actual interest and inclination. Nay, I would not have the latter operate by itself, as I know, from their goodness, how bad a guide that might be. I do not exactly know the grounds upon which the Ministry made choice of me as the object of their vengeance, for a crime so general. The only one I have heard, has certainly no weight; it was, that if I was turned out of the Bedchamber, and not my Regiment, it would be a *sanction* given for military men to oppose: that distinction had before been destroyed by the dismission of three military men; nor did my remaining in the army afterwards any more establish it, than any other man's: it was a paltry excuse for a thing they had a mind to do: the real motives or authors I cannot yet quite ascertain. I hope, though they turn me out, they cannot disgrace me, as I presume they wish—at least, so (my friends flatter me) the language of the world goes, and I have at least the satisfaction of being really ignorant myself, by what part of my civil or military behaviour I could deserve so very unkind a treatment. I am sure it was not for want of any respect, duty, or attachment to his Majesty. I shall at present say no more on the subject.

I have heard from two or three different quarters, of a disagreeable accident you have had in your chaise, and calling by chance at the Duke of Grafton's this morning, he read me a postscript in a letter of yours, wherein you describe it as a thing of no consequence. I was rejoiced to hear it, and should have been obliged for a line from any of your family to tell me so, for one often hears those things so disagreeably represented, that it is pleasant to know the truth.

You are delightful in writing me a long letter the other day, and never mentioning M. de Pompadour's death; so that I flatly contradicted it at first, to those that told me of it.

I am obliged to you for your intention of shewing civility to my friend Colonel Keith; I think you will like him.

I hear in town, that we have some little disputes stirring up with our new friends on your side the water, about the limits of their fishery on Newfoundland, and a fort building on St. Pierre: but I speak from no authority.

We are all sorry here at a surmise, that Monsieur de Guerchy does not intend to return among us, being too much hurt at the behaviour of his friends of the Ministry in those letters so infamously published by D'Eon. I hope it is only report.

Adieu! dear brother: give my love and compliments to all your family, as also Lady Aylesbury's, and believe me, ever sincerely and affectionately yours.

H. S. C.

I am here only for a few days, having, as you will imagine, not many temptations to keep me from the country at this time.

I hope, by this time, your pheasants, *&c.*, are safe at the end of their journey.

LETTER XXI.

Arlington-street, May 27th, 1764, *very late..*

My dear Lord,

I am just come home, and find a letter from you, which gives me too much pain[1] to let me resist answering it directly (though past one in the morning), as I go out of town early to-morrow.

I must begin with telling you, let me feel what I will from it, how much I admire it. It is equal to the difficulty of your situation, and expressed with all the feeling which must possess you. I will show it your brother, as there is nothing I would not and will not do to preserve the harmony and friendship which has so much distinguished your whole lives.

You have guessed, give me leave to say, at my wishes, rather than answered to any thing I have really expressed. The truth was, I had

[1] It seems that Mr. Walpole, in one of the letters not found, had expressed a desire that Lord Hertford should resent, in some decided manner, the dismissal of his brother; but he, in the course of this letter, recollects that as the younger brother had acted not only without concert with Lord Hertford, but in direct opposition to his opinion and advice, there was no kind of reason why his Lordship should take any extreme steps.

no right to deliver any opinion on so important a step as you have taken, without being asked. Had you consulted me, which certainly was not proper for you to do, it would have been with the utmost reluctance that I should have brought myself to utter my sentiments, and only then, if I had been persuaded that friendship exacted it from me; for it would have been a great deal for me to have taken upon myself: it would have been a step, either way, liable to subject me to reproach from you in your own mind, though you would have been too generous to have blamed me in any other way. Now, my dear Lord, do me the justice to say, that the part I have acted was the most proper and most honourable one I could take. Did I, have I dropped a syllable, endeavouring to bias your judgment one way or the other? My constant language has been, that I could not think, when a younger brother had taken a part disagreeable to his elder, and totally opposite, even without consulting him, that the elder was under any obligation to relinquish his own opinion, and adopt the younger's. In my heart I undoubtedly wished, that even in party your union should not be dissolved; for that union would be the strength of both.

This is the summary of a text on which I have infinitely more to say; but the post is so far from being a proper conveyance, that I think the most private letter transmitted in the most secure manner is scarcely to be trusted. Should I resolve, if you require it, to be more explicit, (and I certainly shall not think of saying a word more, unless I know that it is strongly your desire I should) it must only be upon the most positive assurance on your honour (and on their honour as strictly given too) that not a syllable of what I shall say shall be communicated

to any person living. I except *nobody*, except my Lady and Lord Beauchamp. What I should say now is now of no consequence, but for your information. It can tend to nothing else. It therefore does not signify, whether said now, or at any distant time hereafter, or when we meet. If, as perhaps you may at first suppose, it had the least view towards making you quit your embassy, you should not know it at all; for I think that would be the idlest and most unwise step you could take; and believe me, my affection for your brother will never make me sacrifice your honour to his interest. I have loved you both unalterably, and without the smallest cloud between us, from children. It is true, as you observe, that party, with many other mischiefs, produces dissensions in families. I can by no means agree with you, that all party is founded in interest—surely, you cannot think that your brother's conduct was not the result of the most unshaken honour and conscience, and as surely the result of no interested motive? You are not less mistaken, if you believe that the present state of party in this country is not of a most serious nature, and not a mere contention for power and employments[2]. That topic, however, I shall pass over; the discussion, perhaps, would end where it began. As you know I never tried to bring you to my opinion before, I am very unlikely to aim at it now. Let this and the rest of this subject sleep for the present. I trust I have convinced you that my behaviour has been both honourable and respectful towards you; and that, though I think with your brother and am naturally very warm, I have acted in the most dispas-

[2] Yet, in frequent preceding passages, Mr. Walpole represents the conflicts of parties as only a contention for power and place.

sionate manner, and had recourse to nothing but silence, when I was not so happy as to meet you in opinion.

This subject has kept me so long, and it is so very late, that you will forgive me if I only skim over the gazette part of my letter—my next shall be more in my old gossipping style.

Dr. Terrick and Dr. Lambe are made Bishops of London and Peterborough, without the nomination or approbation of the Ministers. The Duke of Bedford declared this warmly, for you know his own administration[3] always allow him to declare his genuine opinion, that they may have the credit of making him alter it. He was still more surprised at the Chancellor's being made an Earl[4] without his knowledge, after he had gone out of town, blaming the Chancellor's coldness on D'Eon's affair, which is now dropped. Three Marquisates going to be given to Lords Cardigan, Northumberland, and Townshend, may not please his Grace more, though they may his Minister[5], who may be glad his master is angry, as it may produce a good quieting draught for himself.

The Northumberlands are returned; Hamilton is dismissed[6], and the Earl of Drogheda[7] made Secretary in his room.

Mechell[8] is recalled by desire of this Court, who requested to have

[3] He means the Duke's political friends, Mr. Rigby, *&c.*

[4] Earl of Northington.

[5] Mr. Rigby.

[6] See *ante*, p. 27.

[7] Charles, Earl and first Marquis of Drogheda, who married Lord Hertford's sister; he died in 1823, at a great age.

[8] Minister from the Court of Prussia to London.

it done without giving their reasons, as Sir Charles Williams[9] had been sent from Berlin in the same manner.

Colonel Johnson is also recalled from Minorca. He had been very wrongheaded with his Governor, Sir Richard[10]; that wound was scarce closed, when the judicious deputy chose to turn out a brother-in-law of Lord Bute.

Lady Falkener's daughter is to be married to a young rich Mr. Crewe[11], a Maccarone, and of our loo. Mr. Skreene has married Miss Sumner, and her brother gives her 10,000*l.* Good night.

Your's most sincerely,

H. W.

The watchman cries three!

[9] Sir C. H. Williams had been minister, both at Berlin and St. Petersburgh.

[10] Sir Richard Lyttleton. See *ante*, p. 81.

[11] John Crewe, Esq., married 17th May, 1764, to Miss Fawkener, the daughter of Sir Everard Fawkener, who died in 1758, one of the Postmasters-General.

LETTER XXII.

Strawberry-hill, June 8th, 1764.

To be sure, you have heard the event of this last week? Lord Tavistock has flung his handkerchief, and, except a few jealous *sultanas*, and some *sultana valides* who had marketable daughters, every body is pleased that the lot is fallen on Lady Elizabeth Keppel[1].

The House of Bedford came to town last Friday. I supped with them that night at the Spanish Ambassador's, who has made Powis-House magnificent. Lady Elizabeth was not there, nor mentioned. On the contrary, by the Duchess's conversation, which turned on Lady Betty Montague[2], there were suspicions in her favour. The next morning Lady Elizabeth received a note from the Duchess[3] of Marlborough, insisting on seeing her that evening. When she arrived at Marlborough-House, she found nobody but the Duchess and Lord Tavistock. The Duchess cried, "Lord! they have left the window open in next room!"—went to shut it, and shut the Lovers in too, where they remained for three hours. The same night all the town was at the Duchess of Richmond's. Lady Albemarle[4] was at tredille; the Duke

[1] Daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle; she was born in 1739.

[2] See *ante*, p. 97.

[3] Caroline Russel, sister of the Duke of Bedford.

[4] Anne, daughter of Charles, first Duke of Richmond.

of Bedford came up to the table, and told her he must speak to her as soon as the pool was over. You may guess whether she knew a card more that she played. When she had finished, the Duke told her he should wait on her the next morning, to make the demand in form. She told it directly to me and my Niece Waldegrave, who was in such transport for her friend, that she promised the Duke of Bedford to kiss him, and hurried home directly to write to her sisters[5]. The Duke asked no questions about fortune, but has since slipped a bit of paper into Lady Elizabeth's hand, telling her, he hoped his son would live, but if he did not, there was something for her; it was a jointure of 3000*l.* a year, and 600*l.* pin-money. I dined with her the next day at Monsieur de Guerchy's, and as I hindered the company from wishing her joy, and yet joked with her myself, Madam de Guerchy said, she perceived I would let nobody else tease her, that I might have all the teasing to myself. She has behaved in the prettiest manner in the world, and would not appear at a vast assembly at Northumberland-House on Tuesday, nor at a great haymaking at Mrs. Pitt's on Wednesday. Yesterday they all went to Woburn, and to-morrow the ceremony is to be performed, for the Duke has not a moment's patience till she is breeding.

You would have been diverted at Northumberland-House; besides the sumptuous liveries, the illuminations in the garden, the pages, the two chaplains in waiting in their gowns and scarves, *à l'Irlandoise*[6], and Dr. Hill and his wife, there was a most delightful Countess, who has just imported herself from Mecklenburgh. She is an absolute Princess

[5] Lady Dysart and Mrs. Keppel; the latter was married to Lady Elizabeth's brother.

[6] Lord Northumberland was still Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

of Monomotapa; but I fancy you have seen her, for her hideousness and frantic accoutrements are so extraordinary, that they tell us she was hissed in the Tuileries. She crossed the drawing-room on the birth-day to speak to the Queen *en amie*, after standing with her back to Princess Amalie. The Queen was so ashamed of her, that she said cleverly, "This is not the dress at Strelitz; but this woman always dressed herself as capriciously there, as your Duchess of Queensberry does here."

The haymaking at Wandsworth-hill[7] did not succeed, from the excessive cold of the night; I proposed to bring one of the cocks into the great room, and make a bonfire. All the beauties were disappointed, and all the macaronies afraid of getting the tooth-ach.

The Guerchys are gone to Goodwood, and were to have been carried to Portsmouth, but Lord Egmont[8] refused to let the Ambassador see the place. The Duke of Richmond was in a rage, and I do not know how it has ended, for the Duke of Bedford defends the refusal, and says, they certainly would not let you see Brest. The Comte d'Ayen is going a longer tour. He is liked here. The three great Embassadors danced at court—the Prince of Masserano they say well; he is extremely in fashion, and is a sensible very good-humoured man, though his appearance is so deceitful[9]. They have given me the honour of a *bon mot*, which, I assure you, does not belong to me, that I never saw a man so full of *orders* and *disorders*. He and his suite, and the Guerchys and theirs, are to dine here next week. Poor little Strawberry never thought

[7] Mrs. Pitt's villa.

[8] First Lord of the Admiralty.

[9] See *ante*, p. 26.

of such fêtes. I did invite them to breakfast, but they confounded it, and understood that they were asked to dinner, so I must do as well as I can. Both the Embassadors are in love with my Niece[9], therefore, I trust they will not have unsentimental stomachs.

Shall I trouble you with a little commission? It is to send me a book that I cannot get here, nor am I quite sure of the exact title, but it is called *Origine des Mœurs*[10], or something to that import. It is in three volumes, and has not been written above two or three years.

Adieu, my dear Lord, from my fireside,

Yours ever,

H. W.

P. S. Do you know that Madam de Yertzin, the Mecklenburgh Countess, has had the honour of giving the King of Prussia a box of the ear?—I am sure he deserved it, if he could take liberties with such a Chimpanzee.

Colonel Elliot died on Thursday.

[9] Lady Waldegrave.

[10] In a subsequent letter, he calls this work *Essais sur les Mœurs*. I find a work of the latter title published in 1756 anonymously, and under the date of Bruxelles. It was written by a M. Soret, but it seems to have been in only one volume. Can Mr. Walpole have meant Duclos's celebrated *Considerations sur les Mœurs*, published anonymously in 1750, but subsequently under his name?

LETTER XXIII.

Strawberry-hill, August 3d, 1764.

As my letters are seldom proper for the post now, I begin them at any time, and am forced to trust to chance for a conveyance. This difficulty renders my news very stale; but what can I do? There does not happen enough at this season of the year to fill a mere Gazette. I should be more sorry to have you think me silent too long. You must be so good as to recollect, when there is a large interval between my letters, that I have certainly one ready in my writing-box, and only wait for a messenger. I hope to send this by Lord Coventry[1]. For the next three weeks, indeed, I shall not be able to write, as I go in a few days with your brother to Chatsworth and Wentworth Castle.

I am under more distress about my visit to you—but I will tell you the truth. As I think the parliament will not meet before Christmas, though they now talk of it for November, I would quit our politics for a few weeks; but the expense frightens me, which did not use to be one of my fears. I cannot but expect, knowing the enemies I have, that the Treasury may distress me. I had laid by a little sum which I intended to bawble away at Paris; but I may have very serious occasion

[1] George William, sixth Earl of Coventry, who married the celebrated Irish beauty, Miss Gunning. He had the lucrative office of Usher of the Exchequer, and a couple of other less considerable sinecures.

for it. The recent example of Lord Holderness[2], who has had every rag seized at the Custom-House, alarms my present prudence. I cannot afford to buy even clothes which I may lose in six weeks. These considerations dispose me to wait till I see a little farther into this chaos. You know enough of the present actors in the Political Drama, to believe that the present system is not a permanent one—nor likely to roll on till Christmas without some change. The first moment that I can quit party with honour, I shall seize. It neither suits my inclination nor the years I have lived in the world, for though I am not old, I have been in the world so long, and seen so much of those who figure in it, that I am heartily sick of its commerce. My attachment to your brother, and the apprehension that fear of my own interest would be thought the cause if I took no part for him, determined me to risk every thing rather than abandon him. I have done it, and cannot repent whatever distresses may follow. One's good name is of more consequence than all the rest—my dear Lord. Do not think I say this with the least disrespect to you—it is only to convince you that I did not recommend any thing to you that I would avoid myself, nor engaged myself, nor wished to engage you, in party from pique, resentment, caprice, or choice. I am dipped in it much against my inclination. I can suffer by it infinitely more than you could. But there are moments when one must take one's part like a man. This I speak solely with regard to myself. I allow fairly and honestly, that you was not circumstanced as I was. You had not voted with your brother as I did; the world knew your inclinations were different.

[2] Robert, last Earl of Holdernesse, grandson of the great Duke Schomberg; he had been Secretary of State at the accession.

All this certainly composed serious reasons for you not to follow him, if you did not choose it. My motives for thinking you had better have espoused his cause, were for your own sake: I detailed those motives to you in my last long letter: that opinion is as strong with me as ever.

The affront to you, the malice that aimed that affront, the importance that it gives one, upon the long run, to act steadily and uniformly with one's friends, the enemies you make in the Opposition, composed of so many great families, and of your own principal[3] allies, and the little merit you gain with the Ministry by the contrary conduct, all these were, to me, unanswerable reasons, and remain so for what I advised; yet as I told you before, I think the season is passed, and that you must wait for an opportunity of disengaging yourself with credit. I am persuaded that occasion will be given you, from one or other of the causes I mentioned in my last; and if the fairest is, I entreat you by the good wishes which I am sure you know from my soul I bear you, to seize it.—Excuse me:—I know I go too far, but my heart is set on your making a great figure, and your Letters are so kind, that they encourage me to speak with a friendship which I am sensible is not discreet;—but you know you and your brother have ever been the objects of my warmest affection; and, however partial you may think me to him, I must labour to have the world think as highly of you, and to unite you firmly for your lives. If this was not my motive, you must be sure I should not be so earnest. It is not one vote in the House of Lords that imports us. Party is grown so serious, and will, I doubt, become

[3] Lady Hertford was daughter of the late and cousin of the existing Duke of Grafton, who was one of the leaders of the Opposition.

every day more so, that one must make one's option; and it will go to my soul to see you embarked against all your friends—against the Whig principles you have ever professed, and with men, amongst whom you have not one well-wisher, and with whom you will not even be able to remain upon tolerable terms, unless you take a vigorous part against all you love and esteem.

In warm times lukewarmness is a crime with those on whose side you are ranged. Your good sense and experience will judge whether what I say is not strictly the case. It is not your brother or I that have occasioned these circumstances. Lord Bute has thrown this country into a confusion which will not easily be dissipated without serious hours. Changes may, and as I said in the beginning of my letter, will probably happen; but the seeds that have been sown will not be rooted up by one or two revolutions in the Cabinet. It had taken an hundred and fifty years[4] to quiet the animosities of Whig and Tory—that contest is again set on foot, and though a struggle for places may be now as has often been, the secret purpose of principals, the Court and the nation are engaging on much deeper springs of action. I wish I could elucidate this truth, as I have the rest, but that is not fit for paper, nor to be comprised within the compass of a letter;—I have said enough to furnish you with ample reflections. I submit all to your own judgment:—I have even acted rightly by you, in laying before you what it was not easy for you, my dear Lord, to see or know at a distance. I trust all to your indulgence, and your acquaintance with my character,

[4] It is not easy to say what 150 years he alludes to; the contest of Whig and Tory were never so violent as in the last years of Queen Anne, just 50 years before this time.

which surely is not artful or mysterious, and which, to you, has ever been, as it ever shall be, most cordial and well-intentioned. I come to my Gazette.

There is nothing new, but the resignation of Lord Carnarvon[5], who has thrown up the Bed-chamber; and they say, the Lieutenancy of Hampshire, on Stanley being made Governor of the Isle of Wight.

I have been much distressed this morning:—the Royal Family reside chiefly at Richmond, whither scarce necessary servants attend them, and no mortal else but Lord Bute. The King and Queen have taken to going about to see places; they have been at Oatlands and Wanstead. A quarter before ten to-day, I heard the bell at the gate ring—truth is, I was not up, for my hours are not reformed, either at night or in the morning,—I inquired who it was? the Prince of Mecklenburgh and De Witz had called to know if they could see the house; my two Swiss, Favre and Louis, told them I was in bed, but if they would call again in an hour, they might see it. I shuddered at this report,—and would it were the worst part! The Queen herself was behind, in a coach: I am shocked to death, and know not what to do! It is ten times worse just now than ever at any other time: it will certainly be said, that I refused to let the Queen see my house.—See what it is to have republican servants! When I made a tempest about it, Favre said, with the utmost *sang froid*, "Why could not he tell me he was the Prince of Mecklenburgh?" I shall go this evening and consult my oracle, Lady Suffolk—if she approves it, I will write to De Witz, and pretend I know nothing of any body but the Prince, and beg a

[5] The Marquis of Carnarvon, the eldest son of the second Duke of Chandos.

thousand pardons, and assure him how proud I should be to have his master visit my castle of Thundertentronk.

August 4th.

I have dined to day at Claremont, where I little thought I should dine[6], but whither *our* affairs have pretty naturally conducted me. It turned out a very melancholy day. Before I got into the house, I heard that letters were just arrived there, with accounts of the Duke of Devonshire having had two more fits. When I came to see Lord John's[7] and Lord Frederick's letters, I found these two fits had been but one, and that very slight, much less than the former, and certainly nervous by all the symptoms, as Sir Edward Wilmot, who has been at Chatsworth, pronounces it. The Duke perceived it coming, and directed what to have done, and it was over in four minutes. The next event was much more real. I had been half round the garden with the Duke in his one-horse chair; we were passing to the other side of the house, when George Onslow[8] met us, arrived on purpose to advertize the Duke of the sudden death of the Duchess[9] of Leeds, who expired yesterday at dinner in a moment: he called it apoplectic; but as the Bishop[10] of Oxford, who is at Claremont, concluded, it was the gout flown up into the head. The Duke received the news as men do at seventy-one; but the terrible part was to break it to the Duchess,

[6] See *ante*, p. 30.

[7] Lord John and Lord Frederick Cavendish, his Grace's brothers.

[8] Probably George Onslow, M.P. for Guildford.

[9] Lady Mary, daughter of the second Lord Godolphin, grand-daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, and sister of the Duchess of Newcastle.

[10] Dr. John Hume.

who is ill. George Onslow would have taken me away to dinner with him[11], but the Duke thought that would alarm the Duchess too abruptly, and she is not to know it yet: with her very low spirits it is likely to make a deep impression. It is a heavy stroke too for her father, poor old Lord Godolphin, who is eighty-six. For the Duke, his spirits, under so many mortifications and calamities, are surprising: the only effect they and his years seem to have made on him is to have abated his ridicules[12]. Our first meeting to be sure was awkward, yet I never saw a man conduct any thing with more sense than he did. There were no notices of what is passed; nothing fulsome, no ceremony, civility enough, confidence enough, and the greatest ease. You would only have thought that I had been long abroad, and was treated like an old friend's son with whom he might make free. In truth, I never saw more rational behaviour: I expected a great deal of flattery, but we had nothing but business while we were alone, and common conversation while the Bishop and the Chaplain were present. The Duke mentioned to me his having heard Lord Holland's inclination to your embassy. He spoke very obligingly of you, and said that next to his own children, he believed there was nobody the late Lord Hardwicke loved so much as you. I cannot say the Duke spoke very affectionately of Sir Joseph Yorke, who has never written a single line to him since he was out. I told him that did not surprise me, for Sir Joseph has

[11] Probably at Oakham, near Ripley, a few miles from Claremont.

[12] The reader will not fail to observe the sudden effect of Mr. Walpole's conversion to the Duke of Newcastle's politics, how it abates all ridicules and sweetens all acerbities. as no writer has contributed so much as Mr. Walpole to depreciate the character of the Duke of Newcastle: this kind of *palinode* is not unimportant. See *ante*, p. 30.

treated your brother in the same manner, though the latter has written two letters to him since his dismission.

Arlington-Street, Tuesday Night, 10 *o'clock.*

I am here alone in the most desolate of all towns. I came to-day to visit my Sovereign Duchess[13] in her lying-in, and have been there till this moment, not a soul else but Lady Jane Scott[14]. Lady Waldegrave came from Tunbridge yesterday *en passant,* and reported a new woeful history of a *fracas* there—don't my Lady Hertford's ears tingle? but she will not be surprised. A footman—a very comely footman, to a Mrs. Craster, had been most extremely impertinent to Lord Clanbrazil[15], Frederick Vane[16], and a son of Lady Anne Hope[17]; they threatened to have him turned away—he replied, if he was, he knew where he should be protected. Tunbridge is a quiet private place, where one does not imagine that every thing one does in one's private family will be known:—yet so it happened that the morning after the fellow's dismission, it was reported that he was hired by another Lady, the Lord knows who. At night, that Lady was playing at loo in the rooms. Lord Clanbrazil told her of the report, and hoped she

[13] The Duchess of Grafton lay-in on the 17th July, 1764, of her youngest son, Lord Charles.

[14] Eldest daughter of Francis, second Duke of Buccleugh, born 1723, died in 1777, unmarried.

[15] James, Earl of Clanbrassill, born in 1728.

[16] Honourable Frederick Vane, next brother to the second Earl of Darlington, Member for Durham.

[17] Lady Anne Vane, sister of Mr. Frederick, married in 1746, Charles Hope, brother of Lord Hopetoun.

would contradict it: she grew as angry as a fine Lady could grow, told him it was no business of his, and—and I am afraid, still more. *Vane* whispered her—one should have thought that name would have had some weight—oh! worse and worse! the poor English language was ransacked for terms that came up to her resentment:—the party broke up, and, I suppose, nobody went home to write an account of what happened to their acquaintance.

O'Brien and Lady Susan are to be transported to the Ohio, and have a grant of forty thousand acres. The Duchess [18] says sixty thousand were bestowed, but a friend of yours, and a relation of Lady Susan, nibbled away twenty thousand for a Mr. Upton.

By a letter from your brother to-day, I find our northern journey is laid aside; the Duke of Devonshire is coming to town; the physicians want him to go to Spa. This derangement makes me turn my eyes eagerly towards Paris; though I shall be ashamed to come thither after the wise reasons I have given you against it in the beginning of this letter; *nous verrons*—the temptation is strong, but patriots must resist temptations; it is not the etiquette to yield to them till a change happens.

I inclose a letter, which your brother has sent me to convey you, and two pamphlets [19]. The former is said to be written by Shebbeare, under George Grenville's direction: the latter, which makes rather more noise, is certainly composed by somebody who does not hate your brother—

[18] Of Grafton.

[19] They were called "An Address to the Public on the late dismission of a General Officer," and "A Counter Address." The latter was written by Mr. Walpole himself.

I even fancy you will guess the same person for the author that every body else does. I shall be able to send you soon another pamphlet, written by Charles Townshend, on the subject of the warrants:—you see, at least, *we* do not ransack Newgate and the pillory[20] for writers. We leave those to the administration.

I wish you would be so kind as to tell me, what is become of my sister[21] and Mr. Churchill. I received a letter from Lady Mary to-day, telling me she was that instant setting out from Paris, but does not say whither.

The first storm that is likely to burst in politics, seems to be threatened from the Bedford quarter. The Duke and Duchess have been in town but for two days the whole summer, and are now going to Trentham, whither Lord Gower, *qui se donnoit pour favori*, is retired for three months. This is very unlike the declaration in Spring, that the Duke must reside at Streatham[22], because the King could not spare him for a day.

The memorial[23] left by Guerchy at his departure, and the late *arrêts* in France on our American histories, make much noise, and seem to say that I have not been a false prophet! If our Ministers

[20] Dr. Shebbeare had been convicted of a libel, and, I believe, punished in the pillory.

[21] Daughter (before marriage) of Sir Robert Walpole and his second wife, Maria Kerret. After Sir Robert's creation, he procured for this Lady the rank of an Earl's daughter.

[22] A villa of the Duke's at Streatham, derived from Mr. Howland, his maternal grandfather, from whom Howland-street is named.

[23] The points in dispute between France and England at this period arose out of the non-performance of certain articles of the treaty—the payment of the Canada bills, and the expense of the prisoners of war, and certain claims for compensation for effects taken at Bellisle.

can stand so many difficulties from abroad, and so much odium at home, they are abler men than I take them for.

Adieu! the whole Hotel de Lassay[24]! I verily think I shall see it soon.

Yours, ever,

H. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXIV.

Strawberry-hill, August 27th, 1764.

I HOPE you received safe a parcel and a very long letter that I sent you, above a fortnight ago, by Mr. Strange the engraver. Scarce any thing has happened since worth repeating, but what you know already, the death of poor Legge, and the seizure of Turk Island[1]: the latter event very consonant to all my ideas. It makes much noise here, especially in the city, where the Ministry grow every day more

[24] The house which Lord Hertford hired in Paris.

[1] A small island also called Tortuga, near St. Domingo, of which a French squadron had dispossessed some English settlers. This proceeding was, however, immediately disavowed by the French, and orders were immediately despatched for restitution and compensation to the sufferers. We can easily gather from Mr. Walpole's own expressions, why this affair was raised into such momentary importance.

and more unpopular. Indeed, I think there is not much probability of their standing their ground, even till Christmas. Several defections are already known, and others are ripe which they do not apprehend.

Doctor Hunter, I conclude, has sent you Charles Townshend's pamphlet: it is well written, but does not sell much, as a notion prevails that it has been much altered and softened.

The Duke of Devonshire is gone to Spa; he was stopped for a week by a rash, which those who wished it so, called a miliary fever, but was so far from it, that if he does not find immediate benefit from Spa, he is to go to Aix la Chapelle, in hopes that the warm baths will supple his skin, and promote another eruption.

I have been this evening to Sion, which is becoming another Mount Palatine. Adam has displayed great taste, and the Earl matches it with magnificence. The gallery is converting into a Museum in the style of a Columbarium, according to an idea that I proposed to my Lord Northumberland. Mr. Bowlby[2] and Lady Mary are there, and the Primate[3], who looks old and broken enough to aspire to the Papacy. Lord Holland, I hear, advises what Lord Bute much wishes, the removal of George Grenville, to make room for Lord Northumberland at the head of the Treasury.

The Duchess of Grafton is gone to her father. I wish you may hear no more of this journey! If you should, this time, the complaints will come from her side.

[2] Thomas Bouldby, Esq., and his Lady, sister of the first Duke of Montague, of the second creation.

[3] Dr. George Stone.

You have got the Sposo[4] Coventry with you, have not you? And you are going to have the Duke of York[5]. You will not want such a nobody as me. When I have a good opportunity, I will tell you some very sensible advice that has been given me on that head, which I am sure you will approve.

It is well for me I am not a Russian. I should certainly be knouted. The murder of the young Czar Ivan has sluiced again all my abhorrence of the Czarina[6]. What a Devil in a Diadem! I wonder they can spare such a principal performer from hell!

September 9th.

I had left this letter unfinished, from want of common materials, if I should send it by the post; and from want of private conveyance, if I said more than was fit for the post. But being just returned from Park-Place, where I have been for three days, I not only find your extremely kind letter of August 21st, but a card from Madame de Chabot, who tells me she sets out for Paris in a day or two, and offers to carry a letter to you, which gives me the opportunity I wished for.

I must begin with what you conclude—your most friendly offer[7], if

[4] See *ante*, p. 130.

[5] Next brother of George III., born in 1739, died at Monuco, 1767.

[6] The *great* Catherine!!!

[7] This affair is creditable to all the parties. When General Conway was turned out, Mr. Walpole placed all his fortune at his disposal, in a very generous letter, already published. This induced Mr. Walpole to think of economy, and to state in a former letter (p. 130,) some apprehension as to his circumstances; in reply to which, Lord Hertford, who had already made a similar proposition to General Conway, now offers to place Mr. Walpole above the pecuniary difficulties which he apprehended.

I should be distressed by the Treasury. I can never thank you enough for this, nor the tender manner in which you clothe it, though, believe me, my dear Lord, I could never blush to be obliged to you. In truth, though I do not doubt their disposition to hurt me, I have had prudence enough to make it much longer than their reign can last, before it could be in their power to make me feel want. With all my extravagance, I am much beforehand, and having perfected and paid for what I wished to do here, my common expenses are trifling, and nobody can live more frugally than I, when I have a mind to it. What I said of fearing temptations at Paris, was barely serious: I thought it imprudent, just now, to throw away my money; but that consideration, singly, would not keep me here. I am eager to be with you, and my chief reason for delaying is, that I wish to make a longer stay than I could just now. The advice I hinted at, in the former part of this letter, was Lady Suffolk's, and I am sure you will think it very sensible. She told me, should I now go to Paris, all the world would say I went to try to persuade *you* to resign; that even the report would be impertinent to you, to whom she knew and saw I wished so well; and that when I should return, it would be said I had failed in my errand. Added to this, which was surely very prudent and friendly advice, I will own to you fairly, that I think I shall soon have it in my power to come to you on the foot I wish, I mean, having done with politics, which I have told you all along[8], and with great truth, are as much my abhorrence as yours. I think this administration cannot last till Christmas, and I

[8] Yes; but immediately after one of the strongest of these declarations, we find Mr. Walpole at Claremont, reconciling himself to his old enemy the Duke of Newcastle, and in deep political confidence with that Nestor of factions.

believe they themselves think so. I am cautious when I say this, because I promise you faithfully, the last thing I will do shall be to give you any false lights knowingly. I am clear, I repeat it, against your resigning now; and there is no meaning in all I have taken the liberty to say to you, and which you receive with so much goodness and sense, but to put you on your guard in such ticklish times, and to pave imperceptibly to the world the way to your re-union with your friends. In your brother, I am persuaded, you will never find any alteration; and whenever you find an opportunity proper, his credit with particular persons will remove any coldness that may have happened. I admire the force and reasoning with which you have stated your own situation; and I think there are but two points in which we differ at all. I do not see how your brother could avoid the part he chose. It was the administration that made it decisive—no inclination of his. The other is a trifle; it regards Elliot, nor is it my opinion alone that he is at Paris on business: every body believes it, and considering his abilities, and the present difficulties of Lord Bute, Elliot's absence would be very extraordinary, if merely occasioned by idleness or amusement, or even to place his children, when it lasts so long.

The affair of Turk Island, and the late promotion of Colonel Fletcher[9] over thirty-seven older officers, are the chief causes, added to the Canada bills, Logwood and the Manilla affairs, which have ripened our heats to such a height. Lord Mansfield's violence against the press has contributed much—but the great distress of all to the ministers, is the behaviour of the Duke of Bedford, who has twice or thrice peremptorily

[9] Colonel Fletcher of the 35th Foot.

refused to attend council. He has been at Trentham, and crossed the country back to Woburn, without coming to town[10]. Lord Gower has been in town but one day. Many causes are assigned for all this; the refusal of making Lord Waldegrave of the Bedchamber; Lord Tavistock's inclination to the minority, and above all, a reversion, which it is believed Lord Bute has been so weak as to obtain of Ampthill, a royal grant, in which the Duke has but sixteen years to come. You know enough of that court, to know that, in the article of Bedfordshire, no influence has any weight with his Grace. At present, indeed, I believe little is tried. The Duchess and Lady Bute are as hostile as possible. Rigby's journey convinces me of what I have long suspected, that his reign is at an end. I have even heard, though I am far from trusting to the quarter from which I had my intelligence, that the Duke has been making overtures to Mr. Pitt, which have not been received unfavourably; I shall know more of this soon, as I am to go to Stowe in three or four days. Mr. Pitt is exceedingly well-disposed to your brother, talks highly of him, and of the injustice done to him, and they are to meet on the first convenient opportunity. Thus much for politics, which, however, I cannot quit, without again telling you how sensible I am of all your goodness and friendly offers.

The court, independent of politics, makes a strange figure. The recluse life led here at Richmond, which is carried to such an excess of privacy and economy, that the Queen's Friseur waits on them at dinner, and that four pounds only of beef are allowed for their soup[11], disgusts

[10] Not very surprising, however, as London would have been about 80 miles round

[11] If this economy was *mean*, what were those who pryed into the kitchen?

all sorts of people. The drawing-rooms are abandoned: Lady Buckingham[12] was the only woman there on Sunday se'nnight. The Duke of York was commanded home. They stopped his remittances[13], and then were alarmed on finding he still was somehow or other supplied with money. The two next Princes[14] are at the Pavillions at Hampton Court, in very private circumstances indeed; no hosuehold is to be established for Prince William, who accedes nearer to the malecontents every day. In short, one hears of nothing but dissatisfaction, which in the city rises almost to treason.

Mrs. Cornwallis[15] has found that her husband has been dismissed from the Bedchamber this twelvemonth with no notice; his appointments were ever paid; but on this discovery they are stopped

[12] Mary Anne Drury, wife of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

[13] Mr. Walpole gives an unfair turn to this circumstance—the stopping the Duke of York's remittances, and ordering him home, was a measure of prudence, not to say of necessity, for that young Prince's extravagance abroad had made a public clamour; so much so, that a popular preacher delivered, about this time, a sermon on the following text:—"The *younger son* gathered all together, and took his *journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living*," St. Luke c. xv. v. 13. The letters and even the publications of the day allude to this extravagance, and surely it was the duty of his brother and sovereign to repress an indiscretion which occasioned such observations.

[14] William created in Nov. 1764, Duke of Gloucester, and Henry created in 1766, Duke of Cumberland—the injustice of Mr. Walpole's insinuations will be evident, when it is remembered that, at the date of this letter, the eldest of these Princes was but twenty, and the other eighteen years of age, and that they were both created Dukes, and had households established for them as soon as they respectively came of age.

[15] Mary, daughter of Charles, second Viscount Townshend, wife of Edward, sixth son of the third Lord Cornwallis. I suspect, that here again Mr. Walpole's accusation is not correct. General Cornwallis had been groom of the Bedchamber to George II., and was continued in the same office by the successor, till he was appointed *Governor of Gibraltar*, when (as is stated in Beatson's Pol. Index) Mr. Henry Seymour was appointed in his room.

You ask about what I had mentioned in the beginning of my letter, the dissensions in the house of Grafton. The world says they are actually parted: I do not believe that; but I will tell you exactly all I know. His Grace, it seems, for many months has kept one Nancy Parsons[16], one of the commonest creatures in London, once much liked, but out of date. He is certainly grown uncommonly attached to her, so much, that it has put an end to all his decorum. She was publicly with him at Ascot races, and is now in the forest[17]; I do not know if actually in the house. At first, I concluded this was merely stratagem to pique the Duchess; but it certainly goes further. Before the Duchess laid in, she had a little house on Richmond Hill, whither the Duke sometimes, though seldom, came to dine. During her month of confinement, he was scarcely in town at all, nor did he even come up to see the Duke of Devonshire. The Duchess is certainly gone to her father. She affected to talk of the Duke familiarly, and said she should call in the forest as she went to Lord Ravensworth's. I suspect she is gone thither to recriminate and complain. She did not talk of returning till October. It was said the Duke was going to France, but I hear no more of it. Thus the affair stands, as far as I or your brother, or the Cavendishes, know; nor have we heard one word from either Duke or Duchess of any rupture. I hope she will not be so weak as to part, and that her father and mother will prevent it. It is not unlucky that she has seen none of the Bedfords lately, who would be glad to blow the coals. Lady Waldegrave was with her one day, but I believe not alone.

[16] This scandal has been immortalized by Junius.

[17] Probably at Wakefield Lodge, in Whittlebury Forest, in Northamptonshire.

There was nobody at Park Place but Lord[18] and Lady William Campbell. Old Sir John Barnard[19] is dead; for other news I have none. I beg you will always say a great deal for me to my Lady. As I trouble you with such long letters, it would be unreasonable to overwhelm her too. You know my attachment to every thing that is yours. My warmest wish is to see an end of the present unhappy posture of public affairs, which operate so shockingly even on our private. If I can once get quit of them, it will be no easy matter to involve me in them again, however difficult it may be, as you have found, to escape them. Nobody is more criminal in my eyes than George Grenville, who had it in his power to prevent what has happened to your brother. Nothing could be more repugnant to all the principles he has ever most avowedly and publicly professed—but he has opened my eyes—such a mixture of vanity and meanness, of falsehood[20] and hypocrisy, is not common even in *this* county! It is a ridiculous *embarras* after all the rest, and yet you may conceive the distress I am under about my Lady Blandford[21], and the negotiations I am forced to employ to avoid meeting him there, which I am determined not to do.

I shall be able, when I see you, to divert you with some excellent

[18] Lord William, brother of General Conway's Lady, and third brother of the fifth Duke of Argyle; his wife was Sarah, daughter of W. Teard, Esq., of Charleston.

[19] Father of the city, which he had represented in six parliaments—he had been a very leading Member of the House of Commons, and was much deferred to on all matters of commerce.

[20] See *ante*, p. 45.

[21] Maria Catherine de Jonge, a Dutch Lady, widow of William Godolphin, Marquis of Blandford, and sister of Isabella, Countess of Denbigh; they were near neighbours and intimate acquaintances of Mr. Walpole's.

stories of a principal figure on our side, but they are too long and too many for a letter, especially of a letter so prolix as this.

Adieu! my dear Lord,

Yours most devotedly,

H. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXV.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 5th, 1764.

MY DEAR LORD,

Though I wrote to you but a few days ago, I must trouble you with another line now. Dr. Blanchard, a Cambridge divine, and who has a good paternal estate in Yorkshire, is on his travels, which he performs as a gentleman; and, therefore, wishes not to have his profession noticed. He is very desirous of paying his respects to you, and of being countenanced by you, while he stays at Paris. It will much oblige a particular friend of mine, and consequently me, if you will favour him with your attention. Every body experiences your goodness, but in the present case I wish to attribute it a little to my request.

I asked you about two books, ascribed to Madame de Boufflers[1]. If

[1] Probably in one of the letters which have not been found.

they are hers, I should be glad to know where she found, that Oliver Cromwell took orders, and went over to Holland to fight the Dutch. As she has been on the spot where he reigned, (which is generally very strong evidence,) her countrymen will believe her in spite of our teeth; and Voltaire, who loves all anecdotes that never happened, *because* they prove the manners of the times, will hurry it into the first history he publishes. I, therefore, enter my caveat against it, not as interested for Oliver's character, but to save the world from one more fable. I know Madame de Boufflers will attribute this scruple to my partiality to Cromwell, (and, to be sure, if we must be ridden, there is some satisfaction when the man knows how to ride.) I remember one night at the Duke of Grafton's, a bust of Cromwell was produced: Madame de Boufflers, without uttering a syllable, gave me the most speaking look imaginable, as much as to say, is it possible you can admire this man!— *Apropos*—I am sorry to say the reports do not cease about the separation[2], and yet I have heard nothing that confirms it.

I once begged you to send me a book in three volumes, called *Essais sur les Mœurs;* forgive me if I put you in mind of it, and request you to send me that, or any other new book. I am wofully in want of reading, and sick to death of all our political stuff, which, as the Parliament is happily at the distance of three months, I would fain forget till I cannot help hearing of it. I am reduced to Guicciardin, and though the evenings are so long, I cannot get through one of his periods between dinner and supper. They tell me Mr. Hume has had

[2] Of the Duke and Duchess of Grafton.

sight of King James's Journal[3]; I wish I could see all the trifling passages that he will not deign to admit into history. I do not love great folks till they have pulled off their buskins and put on their slippers, because I do not care sixpence for what they would be thought, but for what they are.

Mr. Elliot brings us woful accounts of the French ladies, of the decency of their conversation, and the nastiness of their behaviour.

* * * * * * * * * *

Nobody is dead, married, or gone mad, since my last. Adieu!

Yours, ever,

WALPOLE.

P.S. I enclose an epitaph on Lord Waldegrave, written by my brother[4], which I think you will like, both for the composition and the strict truth of it.

[3] Since published under the generous patronage of the present King, by Dr. Clarke, His Majesty's Librarian. The work is, however, not what Mr. Walpole contemplated; it is not a journal of private feelings, interests, and actions, but a relation rather of public affairs; and though the notes of James II. were undoubtedly the foundation of the work, it was, in truth, written by another hand, and that too a hand the least likely to have given us the kind of Memoirs which Mr. Walpole justly thinks would have been so valuable. When an eminent person writes his own Memoirs, we have, at least, the motives which he thinks it creditable to assign to his conduct—he has generally the candour of vanity, and even when he has not that candour, he is sometimes blinded into discovering truth unawares; but nothing can be more futile and fastidious than the meagre notes of the original actor; fresh woven and discoloured by the hands of an obsequious servant, who conceals all the facts he cannot explain, and all the motives he cannot justify. Such memoirs resemble the real life as a skeleton does the living man!

[4] Sir Edward Walpole, K.B., second son of Sir Robert, and the father of Ladies Dysart and Waldegrave, and Mrs. Keppel.

Arlington-street, Friday Evening.

I was getting into my post-chaise this morning with this letter in my pocket, and coming to town for a day or two, when I heard the Duke of Cumberland was dead: I find it is not so. He had two fits yesterday at Newmarket, whither he would go. The Princess Amelia, who had observed great alteration in his speech, entreated him against it. He has had too some touches of the gout, but they were gone off, or might have prevented this attack. I hear since the fits yesterday, which are said to have been but slight, that his leg is broken out, and they hope will save him. Still, I think, one cannot but expect the worst.

The letters yesterday, from Spa, give a melancholy account of the poor Duke of Devonshire: as he cannot drink the waters, they think of removing him;—I suppose, to the Baths at Aix-la-Chapelle; but I look on his case as a lost one! There's a chapter for moralizing! but five-and-forty, with forty thousand pounds a-year, and happiness wherever he turned him! My reflection is, that it is folly to be unhappy at any thing, when felicity itself is such a phantom!

LETTER XXVII.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 1st, 1764.

I AM not only pleased, my dear Lord, to have been the first to announce your brother's legacy[1] to you, but I am glad whenever my news reach you without being quite stale. I see but few persons here. I begin my letters without knowing when I shall be able to fill them, and then am to winnow a little what I hear, that I may not send you absolute second-hand fables; for though I cannot warrant all I tell you, I hate to send you every improbable tale that is vented. You like, as one always does in absence, to hear the common occurrences of your own country, and you see I am very glad to be your gazetteer, provided you do not rank my letters upon any higher foot. I should be ashamed of such gossipping, if I did not consider it as chatting with you *en famille*, as we used to do at supper in Grosvenor-street.

The Duke of Devonshire has made splendid provision for his younger children; to Lady Dorothy[2], 30,000*l.*; Lord Richard[3] and Lord George[4] will have about 4,000*l.* a-year a piece; for, besides landed estates, he has left them his whole personal estate without exception, only obliging the

[1] A legacy of 5000*l.* from the Duke of Devonshire to General Conway: the latter had been his Grace's Secretary in Ireland, and by his adherence to his politics incurred, as we have seen, the resentment of the Ministry; the Duke's legacy was therefore in every respect agreeable to General Conway and his friends.

[2] Lady Dorothy married, in 1766, the late Duke of Portland.

[3] Died, unmarried, in 1781.

[4] Still living.

present Duke[5] to redeem Devonshire House, and the entire collection in it for 20,000*l.*: he gives 500*l.* to each of his brothers[6], and 200*l.* to Lord Strafford, with some other inconsiderable legacies. Lord Frederick carried the Garter, and was treated [*by the King*] with very gracious speeches of concern.

The Duke of Cumberland is quite recovered, after an incision of many inches in his knee. Ranby[7] did not dare to propose that a hero should be tied, but was frightened out of his senses when the hero would hold the candle himself, which none of his generals could bear to do: in the middle of the operation, the Duke said, "Hold!" Ranby said, "For God's sake, Sir, let me proceed now—it will be worse to renew it." The Duke repeated, "I say, hold!" and then calmly bade them give Ranby a clean waistcoat and cap, for, said he, the poor man has sweat through these.—It was true; but the Duke did not utter a groan.

Have you heard that Lady Susan O'Brien's is not the last romance of the sort? Lord Rockingham's youngest sister, Lady Harriot[8] has stooped even lower than a theatric swain, and married her footman; but still it is you Irish[9] that commit all the havoc. Lady Harriot, however, has mixed a wonderful degree of prudence with her potion, and considering how plain she is, has not, I think, sweetened the draught too much for her lover: she settles a single hundred pound a-year upon him for his life, entails her whole fortune on their children, if they

[5] William, fifth Duke and eighth Earl of Devon, married, in 1774, Lady Georgiana Spenser. They were the parents of the present Duke.

[6] Lords George Frederick and John Cavendish.

[7] A celebrated surgeon of the day. He was Serjeant-Surgeon to the King, and F.R.S.

[8] Lady Henrietta Alicia Wentworth, born in 1737; married Mr. Wm. Sturgeon.

[9] Lord Hertford was an Irish Peer; he had besides so large a fortune there, and paid so much attention to the interests of that country, that Mr. Walpole calls him *Irish*.

have any; and, if not, on her own family;—nay, in the height of the novel, provides for a separation, and ensures the same pin-money to Damon, in case they part. This deed she has vested out of her power, by sending it to Lord Mansfield[10], whom she makes her trustee; it is drawn up in her own hand, and Lord Mansfield says is as binding as any lawyer could make it. Did one ever hear of more reflection in a delirium! Well, but hear more: she has given away all her clothes, nay, and her Ladyship, and says, linen gowns are properest for a footman's wife, and is gone to his family in Ireland, plain Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon. I think it is not clear that she is mad, but I have no doubt but Lady Bel[11] will be so, who could not digest Dr. Duncan[12], nor even Mr. Milbank.

My last told you of my sister's promotion[13]. I hear she is to be succeeded at Kensington by Miss Floyd, who lives with Lady Bolingbroke; but I beg you not to report this till you see it in a *Gazette* of better authority than mine, who have it only from fame and Mrs. A. Pitt.

I have not seen Monsieur de Guerchy yet, having been in town but one night since his return. You are very kind in accepting, on your own account, his obliging expressions about me: I know no foundation on which I should like better to receive them: the truth is, he has distinguished me extremely, and when a person in his situation shows much attention to a person so very insignificant as I am, one is apt to believe it exceeds common compliment: at least, I attribute it to the

[10] Lord Mansfield had married Lady Harriot's aunt.

[11] Lady Isabella Finch, Lady of the Bedchamber to Princess Amelia, was Lady Harriot's aunt. The Mr. Milbank here mentioned had married Lady Mary Wentworth, the elder sister of Lady Harriot.

[12] See *ante*.

[13] From being house-keeper at Kensington Palace, to the same office at Windsor Castle; but Mr. Walpole is mistaken as to the name of her successor; it was Miss Rachel *Lloyd*.

esteem which he could not but see I conceived for him. His civility is so natural, and his goodnature so strongly marked, that I connected much more with him than I am apt to do with new acquaintances. I pitied the various disgusts he received, and I believe he saw I did. If I felt for him, you may judge how much I am concerned that you have your share. I foresaw it was unavoidable, from the swarms of your countrymen that flock to Paris, and generally the worst part; boys and Governors are woeful exports. I saw a good deal of it when I lived with poor Sir Horace Mann at Florence—but you have the whole market. We are a wonderful people—I would not be our King[14], our Minister, or our Embassador, for the Indies. One comfort, however, I can truly give you; I have heard their complaints, if they have any, from nobody but yourself. Jesus! if they are not content now, I wish they knew how the English were received at Paris twenty years ago—Why, you and I know they were not received at all. Ay, and when the fashion of admiring English is past, it will be just so again; and very reasonably—Who would open their house to every staring booby from another country?

Arlington-street, November 3d.

I came to town to-day to meet your brother, who is going to Euston and Thetford[15], and hope he will bring back a good account of the domestic history[16], of which we can learn nothing authentic.

[14] It is due to the character of the King and the Ministers, whom Mr. Walpole so often and so wantonly depreciates, to solicit the reader's attention to such passages as this, in which he imputes to others, and therefore implies in himself, an unfair disposition to criticise and censure.

[15] He was Member for Thetford.

[16] Of the Grafton family.

Fitzroy[17] knows nothing. The town says the Duchess is going thither.

We have been this evening with Duchess Hamilton[18], who is arrived from Scotland, visibly promising another Lord Campbell. I shall take this opportunity of seeing Monsieur de Guerchy, and that opportunity of sending this letter, and one from your brother. Our politics are all at a stand. The Duke of Devonshire's death, I concluded, would make the Ministry all powerful, all triumphant, and all insolent. It does not appear to have done so. They are, I believe, extremely ill among themselves, and not better in their affairs foreign or domestic. The cider counties have instructed their members to join the minority. The *House of Yorke* seems to have laid aside their coldness and irresolution, and to look towards opposition. The unpopularity of the Court is very great indeed—still I shall not be surprised if they maintain their ground a little longer. There is nothing new in the way of publication: the town itself is still a desert. I have twice passed by Arthur's[19] to-day, and not seen a chariot.

Hogarth is dead, and Mrs. Spence, who lived with the Duchess of Newcastle. She had saved 20,000*l.*, which she leaves to her sister for life, and after her, to Tommy Pelham. Ned Finch[20] has got an estate from an old Mrs. Hatton of 1500*l.* a year, and takes her name.

Adieu! my Lord and Lady, and your whole *et cetera.*

Yours, most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[17] Colonel C. Fitzroy. See *ante*, p. 35.

[18] Elizabeth Gunning, widow of James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, and wife, in 1759, of John, fifth Duke of Argyle.

[19] The Fashionable Club in St. James's-street.

[20] Edward, fifth son of the sixth Earl of Winchelsea. Mrs. Hatton was his maternal aunt, sister of the last Viscount Hatton.

LETTER XXVII.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 9th, 1764.

I DON'T know whether this letter will not reach you, my dear Lord, before one that I sent to you last week by a private hand, along with one from your brother. I write this by my Lord Chamberlain's order—you may interpret it as you please, either as by some new connexion of the Bedford squadron with the opposition, or as a commission to you, my Lord Embassador. As yet, I believe you had better take it upon the latter foundation, though the Duke of Bedford has crossed the country from Bath to Woburn, without coming to town. Be that as it may, here is the negotiation intrusted to you. You are desired by my Lord Gower, to apply to the Gentilhomme de la Chambre for leave for Doberval[1] the dancer, who was here last year, to return and dance at our opera forthwith. If the Court of France will comply with this request, we will send them a discharge in full, for the Canada bills and the ransom of their prisoners, and we will permit Monsieur D'Estain to command in the West Indies, whether we will or not. The city of London must not know a word of this treaty, for they hate any mortal should be diverted but themselves, especially by any thing relative to *harmony.* It is, I own, betraying

[1] D'Auberval was not only a celebrated dancer, but a composer of ballets.

my country and my patriotism to be concerned in a job of this kind. I am sensible that there is not a weaver in Spitalfields but can dance better than the first performer in the French Opera; and yet, how could I refuse this commission? Mrs. George Pitt delivered it to me just now, at Lord Holderness's at Sion, and as my virtue has not yet been able to root out all my good-breeding—though I trust it will in time—I could not help promising that I would write to you—nay, and engaged that you would undertake it. When I venture, sure you may, who are out of the reach of a mob!

I believe this letter will go by Monsieur Beaumont. He breakfasted here t'other morning, and pleased me exceedingly: he has great spirit and good-humour. It is incredible what pains he has taken to *see*. He has *seen* Oxford, Bath, Blenheim, Stowe, Jews, Quakers, Mr. Pitt, the Royal Society, the Robinhood, Lord Chief-Justice Pratt, the Arts-and-Sciences, has dined at Wildman's, and, I think, with my Lord Mayor, or is to do. Monsieur de Guerchy is full of your praises; I am to go to Park Place with him next week, to make your brother a visit.

You know how I hate telling you false news: all I can do, is to retract as fast as I can. I fear I was too hasty in an article I sent you in my last, though I then mentioned it only as a report. I doubt, what we wish in a private family[2] will not be exactly the event.

The Duke of Cumberland has had a dangerous sore throat; but is recovered. In one of the bitterest days that could be felt, he would go upon the course at Newmarket with the windows of his landau down. Newmarket-heath, at no time of the year, is placed under the torrid zone. I can conceive a hero welcoming death, or at least despis-

[2] The reconciliation of the Duke and Duchess of Grafton.

ing it; but if I was covered with more laurels than a boar's head at Christmas, I should hate pain, and Ranby, and an operation. His nephew of York has been at Blenheim, where they gave him a ball, but did not put themselves to much expense in dancers; the figurantes were the maid-servants. You will not doubt my authority, when I tell you my Lady Bute[3] was my intelligence. I heard to-day, at Sion, of some bitter verses made at Bath, on both their Graces of Bedford. I have not seen them, nor if I had them, would I send them to you before they are in print, which I conclude they will be, for I am sorry to say, scandalous abuse is not the commodity which either side is sparing of. You can conceive nothing beyond the epigrams which have been in the papers, on a pair of doves and a parrot that Lord Bute has sent to the Princess [*Dowager.*]

I hear—but this is another of my paragraphs that I am far from giving you for sterling—that Lord Sandwich is to have the Duke of Devonshire's Garter; Lord Northumberland stands against Lord Morton[4] for President of the Royal Society, in the room of Lord Macclesfield. As this latter article will have no bad consequences if it should prove true, you may believe it.

Earl Poulet[5] is dead, and Soame, who married Mrs. Naylor's sister.

You will wonder more at what I am going to tell you in the last place: I am preparing, in earnest, to make you a visit—not next week, but seriously in February. After postponing it for seven idle months, you will stare at my thinking of it just after the meeting of the Parlia-

[3] Daughter of Mr. and Lady Mary Wortley, Montague.

[4] Lord Morton was elected.

[5] John, second Earl Poulet.

ment. Why, that is just one of my principal reasons. I will stay and see the opening, and one or two divisions; the minority will be able to be the majority, or they will not: if they can, they will not want me, who want nothing of them: if they cannot, I am sure I can do them no good, and shall take my leave of them;—I mean always, to be sure, if things do not turn on a few votes: they shall not call me a deserter. In every other case, I am so sick of politics, which I have long detested, that I must bid adieu to them. I have acted the part by your brother that I thought right. He approves what I have done; and what I mean to do; so do the few I esteem, for I have notified my intention; and for the rest of the world, they may think what they please. In truth, I have a better reason, which would prescribe my setting out directly, if it was consistent with my honour. I have a return of those nightly fevers and pains in my breast, which have come for the three last years at this season: change of air and a better climate are certainly necessary to me in winter. I shall thus indulge my inclinations every way. I long to see you and my Lady Hertford, and am woefully sick of the follies and distractions of this country, to which I see no end, come what changes will! Now, do you wonder any longer at my resolution? In the mean time adieu! for the present,

Yours ever,

H. W.

LETTER XXVIII.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 25th, 1764.

How could you be so kind, my dear Lord, as to recollect Dr. Blanchard, after so long an interval. It will make me still more cautious of giving recommendations to you, instead of drawing upon the credit you give me. I saw Mr. Stanley last night at the Opera, who made his court extremely to me by what he said of you. It was our first opera, and I went to town to hear Manzoli, who did not quite answer my expectation, though a very fine singer, but his voice *has been* younger, and wants the touching tones of Elisi. However, the audience was not so nice, but applauded him immoderately, and *encored* three of his songs. The first woman was advertised for a perfect beauty, with no voice; but her beauty and voice are by no means so unequally balanced: she has a pretty little small pipe, and only a pretty little small person, and share of beauty, and does not act ill. There is Tenducci, a moderate tenor, and all the rest intolerable. If you don't make haste and send us Doberval, I don't know what we shall do. The dances were not only hissed, as truly they deserved to be, but the gallery, *a-la-Drury-Lane*, cried out, "Off! off!" The boxes were empty, for so is the town, to a degree. The person[1] who

[1] Probably Mr. George Pitt.

ordered me to write to you for Doberval, was reduced to languish in the Duchess of Hamilton's box. My Duchess[2] does not appear yet—I fear!

Shall I tell you any thing about D'Eon? it is sending coals to Paris: you must know his story better than me; so in two words: Vergy, his antagonist, is become his convert[3]: has wrote for him, and sworn for him,—nay, has made an affidavit before Judge Wilmot, that Monsieur de Guerchy had hired him to stab or poison D'Eon. Did you ever see a man who had less of an assassin than your *pendant*, as Nivernois calls it! In short, the story is as clumsy as it is abominable. The King's Bench cited D'Eon to receive his sentence; he absconds: that Court issued a warrant to search for him, and a house in Scotland-yard, where he lodged, was broken open, but in vain. If there is any thing more, you know it yourself. This law transaction is buried in another. The Master of the Rolls [Sir Thomas Clarke] is dead, and Norton succeeds. Who do you think succeeds him? his predecessor[4]. The House of York is returned to the House of Lancaster: they could not keep their white-roses pure. I have not a little suspicion that disappointment has contributed to this *faux-pas*. Sir Thomas made a new will the day before he died, and gave his vast fortune, not to Mr. Yorke, as was expected, but to Lord Macclesfield, to whom it is come out, he was natural brother. Norton, besides the Rolls, which

[2] Of Grafton.

[3] This is altogether a very mysterious affair: M. de Vergy was the cause of D'Eon's violent behaviour at Lord Halifax's (see *ante*); he afterwards took D'Eon's part, and had the effrontery and (which ever way it be taken,) the infamy to say, that he was suborned by the French Ministry to quarrel with and ruin D'Eon.

[4] Mr. Charles Yorke; but we shall see, in the next letter, that the fact on which all this imputation was built was false.

are for life, and near 3,000*l.* a-year, has a pension of 1,200*l.* Mrs. Anne Pitt, too, has got a third pension: so you see we are not quite such beggars as you imagined!

Prince William, you know, is Duke of Gloucester, with the same *appanage* as the Duke of York. Legrand[5] is his *Cadogan;* Clinton[6] and Ligonier[7] his grooms.

Colonel Crawford is dead at Minorca, and Colonel Burton has his regiment; the Primate (Stone) is better, but I suppose, from his distemper, which is a dropsy in his breast, irrecoverable. Your Irish Queen[8] exceeds the English Queen, and follows her with seven footmen before her chair—well! what trumperies I tell you! but I cannot help it—Wilkes is outlawed, D'Eon run away, and Churchill dead—till some new genius arises, you must take up with operas, and pensions, and seven footmen.—But patience! your country is seldom steril long.

George Selwyn has written hither his lamentations about that Cossack Princess. I am glad of it, for I did but hint it to my Lady Hervey (though I give you my word, without quoting you, which I never do upon the most trifling occurrences), and I was cut very short, and told it was impossible. *A la bonne heure!* Pray, who is Lord March[9] going to marry? We hear so, but nobody named. I had not heard of your losses at whisk; but if I had, should not have been terrified: you know

[5] Edward Legrand, Esq., Treasurer to the Duke of Gloucester: as the Hon. C. S. Cadogan was to the Duke of York.

[6] Colonel Henry Clinton, afterwards Commander-in-Chief in America, and K.B.

[7] Colonel Edward Ligonier, Aid-de-camp to the King.

[8] The Countess of Northumberland—she was Lady Elizabeth Seymour, but assumed and transferred the name of Percy to her husband and children, in right of her mother the last of the Percies.

[9] James, third Earl of March, a Lord of the Bedchamber, who subsequently, in 1778, succeeded to the Dukedom of Queensberry, and was the last of that title.

whisk gives no fatal ideas to any body that has been at Arthur's and seen Hazard, *Quinze*, and *Trente-et-Quarante*. I beg you will prevail on the King of France to let Monsieur de Richelieu give as many balls and fêtes as he pleases, if it is only for my diversion. This journey to Paris is the last colt's tooth I intend ever to cut, and I insist upon being prodigiously entertained like a *Sposa Monacha*, whom they cram with this world for a twelvemonth, before she bids adieu to it for ever. I think, when I shut myself up in my convent here, it will not be with the same regret. I have for some time been glutted with the world, and regret the friends that drop away every day; those, at least, with whom I came into the world, already begin to make it appear a great void. Lord Edgecumbe, Lord Waldegrave, and the Duke of Devonshire leave a very perceptible chasm. At the opera last night, I felt almost ashamed to be there. Except Lady Townshend, Lady Schaub, Lady Albemarle, and Lady Northumberland, I scarce saw a creature whose *debut* there I could not remember—nay, the greater part were Maccaronies. You see I am not likely, like my brother Cholmondeley, (who, by the way, was there too,) to totter into a solitaire at threescore. The Duke de Richelieu [10] is one of the persons I am curious to see—oh! am I to find Madame de Boufflers[11], Princess of Conti? Your brother

[10] The celebrated Mareschal Duc de Richelieu—he was born in 1696, and died in 1788. The whole of his long life was full of adventures so extraordinary as to justify Mr. Walpole's curiosity. The most remarkable, however, of all, had not at this period occurred. In the year 1780, and at the age of 84, he married his third wife, and was severely afflicted that a *miscarriage* of the Duchess destroyed his hopes of another *Cardinal de Richelieu*; for to that *eminence* he destined the child of his age. His Biographer adds, that the Duchess was an affectionate and attentive wife, notwithstanding that her octogenerian husband tried her patience by reiterated *infidelities*.

[11] See *ante*, p. 3.

and Lady Aylesbury are to be in town the day after to-morrow to hear Manzoli, and on their way to Mrs. Cornwallis[12], who is acting *l'agonisante;* but that would be treason to Lady Aylesbury. I was at Park Place last week: the bridge is finished, and a noble object.

I shall come to you as soon as ever I have my *congé*, which I trust will be early in February. I will let you know the moment I can fix my time, because I shall beg you to order a small lodging to be taken for me at no great distance from your palace, and only for a short time, because, if I should like France enough to stay some months, I can afterwards accommodate myself to my mind. I should like to be so near you that I could see you whenever it would not be inconvenient to you, and without being obliged to that intercourse with my countrymen, which I by no means design to cultivate. If I leave the best company here, it shall not be for the worst. I am getting out of the world, not coming into it, and shall therefore be most indifferent about their acquaintance, or what they think of my avoiding it. I come to see you and my Lady Hertford, to escape from politics, and to amuse myself with *seeing*, which I intend to do with all my eyes. I abhor show, am not passionately fond of literati, don't want to know people for a few months, and really think of nothing but some comfortable hours with you, and indulging my curiosity. Excuse almost a page about myself, but it was to tell you how little trouble I hope to give you.

Yours most sincerely,

H. W.

[12] See *ante*, p. 14.

LETTER XXIX.

Arlington-street, Dec. 3d, 1764.

I LOVE to contradict myself as fast as I can when I have told you a lie, lest you should take me for a chambermaid, or Charles Townshend. But how can I help it? Is this a consistent age? How should I know people's minds, if they don't know them themselves? In short, Charles Yorke is not Attorney-General, nor Norton Master of the Rolls. A qualm came across the first, and my Lord Chancellor across the second, who would not have Norton in his Court. I cannot imagine why; it is so gentle, amiable, honest a being! But I think the Chancellor says, Norton does not understand *equity*, so he remains Prosecutor-General. Yorke would have taken the Rolls, if they would have made it much more considerable; but as they would not, he has recollected that it will be clever for one Yorke to have the air of being disinterested, so he only disgraces himself[1], and takes a

[1] We have already seen too many instances of Mr. Walpole's injustice to the family of Yorke; but this, as it is the most violent of all, so it is the most unfair and unfounded. We can venture to state, that there never was any idea of Mr. Yorke's *accepting* the Rolls; and it is believed that they never were offered to him; certainly, he himself never thought of taking that office! The *patent of precedence* which he did accept, was an arrangement, which, though convenient for the conduct of the business in Court, could give no addition of either rank or profit to a person in Mr. Yorke's circumstances. The facts were as follow—when Mr. Yorke, in 1756, was made Solicitor-General, he was not a King's Counsel; he succeeded to be Attorney-General, but on his resignation in October, 1763, he lost the precedence which his offices had given him, and

patent of precedence over the Solicitor-General—but do not depend upon this—he was to have kissed hands on Friday, but has put it off till Wednesday next—between this and that, his virtue may have another fit. The Court ridicule him even more than the Opposition. What diverts me most, is, that the pious and dutiful House of Yorke, who cried and roared over their father's memory, now[2] throw all the blame on him, and say, he forced them into opposition—but *amorem nummi expellas furcâ, licet usque recurret.* Sewell[3] is Master of the Rolls.

he returned to the *outer* bar and a *stuff* gown. It was a novel and anomalous sight to see a man who had led the Chancery Bar so long, and filled the greatest offices of the law, retire to, comparatively, so humble a rank in the Court, in which he might be every day expected to preside; and accordingly, on his first appearance after his resignation, the Chancellor, with the *concurrence* (indeed, it has been said on the *suggestion)* of the Bar, called to Mr. Yorke, out of his turn, next after the King's Counsel—this irregular pre-audience had lasted above a year, when it was thought more proper and more convenient for the business of the Court to give Mr. Yorke that formal *patent* of *precedence*, the value and circumstances of which Mr. Walpole so much misunderstands. We have heard from old Lawyers, that Mr. Yorke's business at this period was more extensive and lucrative than any other man ever possessed in Chancery, and we find no less than four other Barristers had at this time patents of precedence.

[2] Mr. Walpole's malignity (it cannot, we fear, be called by a softer name) against the Yorkes, is here again remarkable, but we have *his own* authority to show, that the monstrous imputation in the text is *utterly false.* "The Yorkes," says Mr. Walpole, "who affected reverence for their father's *memory*, NOW throw all the *blame* of their being in opposition upon him"—in other words, "they trump up a falsehood, and when their father is no longer alive to contradict it, they charge it upon him." Now, the reader is requested to look back to the letter of the 22d January, (p. 47,) where he will find Mr. Walpole himself stating—long before Lord Hardwicke's death, and even before his illness—that "the old Chancellor was violent against the Court, and that Mr. Charles Yorke had resigned contrary to his own and Lord Royston's inclination." So that there is not, we fear, even the colour of an excuse for a calumny which his own previous evidence contradicts. The fact, however, was in *no way* true; for it is well known that there never was the slightest difference of opinion between the old Lord H. and his son Charles upon their political conduct.

[3] Sir Thomas Sewell, Knight.

Well! I may grow a little more explicit to you; besides, this letter goes to you by a private hand. I gave you little hints, to prepare you for the separation in the House of Grafton. It is so, and I am heartily sorry for it. Your brother is chosen by the Duke, and General Ellison by the Duchess, to adjust the terms, which are not yet settled. The Duke takes all on himself, and assigns no reason but disagreement of tempers. He leaves Lady Georgiana[4] with her mother, who, he says, is the properest person to educate her, and Lord Charles[5], till he is old enough to be taken from the women. This behaviour is noble and generous—still I wish they could have agreed!

This is not the only parting that makes a noise. His Grace of Kingston[6] has taken a pretty milliner from Cranborn-alley, and carried her to Thoresby. Miss Chudleigh, at the Princess's birth-day on Friday, beat her side till she could not help having a real pain in it, that people might inquire what was the matter, on which she notified, a pleurisy, and that she is going to the baths of Carlsbad, in Bohemia. I hope she will not meet with the *Bulgares* that demolished the Castle of Thunderten-tronck[7]. My Lady Harrington's robbery is at last come to light, and was committed by the porter[8], who is in Newgate.

Lady Northumberland (who, by the way, has added an eighth footman since I wrote to you last) told me this morning that the Queen is very impatient to receive an answer from Lady Hertford, about Prince George's letters coming through your hands, as she desired they might.

[4] Born in 1757, married, in 1778, to J. Smyth, Esq., of Heath.

[5] Lord Charles Fitzroy, born in 1764.

[6] Evelyn, last Duke of Kingston; he soon after married Miss Chudleigh, who was supposed to have been already married to Mr. Augustus Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol.

[7] An allusion to a loose incident in Voltaire's *Candide*.

[8] See *ante*, p. 33.

A correspondence between Legge and Lord Bute about the Hampshire election is published to-day, by the express desire of the former, when he was dying[9]. He showed the letters to me in the spring, and I then did not think them so strong or important as he did. I am very clear it does no honour to his memory to have them printed now. It implies want of resolution to publish them in his life-time, and that he died with more resentment than I think one should care to own. I would send them to you, but I know Dr. Hunter takes care of such things. I hope he will send you, too, the finest piece that I think has been written for liberty since Lord Somer's. It is called an Inquiry into the late Doctrine on Libels, and is said to be written by one Dunning[10], a Lawyer lately started up, who makes a great noise. He is a sharp thorn in the sides of Lord Mansfield and Norton, and, in truth, this book is no plaster to their pain. It is bitter, has much unaffected wit, and is the only tract that ever made me understand law. If Dr. Hunter does not send you these things, I suppose he will convey them himself, as I hear there will be a fourteenth occasion for him. Charles Fitzroy says, Lord Halifax told Mrs. Cosby that you are to go to Ireland. I said he knows you are not the most communicative

[9] Mr. Legge had, in 1759, while Chancellor of the Exchequer to George II., been requested by Lord Bute (in the name of the Prince of Wales,) to pledge himself to support a Mr. Stuart at the next election for Hampshire; this, Mr. Legge, for very sufficient reasons, refused to do; and for this refusal (as he thought, and wished to persuade the public) he was turned out of office at the accession of the young King.

[10] Mr. Dunning soon rose into great practice and eminence; in 1767 he was made Solicitor-General, which office he held till 1770. He then made a considerable figure in the opposition, till the accession to the Ministry, in 1782, of his friend Lord Shelburne, when he was created Lord Ashburton; he died next year: the substance of this pamphlet is to be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other periodical publications of the day. Although clever, it seems scarcely to deserve the very high praises which Mr. Walpole gives it.

person in the world, and that you had not mentioned it—nor do I now, by way of asking impertinent questions; but I thought you would like to know what was said.

I return to Strawberry-hill to-morrow, but must return on Thursday, as there is to be something at the Duke of York's that evening, for which I have received a card. He and his brother are most exceedingly civil and good-humoured—but I assure you every place is like one of Shakspeare's plays:—Flourish, enter the Duke of York, Gloucester, and attendants. Lady Irwin[11] died yesterday.

Past eleven.

I am just come from a little impromptu ball at Mrs. Ann Pitt's. I told you she had a new pension, but did I tell you it was 500*l.* a year? It was entertaining to see the Duchess of Bedford and Lady Bute with their respective forces, drawn up on different sides of the room: the latter's were most numerous. My Lord Gower seemed very willing to promote a parley between the two armies. It would have made you shrug up your shoulders at dirty humanity, to see the two Miss Pelhams sit neglected, without being asked to dance. You may imagine this could not escape me, who have passed through the several gradations in which Lady Jane Stuart and Miss Pelham are and have been; but I fear poor Miss Pelham feels hers a little more than ever I did[12]. The Duke of York's is to be a dinner and ball for Princess Amelia.

[11] Anne Howard, daughter of the third Earl of Carlisle, and widow of the third Viscount Irwin. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Dowager. Mr. Park, who has introduced her into his edition of the Noble Authors, places her death in 1760; but as he quotes a poem written by her in 1761, the former date was evidently an error of the press.

[12] Mr. Walpole means, that he was courted during his father's power, and neglected after

Lady Mary Bowlby[13] gave me a commission, a genealogic one, from my Lady Hertford, which I will execute to the best of my power. I am glad my part is not to prove eighteen generations of nobility for the Bruces. I fear they have made some mes-alliances since the days of King Robert—at least, the present Scotch nobility are not less apt to go into Lombard-street than the English.

My Lady Suffolk was at the ball; I asked the Prince of Masserano whom he thought the oldest woman in the room, as I concluded he would not guess she was. He did not know my reason for asking, and would not tell me. At last, he said very cleverly, his own wife.

Mr. Sarjent has sent me this evening from you, "Les Considerations sur les mœurs[14]," and "le Testament politique[15]," for which I give you, my dear Lord, a thousand thanks. Good night.

Yours most cordially,

H. WALPOLE.

P. S. Manzoli[16] is come a little too late, or I think he would have as many diamond watches and snuff-boxes as Farinelli had.

his fall, as the daughters of a succeeding Prime Minister, Mr. Henry Pelham, now were; but as Lady Jane Stuart was but two-and-twenty years old, and Miss Pelham was thirty-six, we may account for the preference given to her Ladyship at a ball, without any reference to the meanness and political time-serving of mankind. Both the Misses Pelham died unmarried.

[13] Sister of the Duke of Montague.

[14] See *ante*, p. 129.

[15] A French forgery called "*Le Testament Politique du Chevalier Robert Walpole*," of which Mr. Walpole drew up an exposure, which is to be found in the 2d vol. of his works.

[16] The enthusiasm, however, ran pretty high, as we learn from the following passage, in one of the periodical papers of the day. "Signor Manzoli, the Italian singer at the Hay-"market, got no less, after paying all charges of every kind by his benefit last week "(March, 1765), than 1000 guineas. This added to a sum of 1500 which he has already "saved, and the remaining profits of the season, is surely an undoubted proof of British "*generosity*. One *particular* lady complimented the singer with a 200*l*. bill for a single "tick t on that occasion."

LETTER XXX.

Arlington-street, January 10th, 1765.

I SHOULD prove a miserable prophet or almanac maker, for my predictions are seldom verified. I thought the present session likely to be a very supine one, but unless the evening varies extremely from the morning, it will be a tempestuous day—and yet it was a very southerly and calm wind that began the hurricane. The King's speech was so tame, that as George Montagu said of the earthquake, you might have stroked it. Beckford (whom I certainly did not mean by the *gentle* gale) touched on Draper's[1] letter about the Manilla money. George Grenville took up the defence of the Spaniards, though he said he only stated their arguments. This roused your brother, who told Grenville he had adopted the reasoning of Spain; and showed the fallacy of their pretensions. He exhorted every body to support the King's government, "which I," said he, "ill used as I have been, wish and mean to support—not that of Ministers, when I see the laws and independence of parliament struck at in the most *profligate* manner." You may guess how deeply this wounded. Grenville took it to himself, and asserted that his own life and character were as pure, uniform, and

[1] Sir William Draper, K.B., best known by his controversy with Junius.

little profligate as your brother's. The silence of the House did not seem to ratify this declaration. Your brother replied with infinite spirit, that he certainly could not have meant Mr. Grenville, for he did not take him for the Minister—(I do not believe this was the least mortifying part)—that he spoke of public acts that were in every body's mouth, as the warrants, and the disgrace thrown on the army by dismissions for parliamentary reasons; that for himself he was an open enemy, and detested men who smiled in his face and stabbed him—(I do not believe he meant this personally, but unfortunately the whole House applied it to Mr. Grenville's grimace); that for his own disgrace, he did not know where to impute it, for every Minister had disavowed it. It was to the warrants, he said, he owed what had happened; he had fallen for voting against them, but had he had ten regiments, he would have parted with them all to obey his conscience; that he now could fall no lower, and would speak as he did then, and would not be hindered nor intimidated from speaking the language of parliament. Grenville answered, that he had never avowed nor disavowed the measure of dismissing Mr. Conway—(he disavowed it to Mr. Harris[2])—that he himself had been turned out for voting against German connexions; that he had never approved inquiring into the King's prerogative, on that head—(I can name a person who can repeat volumes of what he has said on the subject)—and that the King had as much right to dismiss military as civil officers, and then drew a ridiculous parallel betwixt the two, in which he seemed to give himself the rank of a civil Lieutenant-General. This warmth was stopped by

[2] General Conway's brother-in-law.

Augustus Hervey, who spoke to order, and called for the question; but young T. Townshend confirmed, that the term *profligacy* was applied by all mankind to the conduct on the warrants. It was not the most agreeable circumstance to Grenville, that Lord Granby closed the debate, by declaring how much he disapproved the dismission of officers for civil reasons, and the more, as he was persuaded it would not prevent officers from acting according to their consciences; and he spoke of your brother with many encomiums. Sir W. Meredith then notified his intention of taking up the affair of the warrants on Monday se'nnight. Mr. Pitt was not there, nor Lord Temple in the House of Lords; but the latter is ill. I should have told you that Lord Warkworth[3] and T. Pitt[4] moved our addresses; as Lord Townshend and Lord Bottetourt did those of the Lords. Lord Townshend said, though it was grown unpopular to praise the King, yet he should, and he was violent against libels; forgetting that the most ill-natured branch of them, caricaturas, his own invention, are left off[5]. Nobody thought it worth while to answer him, at which he was much offended.

So much for the opening of the parliament which does not promise serenity. Your brother is likely to make a very great figure: they have given him the warmth he wanted, and may thank themselves for it. Had Mr. Grenville taken my advice, he had avoided an opponent that he will find a tough one, and must already repent having drawn upon him.

With regard to yourself, my dear Lord, you may be sure I did not

[3] The late Duke of Northumberland.

[4] Afterwards Lord Camelford.

[5] Lord Townshend had a peculiar ease and happiness in the art of caricaturing.

intend to ask you any impertinent question. You requested me to tell you whatever I heard said about you; you was talked of for Ireland, and are still; and Lord Holland, within this week told me, that you had solicited it warmly. Don't think yourself under any obligation to reply to me on these occasions. It is to comply with your desires that I repeat any thing I hear of you, not to make use of them, to draw any explanation from you, to which I have no title; nor have I, you know, any troublesome curiosity. I mentioned Ireland with the same indifference that I tell you that the town here has bestowed Lady Anne[6], first on Lord March, and now on Stephen Fox[7]—tattle not worth your answering.

You have lost another of your Lords Justices, Lord Shannon[8], of whose death an account came yesterday.

Lady Harrington's porter was executed yesterday, and went to Tyburn with a white cockade in his hat, as an emblem of his innocence.

All the rest of my news I exhausted in my letter to Lady Hertford three days ago. The King's speech, as I told her it was to do, announced the contract between Princess Caroline[9] and the Prince Royal of Denmark.

I don't think the tone the session has taken will expedite my visit to you; however, I shall be able to judge when a few of the great questions are over. The American affairs are expected to occasion much discussion, but as I understand them no more than Hebrew,

[6] See *ante*, p. 86.

[7] Stephen Strangways Digby Fox, second son of the first Earl of Ilchester.

[8] See *ante*, p. 15.

[9] The unhappy Queen of Denmark, who was afterwards divorced and exiled.

they will throw no impediment in my way. Adieu! my dear Lord; you will probably hear no more politics these ten days.

Yours ever,

H. W.

Friday.

The warrants are put off to the Tuesday; therefore, as it will probably be so long a day, I shall not be able to give you an account of it till this day fortnight.

LETTER XXXI.

Sunday, Jan. 20th, 1765.

Do you forgive me, if I write to you two or three days sooner than I said I would. Our important day on the warrants is put off for a week, in compliment to Mr. Pitt's gout—can it resist such attention? I shall expect it in a prodigious quantity of black ribands. You have heard, to be sure, of the great fortune that is bequeathed to him by a Sir William Pynsent, an old man of near ninety, who quitted the world on the peace of Utrecht; and, luckily for Mr. Pitt, lived to be as angry with its *pendant*, the treaty of Paris. I did not send you the first report, which mounted it to an enormous

sum: I think the medium account is 2000*l.* a-year, and 30,000*l.* in money. This Sir William Pynsent, whose fame, like an aloe, did not blow till near an hundred, was a singularity. The scandalous chronicle of Somersetshire talks terribly of his morals[1] * * *.

Lady North was nearly related to Lady Pynsent, which encouraged Lord North to flatter himself that Sir William's extreme propensity to him would recommend even his wife's parentage for heirs; but the uncomeliness of Lady North, and a vote my Lord gave against the Cider Bill, offended the old gentleman so much, that he burnt his would-be heir in effigy. How will all these strange histories sound at Paris!

This post, I suppose, will rain letters to my Lady Hertford, on her death and revival. I was dreadfully alarmed at it for a moment; my servant was so absurd as to wake me, and bid me not be frightened—an excellent precaution! Of all moments, that between sleeping and waking is the most subject to terror.—I started up, and my first thought was to send for Dr. Hunter; but, in two minutes, I recollected that it was impossible to be true, as your porter had the very day before been with me to tell me a courier was arrived from you, and was to return that evening. Your poor son Henry, whom you will doat upon for it, was not tranquillized so soon. He instantly sent away a courier to your brother; who arrived in the middle of the night. Lady Milton[2], Lady George Sackville[3], and I, agreed this evening to tell my Lady

[1] The original contains an imputation against Sir W. Pynsent, which, if true, would induce us to suspect him of a disordered mind.

[2] Lady Caroline Sackville, daughter of the Duke of Dorset, married in 1742, to the first Lord Milton.

[3] Diana, second daughter of J. Sambrook, Esq.

Hertford, that we ought to have believed the news, and to have imputed it to the gaming rakehelly life my Lady leads at Paris, which scandalizes all us Prudes, her old friends. In truth, I have not much right to rail at any body for living in a hurricane. I found myself with a violent cold on Wednesday, and till then had not once reflected on all the hot and cold climates I had passed through the day before: I had been at the Duke of Cumberland's levee, then at Princess Amalie's drawing-room, from thence to a crowded House of Commons,—to dinner at your brother's,—to the Opera,—to Madame Seillern's [4],—to Arthur's,—and to supper at Mrs. George Pitt's,—it is scandalous; but, who does less? The Duke looked much better than I expected; is gone to Windsor, and mends daily.

It was Lady Harcourt's [5] death that occasioned the confusion, and our dismay: she died at a Colonel Oughton's; such a small house, that Lord Harcourt has been forced to take their family into his own house. Poor Lady Digby [6] is dead too, of a fever, and was with child. They were extremely happy, and her own family adored her. My sister [7] has begged me to ask a favour, that will put you to a little trouble, though only for a moment. It is, if you will be so good to order one of your servants when you have done with the English newspapers, to put them in a cover, and send them to Mr. Churchill, au Chateau de Nubecourt, pres de Clermont, en Argone; they cannot get a gazette that does not cost them six livres.

[4] See *ante*.

[5] Rebecca, daughter of Charles Le Bas, Esq., wife of the first Earl of Harcourt.

[6] Elizabeth Fielding, niece to the fourth Earl of Denbigh, and wife of Henry, first Lord Digby.

[7] Lady Mary Churchill.

Monday Evening.

We have had a sort of day in the House of Commons: the proposition for accepting the 670,000*l.* for the French prisoners passed easily. Then came the Navy: Dowdeswell, in a long and very sensible speech, proposed to reduce the number of sailors to 10,000. He was answered by—Charles Townshend—oh! yes!—are you surprised? nobody here was: no, not even at his assertion, that he had always applauded the peace, though the whole House and the whole town knew that, on the Preliminaries, he came down prepared to speak *against* them; but that on Pitt's retiring, he plucked up courage, and spoke *for* them. Well, you want to know what place he is to have—so does he too. I don't want to know *what* place, but that he has some one; for I am sure he will always do most hurt to the side on which he professes to be; consequently, I wish him with the Administration, and I wish so well to both sides, that I would have him more decried, if that be possible, than he is. Colonel Barré spoke against Dowdeswell's proposal, though not setting himself up at auction, like Charles, nor friendly to the Ministry, but temperately and sensibly. There was no division. You know my opinion of Charles Townshend is neither new nor singular. When Charles Yorke left us [8], I hoped for this event, and my wish then slid into this couplet:

To the Administration.

One Charles, who ne'er was ours, you've got—'tis true:
To make the grace complete, take t'other too.

[8] It is remarkable enough, that the epigram which Mr. Walpole thus introduces, admits that Charles Yorke had never joined them, and therefore could not be said to have left them.

The favours I ask of them, are not difficult to grant.

Adieu! my dear Lord,

Yours, ever,

H. WALPOLE.

Tuesday, 4 o'clock.

I had sealed my letter and given it to my sister, who sets out to-morrow, and will put it into the post at Calais; but having received yours by the courier from Spain, I must add a few words. You may be sure I shall not mention a tittle of what you say to me. Indeed, if you think it necessary to explain to me, I shall be more cautious of telling you what I hear. If I had any curiosity, I should have nothing to do, but to pretend I had heard some report, and so draw from you what you might not have a mind to mention: I do tell you when I hear any, for your information, but insist on your not replying. The Vice-Admiral of America is a mere feather; but there is more substance in the notion of the Viceroy's quitting Ireland. Lord Bute and George Grenville are so ill together, that decency is scarce observed between their adherents; and the moment the former has an opportunity or resolution enough, he will remove the latter, and place his son-in-law[9] in the Treasury. This goes so far, that Charles Townshend,

[9] There is some obscurity here: Lord Warkworth (afterwards Duke of Northumberland) who had lately married Lord Bute's third daughter, was, at this period, a very young man, little known but for his attachment to his profession—the army, and the idea of *his* being placed at the head of the Treasury must have been absurd. His father, Lord Northumberland, indeed, had been spoken of for that office; and, perhaps, Mr. Walpole, in his epigrammatic way, has taken this mode of explaining the motive which might have induced Lord Bute to advance his *son-in-law's* father.

who is openly dedicated to Grenville, may possibly find himself disappointed, and get no place at last. However, I rejoice that we have got rid of him. It will tear up all connexion between him and your brother, root and branch: a circumstance you will not be more sorry for than I am. In the mean time, the Opposition is so staunch that, I think, after the three questions on Warrants, Dismission of Officers, and the Manilla Money, I shall be at liberty to come to you, when I shall have a great deal to tell you. If Ch. T. gets a place, Lord G. Sackville expects another, by the same channel, interest, and connexion; but if Charles may be disappointed himself, what may a man be who trusts to him? Adieu!

LETTER XXXII.

Arlington-street, Jan. 27th, 1764.

THE brother of your brother's neighbour, Mr. Freeman, who is going to Paris, and I believe will not be sorry to be introduced to you, gives me an opportunity which I cannot resist, of sending you a private line or two, though I wrote you a long letter, which my sister was to put into the post at Calais two or three days ago.

We had a very remarkable day on Wednesday in the House of Commons,—very glorious for us, and very mortifying to the Administration, especially to the principal performer, who was severely galled by our

troops, and abandoned by his own. The business of the day was the Army, and, as nothing was expected, the House was not full. The very circumstance of nothing being expected, had encouraged Charles Townshend to soften a little what had passed on Monday; he grew profuse of his whispers and promises to us, and offered your brother to move the question on the Dismission of Officers: the debate began; Beckford fell foul on the dismissions, and dropped some words on America. Charles, who had placed himself again under the wing of Grenville, replied on American affairs; but totally *forgot* your brother. Beckford, in his boisterous Indian style, told Charles, that on a single idea he had poured forth a *diarrhœa* of words. He could not stand it, and in two minutes fairly stole out of the House. This battery being dismounted, the whole attack fell on Grenville, and would have put you in mind of former days. You never heard any minister worse treated than he was for two hours together, by Tommy Townshend, Sir George Saville, and George Onslow,—and what was worse, no soul stepped forth in his defence, but Rigby and Lord Strange, the latter of whom was almost as much abashed as Charles Townshend; conscience flew in his black face, and almost turned it red: T. Townshend was still more bitter on Sandwich, whom he called a profligate fellow,—hoped he was present[1], and added, if he is not, I am ready to call him so to his face in any private company:—even Rigby, his accomplice, said not a word in behalf of his brother culprit. You will wonder how all this ended—what would be the most ridiculous conclusion to such a scene?

[1] It seems, from a subsequent letter, that Lord Sandwich *was* present. See p. 192.

as you cannot imagine, I will tell you: Lord Harry Paulet[2] telling Grenville, that if Lord Cobham was to rise from the dead, he would,—if he could be ashamed of any thing, be ashamed of him;—by the way, every body believes he meant the apostrophe stronger than he expressed it: Grenville rose in a rage, like a basket-woman, and told Lord Harry that if he chose to use such language, he knew where to find him. Did you ever hear of a Prime Minister, even *soi-disant tel*, challenging an opponent, when he could not answer him? Poor Lord Harry, too, was an unfortunate subject to exercise his valour upon! The House interposed; Lord Harry declared he should have expected Grenville to breakfast with him next morning; Grenville explained off and on two or three times, the Scotch laughed, the Opposition roared, and the Treasury-bench sat as mute as fishes. Thus ended that wise Hudibrastic encounter. Grenville however, attended by every bad omen, provoked your brother, who had not intended to speak, by saying that some people had a good opinion of the dismissed officers, others had not. Your brother rose, and surpassed himself: he was very warm, though less so than on the first day; very decent in terms, but most severe in effect; he more than hinted at the threats that had been used to him[3],—said he would not reveal what was improper; yet left no mortal in the dark on that head. He called on the officers to assert their own freedom and independence. In short, made such a speech as silenced all his adversaries, but has filled the whole town with his

[2] Lord Henry Paulet, Member for Hampshire, Vice-Admiral of the White, brother of the Duke of Bolton; to which dignity he himself succeeded on the 5th July, 1764.

[3] See *ante*.

praises: I believe as soon as his speech reaches Hayes, it will contribute extremely to expel the gout, and bring Mr. Pitt to town, lest his presence should be no longer missed. Princess Amalie told me the next night, that if she had heard nothing of Mr. Conway's speech, she should have known how well he had done by my spirits. I was not sorry she made this reflection, as I knew she would repeat it to Lady (Betty) Waldegrave; and as I was willing that the Duchess of Bedford, who, when your brother was dismissed, asked the Duchess of Grafton if she was not sorry for *poor Mr. Conway*, who had lost every thing, should recollect that it is they who have cause to lament that dismission, not we.

There was a paragraph in Rigby's speech, and taken up, and adopted by Goody Grenville, which makes much noise, and, I suppose, has not given less offence; they talked of "arbitrary *Stuart* principles," which are supposed to have been aimed at the *Stuart* favourite; that breach is wider than ever:—not one of Lord Bute's adherents have opened their lips this Session. I conclude a few of them will be ordered to speak on Friday; but unless we go on too triumphantly and reconcile them, I think this Session will terminate Mr. Grenville's reign, and that of the Bedford's too, unless they make great submissions.

Do you know that Sir W. Pynsent had your brother in his eye! He said to his lawyer, "I know Mr. Pitt is much younger than I am, but he has very bad health: as you will hear it before me, if he dies first, draw up another will with Mr. Conway's name instead of Mr. Pitt's, and bring it down to me directly." I beg

Britannia's pardon, but I fear I could have supported the loss on these grounds.

A very unhappy affair happened last night at the Star and Garter; Lord Byron[4] killed a Mr. Chaworth there in a duel. I know none of the particulars, and never believe the first reports.

My Lady Townshend was arrested two days ago in the street at the suit of a house-painter, who, having brought her a bill double of the estimate he had given in, she would not pay it. As this is a breach of privilege, I should think the man would hear of it.

There is no day yet fixed for our intended motion on the dismission of officers; but, I believe, Lord John Cavendish and Fitzroy will be the movers and seconders. Charles Townshend, we conclude, will be very ill that day; if one could pity the poor toad, one should: there is jealousy of your brother,—fear of your brother,—fear of Mr. Pitt,—influence of his own brother,—connexions entered into both with Lord Bute and Mr. Grenville, and a trimming plan concerted with Lord George Sackville and Charles Yorke, all tearing him or impelling him a thousand ways, with the addition of his own vanity and irresolution, and the contempt of every body else. I dined with him yesterday at Mr. Mackinsy's[5], where his whole discourse was in ridicule of George Grenville.

The enclosed novel[6] is much in vogue; the author is not known, but

[4] William, fifth Lord Byron, born in 1722, died in 1798. The Star and Garter was a tavern in Pall Mall.

[5] Probably Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, Lord Bute's brother.

[6] His own Castle of Otranto.

if you should not happen to like it, I could give you a reason why you need not say so. There is nothing else new, but a play called the *Platonic Wife*, written by an Irish Mrs. Griffiths, which in charity to her was suffered to run three nights.

Since I wrote my letter, the following is the account nearest the truth that I can learn of the fatal duel last night: a club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen had dined at the Star and Garter, and there had been a dispute between the combatants, whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was active in the association, had most game on their manor. The company, however, had apprehended no consequences, and parted at eight o'clock; but Lord Byron stepping into an empty chamber, and sending the drawer for Mr. Chaworth, or calling him thither himself, took the candle from the waiter, and bidding Mr. Chaworth defend himself, drew his sword. Mr. Chaworth, who was an excellent fencer, ran Lord Byron through the sleeve of his coat, and then received a wound fourteen inches deep into his body. He was carried to his house in Berkeley-street,—made his will with the greatest composure, and dictated a paper, which they say, allows it was a fair duel, and died at nine this morning. Lord Byron is not gone off, but says he will take his trial, which, if the Coroner brings in a verdict of manslaughter, may, according to precedent, be in the House of Lords, and without the ceremonial of Westminster Hall. George Selwyn is much missed on this occasion, but we conclude it will bring him over[7]. I feel for both families, though I know none of either, but poor Lady Carlisle[8], whom I am sure you will pity.

[7] Mr. Selwyn's morbid curiosity after trials and executions is well known.

[8] Isabella, only sister of Lord Byron, wife of the fourth Earl of Carlisle.

Our last three Saturdays at the Opera have been prodigious, and a new opera by Bach last night was so crowded, that there were ladies standing behind the scenes during the whole performance.

Adieu! my dear Lord: as this goes by a private hand, you may possibly receive its successor before it.

Yours, ever,

H. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXIII.

Arlington-street, Feb. 12th, 1765.

A GREAT many letters pass between us, my dear Lord, but I think they are almost all of my writing. I have not heard from you this age. I sent you two packets together by Mr. Freeman, with an account of our chief debates. Since the long day, I have been much out of order with a cold and cough, that turned to a fever: I am now taking James's powder, not without apprehensions of the gout, which it gave me two or three years ago.

There has been nothing of note in parliament but one slight day on the American taxes, which, Charles Townshend supporting, received a pretty heavy thump from Barré, who is the present Pitt, and the dread of all the vociferous Norths and Rigbys, on whose lungs depended

so much of Mr. Grenville's power. Do you never hear them to Paris?

The operations of the Opposition are suspended in compliment to Mr. Pitt, who has declared himself so warmly for the question on the dismission of officers, that that motion waits for his recovery. A call of the House is appointed for next Wednesday, but as he has had a relapse, the motion will probably be deferred. I should be very glad if it was to be dropped entirely for this session, but the young men are warm and not easily bridled.

If it was not too long to transcribe, I would send you an entertaining petition[1] of the Perriwig makers to the King, in which they complain that men will wear their own hair. Should one almost wonder if carpenters were to remonstrate, that since the peace their trade decays, and that there is no demand for wooden legs? Apropos, my Lady Hertford's friend, Lady Harriot Vernon[2], has quarrelled with me for smiling at the enormous head-geer of her daughter, Lady Grosvenor. She came one night to Northumberland-House with such display of friz, that it literally spread beyond her shoulders. I happened to say it looked as if her parents had stinted her in hair before marriage, and that she was determined to indulge her fancy now. This, among ten

[1] The substance of this petition, and the grave answer which the King was advised to give to such a ludicrous appeal, are preserved in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1765, p. 95, where also we learn that Mr. Walpole's idea of the *Carpenters'* petition was put in practice, and His Majesty was humbly entreated to wear a wooden leg himself, and to enjoin all his servants to do the same. It may, therefore, be presumed that this *jeu d'esprit* was from the pen of Mr. Walpole.

[2] Lady Harriot Wentworth, sister of the last Lord Strafford, wife of Henry Vernon, Esq., and mother of Lady Grosvenor, whose intrigue with the Duke of Cumberland made so much noise.

thousand things said by all the world, was reported to Lady Harriot, and has occasioned my disgrace. As she never found fault with any body herself, I excuse her! You will be less surprised to hear that the Duchess of Queensberry has not yet done dressing herself marvellously: she was at court on Sunday in a gown and petticoat of red flannel. The same day the Guerchys made a dinner for her, and invited Lord and Lady Hyde[3], the Forbes's, and her other particular friends: in the morning she sent word she was to go out of town, but as soon as dinner was over, arrived at Madame de Guerchy's, and said she had been at court.

Poor Madame de Seillern, the imperial Embassadress, has lost her only daughter and favourite child, a young widow of twenty-two, whom she was expecting from Vienna. The news came but this day se'nnight, and the Embassador, who is as brutal as she is gentle and amiable, has insisted on her having company at dinner to-day, and her assembly as usual.

The town says that Lord and Lady Abergavenny[4] are parted, and that he has not been much milder than Monsieur de Seillern on the chapter of a mistress he has taken. I don't know the truth of this; but his Lordship's heart, I believe, is more inflammable than tender.

Lady Sophia Thomas[5] has begged me to trouble you with a small

[3] Thomas Villers, second son of Lord Jersey, first Lord Hyde of his family—his Lady was Charlotte, daughter of Lady Jane Hyde, wife of William, Earl of Essex, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Clarendon, and sister of the Duchess of Queensberry.

[4] George, fifteenth Lord Abergavenny, and his Lady Henrietta Pelham, sister of the first Earl Chichester—she died in 1768.

[5] Lady Sophia Keppel, daughter of the first Earl of Albemarle, and wife of Colonel Thomas.

commission. It is to send me for her twelve little bottles of *le Baume de Vie, composè par le Sieur Lievre, apoticare distillateur du Roi.* If George Selwyn or Lord March are not set out, they would bring it with pleasure, especially as she lives at the Duke of Queensberry's.

We have not a new book, play, intrigue, màrriage, elopement, or quarrel; in short, we are very dull. For politics, unless the Ministers wantonly thrust their hands into some fire, I think there will not even be a smoke. I am glad of it, for my heart is set on my journey to Paris, and I hate every thing that stops me. Lord Byron's foolish trial[6] is likely to protract the session a little; but unless there is any particular business, I shall not stay for a puppet-show. Indeed, I can defend my staying here by nothing but my ties to your brother. My health, I am sure, would be better in another climate in winter. Long days in the House kill me, and weary me into the bargain. The individuals of each party are alike indifferent to me; nor can I at this time of day grow to love men whom I have laughed at all my life time—no, I cannot alter;—Charles Yorke, or a Charles Townshend are alike to me, whether ministers or patriots. Men do not change in my eyes, because they quit a black livery for a white one. When one has seen the whole scene shifted round and round so often, one only smiles, whoever is the present Polonius or the Grave-digger, whether they jeer the Prince, or flatter his phrenzy.

Thursday Night, 14*th.*

The new assembly-room at Almack's, was opened the night before last, and they say is very magnificent, but it was empty; half

[6] Before the Peers in Westminster Hall.

the town is ill with colds, and many were afraid to go, as the house is scarcely built yet. Almack advertised that it was built with hot bricks and boiling water—think what a rage there must be for public places, if this notice, instead of terrifying, could draw any body thither. They tell me the ceilings were dropping with wet—but can you believe me, when I assure you the Duke of Cumberland was there?—Nay, had had a levee in the morning, and went to the Opera before the assembly! There is a vast flight of steps, and he was forced to rest two or three times. If he dies of it,—and how should he not?—it will sound very silly when Hercules or Theseus ask him what he died of, to reply, "I caught my death on a damp staircase at a new club-room."

Williams, the reprinter of the *North Briton*, stood in the pillory to-day in Palace Yard. He went in a hackney coach, the number of which was 45. The mob erected a gallows opposite to him, on which they hung a boot[7] with a bonnet of straw. Then a collection was made for Williams[8], which amounted to near 200*l.* In short, every public event informs the administration how thoroughly they are detested, and that they have not a friend whom they do not buy. Who can wonder, when every man of virtue is proscribed, and they have neither parts nor characters to impose even upon the mob! Think to what a government is sunk, when a Secretary of State is called in Parliament to his face[9], *the most profligate sad dog in the kingdom*, and not a man can open his lips in his defence. Sure power

[7] A *Jack-boot*, in allusion to the christian name and title of Lord Bute.

[8] In a *blue* purse trimmed with *orange*, the colour of the revolution, in opposition to the *Stuart*.

[9] See *ante*, p. 183.

must have some strange unknown charm, when it can compensate for such contempt! I see many who triumph in these bitter pills which the Ministry are so often forced to swallow; I own I do not; it is more mortifying to me to reflect how great and respectable we were three years ago, than satisfactory to see those insulted who have brought such shame upon us. 'Tis poor amends to national honour to know, that if a printer is set in the pillory, his country wishes it was my Lord This, or Mr. That. They will be gathered to the Oxfords, and Bolingbrokes, and ignominious[10] of former days; but the wound they have inflicted is perhaps indelible. That goes to *my* heart, who had felt all the Roman pride of being one of the first nation upon earth!—Good night!—I will go to bed, and dream of Kings drawn in triumph; and then I will go to Paris, and dream I am proconsul there: pray, take care not to let me be wakened with an account of an invasion having taken place from Dunkirk[11]!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[10] We might be surprised at finding a person of Mr. Walpole's taste and judgment, describing Harley and St. John as *ignominious*, if we did not recollect, that during their administration his father had been sent to the Tower, and expelled the House of Commons for alleged official corruptions. It were to be wished that Mr. Walpole's personal prejudices could always be traced to so amiable a source.

[11] The demolition of Dunkirk was one of the articles of the late treaty of peace, on which discussions were still depending.

LETTER XXXIV.

Arlington-street, March 26th, 1765.

THREE weeks are a great while, my dear Lord, for me to have been without writing to you; but besides that I have passed many days at Strawberry, to cure my cold (which it has done), there has nothing happened worth sending cross the sea. Politics have dozed, and common events been fast asleep. Of Guerchy's affair[1], you probably know more than I do; it is now forgotten. I told him I had absolute proof of his innocence, for I was sure, that if he had offered money for assassination, the men who swear against him would have taken it.

The King has been very seriously ill, and in great danger. I would not alarm you, as there were hopes when he was at the worst. I doubt he is not free yet from his complaint, as the humour fallen on his breast still oppresses him. They talk of his having a levée next week, but he has not appeared in public, and the bills are passed by commission; but he rides out. The Royal Family have suffered like us

[1] This alludes, it is presumed, to a bill of indictment which was found in the beginning of March, at the sessions at Hicks's Hall, against the Count de Guerchy, for the absurd charge of a conspiracy to murder D'Eon.

mortals; the Duke of Gloucester has had a fever, but I believe his chief complaint is of a youthful kind. Prince Frederick is thought to be in a deep consumption; and for the Duke of Cumberland, next post will probably certify you of his death, as he is relapsed, and there are no hopes of him. He fell into his lethargy again, and when they waked him, he said he did not know whether he could call himself obliged to them.

I dined two days ago at Monsieur de Guerchy's, with the Count de Caraman[2], who brought me your letter. He seems a very agreeable man, and you may be sure, for your sake, and Madame de Mirepoix's, no civilities in my power shall be wanting. I have not yet seen Schouvaloff[3], about whom one has more curiosity—it is an opportunity of gratifying that passion which one can so seldom do in personages of his historic nature, especially remote foreigners. I wish M. de Caraman had brought the *Siege of Calais*[4], which he tells me is printed, though your account has a little abated my impatience. They tell us the French Comedians are to act at Calais this summer—is it possible they can be so absurd, or think us so absurd as to go thither, if we would not go further? I remember, at Rheims, they believed that English ladies went to Calais to drink champagne—is this the suite of that belief? I was mightily pleased with the Duc de Choiseul's[5] answer

[2] Probably Francois Joseph, Count de Caraman, who married a Princess de Chimay, heiress of the house of Henin, niece of Madame de Mirepoix.

[3] He had been *favourite* to the Empress Catherine; and, as Mr. Walpole elsewhere says, "a favourite without an enemy."

[4] A tragedy by M. du Belloy, which, with little other merit than its *anti-anglicism*, (which, in all times, has passed in France for *patriotism*) "*faisait fureur*" at this time.

[5] Mlle. Clairon was at this moment in such vogue on the French stage, that her admirers

to the Clairon; but when I hear of the French admiration of Garrick, it takes off something of my wonder at the prodigious adoration of him at home. I never could conceive the marvellous merit of repeating the works of others in one's own language with propriety, however well delivered. Shakspeare is not more admired for writing his plays, than Garrick for acting them. I think him a very good and very various player—but several have pleased me more, though I allow not in so many parts. Quin, in Falstaffe, was as excellent as Garrick in Lear. Old Johnson far more natural in every thing he attempted. Mrs. Porter and your Dumesnil surpassed him in passionate tragedy; Cibber and O'Brien were what Garrick could never reach, coxcombs,

struck a medal in honour of her, and wore it as a kind of order. A critic of the name of Freron, however, did not partake these sentiments, and drew, in his journal, an injurious character of Mlle. Clairon—this insult so enraged the Tragedy-Queen, that she and her admirers moved heaven and earth to have Freron sent to the Bastile, and, failing in her solicitation to the inferior departments, she at last had recourse to the Prime Minister, the Duke of Choiseul himself. His answer, which Lord Hertford, no doubt, had communicated to Mr. Walpole, was admired for its polite *persiflage* of her theatric Majesty. "I am," said the Duke, "like yourself, Mademoiselle, a public performer, with this "difference in your favour, that you choose what parts you please, and are sure to be "crowned with the applause of the public, (for I reckon as nothing the bad taste of "one or two wretched individuals who have the misfortune of not adoring you.) I, on the "other hand, am obliged to act the parts imposed on me by necessity. I am sure to please "nobody, I am satirized, criticised, libelled, hissed—and yet I continue to do my best. "Let us both, then, sacrifice our little resentments and enmities to the public service, and "serve our country each in our own station. Besides," he added, "the *Queen* has conde-"scended to forgive Freron, and you may, therefore, without *compromising your dignity*, "imitate her Majesty's clemency."—*Memoires de Bachaumont*, i. 61. Such were the miserable intrigues and squabbles, and such the examples of Ministerial pleasantry and prudence, which occupied and amused the Parisian public!—this is but a straw to show which way the wind blew; but such instances moderate our surprise and our sorrow at the storm which followed.

and men of fashion[6]. Mrs. Clive is at least as perfect in low comedy—and yet to me, Ranger was the part that suited Garrick the best of all he ever performed. He was a poor Lothario, a ridiculous Othello, inferior to Quin in Sir John Brute and Macbeth, and to Cibber in Bayes, and a woeful Lord Hastings and Lord Townley. Indeed, his Bayes was original, but not the true part: Cibber was the burlesque of a great poet, as the part was designed, but Garrick made it a Garretteer. The town did not like him in Hotspur, and yet I don't know whether he did not succeed in it beyond all the rest. Sir Charles Williams and Lord Holland thought so too, and they were no bad judges. I am impatient to see the Clairon, and certainly will, as I have promised, though I have not fixed my day. But do you know you alarm me! There was a time when I was a match for Madame de Mirepoix at Pharaoh, to any hour of the night, and I believe did play with her five nights in a week till three and four in the morning—but till eleven o'clock to-morrow morning—Oh! that is a little too much even at Loo. Besides, I shall not go to Paris for Pharoah—if I play all night, how shall I see every thing all day?

Lady Sophia Thomas has received the *Baume de Vie*, for which she gives you a thousand thanks, and I ten thousand.

We are extremely amused with the wonderful histories of your hyena[7] in the Gevaudan; but our fox-hunters despise you: it is

[6] There was some little personal piqûe in Mr. Walpole's opinion of Garrick, yet it would be difficult to imagine a more forcible eulogium on that great actor, than is here inadvertently pronounced, when, in order to find an *equivalent* for him, Mr. Walpole is obliged to bring together old Johnson and Colley Cibber, Quin and Clive, Porter and Dumesnil—two nations, two generations, and both sexes.

[7] A wolf of enormous size, and, in some respects, irregular conformation, which for a

exactly the enchanted monster of old romances. If I had known its history a few months ago, I believe it would have appeared in the *Castle of Otranto*,—the success of which has, at last, brought me to own it, though the wildness of it made me terribly afraid; but it was comfortable to have it please so much, before any mortal suspected the author: indeed, it met with too much honour far, for at least it was universally believed to be Mr. Gray's. As all the first impression is sold, I am hurrying out another, with a new preface, which I will send you.

There is not so much delicacy of wit, as in M. de Choiseul's speech to the *Clairon*, but I think the story I am going to tell you in return, will divert you as much: there was a vast assembly at Marlborough House, and a throng in the door-way. My Lady Talbot said, "Bless me! I think this is like the *Straits* of Thermopylæ!" my Lady Northumberland replied, "I don't know what *Street* that is, but I wish I could get my —— through." I hope you admire the contrast.

Adieu! my dear Lord.

Yours, ever,

H. W.

long time ravaged the Gevaudan; it was, soon after the date of this letter, killed, and Mr. Walpole saw it in Paris. See Lord Orford's Works, Vol. V. p. 120.

LETTER XXXV.

Strawberry-hill, Easter Sunday, April 7th, 1765.

YOUR first wish will be to know how the King does: he came to Richmond last Monday for a week; but appeared suddenly and unexpected at his levée at St. James's last Wednesday; this was managed to prevent a crowd. Next day he was at the Drawing-room, and at Chapel on Good Friday. They say he looks pale; but it is the fashion to call him very well:—I wish it may be true. The Duke of Cumberland is actually set out for Newmarket to-day: he too is called much better; but it is often as true of the health of princes as of their prisons, that there is little distance between each and their graves[1]. There has been a fire at Gunnersbury, which burned four rooms; her servants announced it to Princess Amalie with that wise precaution of "Madam, don't be frightened—" accordingly, she was terrified,—when they told her the truth, she said, "I am very glad; I had concluded my brother was dead."—So much for royalties!

Lord March and George Selwyn are arrived, after being windbound for nine days, at Calais. George is so charmed with my Lady Hertford, that I believe it was she detained him at Paris, not Lord March. I am full as much transported with Schouvaloff; I never saw so amiable

[1] The French express this thought very dramatically; *Monseigneur est malade—Monseigneur est mieux—Monseigneur est mort!*

a man! so much good breeding, humility, and modesty, with sense and dignity! an air of melancholy, without any thing abject. Monsieur de Caraman is agreeable too, informed and intelligent; he supped at your brother's t'other night, after being at Mrs. Anne Pitt's. As the first curiosity of foreigners is to see Mr. Pitt, and as that curiosity is one of the most difficult points in the world to satisfy, he asked me if Mr. Pitt was like his sister? I told him, *Qu'ils se ressembloient comme deux gouttes de* feu.

The Parliament is adjourned till after the holidays, and the trial[2]. There have been two very long days in our own House, on a complaint from Newfoundland merchants, on French encroachments. The Ministry made a woeful piece of work of it the first day, and we the second. Your brother, Sir George Savile, and Barrè shone; but on the second night, they popped a sudden division upon us about nothing; some went out, and some staid in; they were 161, we but 44, and then they flung pillows upon the question, and stifled it,—and *so* the French have *not* encroached.

There has been more serious work in the Lords, upon much less important matter; a bill for regulating the poor,—(don't ask me how, for you know I am a perfect goose about details of business), formed by one Gilbert[3], a Member, and Steward to the Duke of Bridgewater, or Lord Gower, or both,—had passed pacifically through the Commons, but Lord Egmont set fire to it in the Lords. On the second reading, he opposed it again, and made a most admired speech; however it passed

[2] Of Lord Byron.

[3] Thomas Gilbert, Esq., M.P. for Newcastle-under-line, Comptroller of the King's Wardrobe.

on. But again, last Tuesday, when it was to be in the Committee, such forces were mustered against the Bill, that behold all the world regarded it as a pitched battle between Lord Bute and Lord Holland on one side, and the Bedfords and Grenville on the other. You may guess if it grew a day of expectation. When it arrived, Lord Bute was not present, Lord Northumberland voted *for* the bill, and Lord Holland went away. Still politicians do not give up the mystery. Lord Denbigh[4] and Lord Pomfret, especially the latter, were the most personal against his Grace of Bedford. He and his friends, they say, (for I was not there, as you will find presently,) kept their temper well. At ten at night, the House divided, and, to be sure, the minority was dignified; it consisted of the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the Chancellor, Chief Justice, Lord President, Privy Seal, Lord Chamberlain, Chamberlain to the Queen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and a Secretary of State. Lord Halifax, the other Secretary, was ill. The numbers were 44 to 58. Lord Pomfret then moved to put off the Bill for four months; but the Cabinet rallied, and rejected the motion by a majority of one. So it is to come on again after the holidays. The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Temple, and the Opposition, had once more the pleasure, which, I believe, they don't dislike, of being in a majority.

Now, for my disaster; you will laugh at it, though it was woful to me. I was to dine at Northumberland House, and went a little after hour: there I found the Countess, Lady Betty Mekinsy, Lady Strafford,

[4] Basil, sixth Earl of Denbigh, and George, Earl of Pomfret, both Lords of the Bedchamber.

my Lady Finlater[5], who was never out of Scotland before, a tall lad of fifteen, her son, Lord Drogheda, and Mr. Worseley[6]. At five[7], arrived Mr. Mitchell[8], who said the Lords had begun to read the Poor Bill, which would take at least two hours, and perhaps would debate it afterwards. We concluded dinner would be called for, it not being very precedented for ladies to wait for gentlemen:—no such thing. Six o'clock came,—seven o'clock came,—our coaches came,—well! we sent them away, and excuses were we were engaged. Still the Countess' heart did not relent, nor uttered a syllable of apology. We wore out the wind and the weather, the Opera and the Play, Mrs. Cornelys's and Almack's, and every topic that would do in a formal circle. We hinted, represented—in vain. The clock struck eight: my Lady, at last, said, she would go and order dinner; but it was a good half hour before it appeared. We then set down to a table for fourteen covers; but instead of substantials, there was nothing but a profusion of plates striped red green and yellow, gilt plate, blacks and uniforms! My Lady Finlater, who had never seen these embroidered dinners, nor dined after three, was famished. The first course staid as long as possible, in hopes of the Lords: so did the second. The dessert at last arrived, and the middle dish was actually set on when Lord Finlater and Mr. Mackay[9] arrived!—would you believe it?—the dessert was re-

[5] Lady Mary Murray, daughter of John, first Duke of Athol, and wife of James, sixth Earl of Finlater: her son, afterwards seventh Earl, was born in 1750.

[6] Probably Thomas Worseley, Esq., M. P. for Oxford, and Surveyor-General of the Board of Works.

[7] This was probably the hour of extreme fashion at this time.

[8] Afterwards Sir Andrew Mitchell, K. B. our Minister at Berlin.

[9] Probably J. Ross Mackie, M. P. for Kirkcudbright, Treasurer of the Ordnance.

manded, and the whole first course brought back again!—Stay, I have not done:—just as this second first course had done its duty, Lord Northumberland, Lord Strafford, and Mekinsy [10] came in, and the whole began a third time! Then the second course, and the dessert! I thought we should have dropped from our chairs with fatigue and fumes! When the clock struck eleven, we were asked to return to the drawing-room, and drink tea and coffee, but I said I was engaged to supper, and came home to bed. My dear Lord, think of four hours and a half in a circle of mixed company, and three great dinners, one after another, without interruption;—no, it exceeded our day at Lord Archer's!

Mrs. Amiger[11], and Mrs. Southwell [12] Lady Gower's niece [13], are dead, and old Dr. Young, the poet. Good Night!

Yours, ever,

H. W.

[10] Mr. Walpole used to be very indignant with the mistakes which the French make as to our names; yet he himself was not very accurate on that point.

[11] The Lady of Major-Gen. Robert Armiger, who had been Aide-de-Camp to George II.

[12] Catherine, heiress of Edward Watson, Viscount Sondes, by Lady Catherine Tufton, co-heiress of the sixth Earl of Thanet, the son of Lady Margaret Sackville, the heiress of the de Cliffords; she was the mother of Edward Southwell, Esq., M. P. for Gloucestershire, who, on the death of his great aunt, Margaret Tufton, Baroness de Clifford, was confirmed in that Barony.

[13] Mary, another daughter and co-heiress of the sixth Earl Thanet, widow of Anthony Grey, Earl of Harold, and third wife of John, first Earl Gower.

LETTER XXXVI.

Arlington-street, April 18th, 1765.

LADY HOLLAND[1] carries this, which enables me to write a little more explicitly than I have been able to do lately. The King has been in the utmost danger; the humour in his face having fallen upon his breast. He now appears constantly; yet, I fear, his life is very precarious, and that there is even apprehension of a consumption. After many difficulties from different quarters, a Regency Bill is determined; the King named it first to the Ministers, who said, they intended to mention it to him as soon as he was well; yet they are not thought to be fond of it. The King is to come to the House on Tuesday, and recommend the provision to the Parliament. Yet, if what is whispered proves true, that the nomination of the Regent is to be reserved to the King's will, it is likely to cause great uneasiness. If the Ministers propose such a clause, it is strong evidence of their own instability, and, I should think, would not save them, at least, some of them. The world expects changes soon, though not a thorough alteration; yet, if any takes place shortly, I should think it would be a material one than not. The enmity between Lord Bute and Mr. Gren-

[1] Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, created Baroness Holland in 1762.

ville is not denied on either side. There is a notion, and I am inclined to think not ill founded, that the former and Mr. Pitt are treating. It is certain that the last has expressed wishes that the Opposition may lie still for the remainder of the Session. This, at least, puts an end to the question on your brother[2], of which I am glad for the present. The common town-talk is, that Lord Northumberland does not care to return to Ireland,—that you are to succeed him there, Lord Rochford[3] you, and that Sandwich is to go to Spain. My belief is that there will be no change, except, perhaps, a single one for Lord Northumberland, unless there are capital removals indeed.

The Chancellor, Grenville, the Bedfords, and the two Secretaries, are one body; at least, they pass for such: yet it is very lately if one of them has dropped his prudent management with Lord Bute. There seems an unwillingness to discard the Bedfords, though their Graces themselves keep little terms of civility to Lord Bute, none to the Princess (Dowager). Lord Gower is a better courtier, and Rigby would do any thing to save his place.

This is the present state, which every day may alter: even to-morrow is a day of expectation, as the last struggle of the Poor Bill. If the Bedford's carry it, either by force or sufferance, (though Lord Bute has constantly denied being the author of the opposition to it,) I shall less expect any great change soon. In those less important, I shall not wonder to find the Duke of Richmond come upon the scene, perhaps for Ireland, though he is not talked of.

[2] As to his dismissal.

[3] William Henry, fourth Earl of Rochford; at this period Ambassador in Spain, as he subsequently was to France. He was afterwards Secretary of State, and died in 1781.

Your brother is out of town, not troubling himself, though the time seems so critical. I am not so philosophic, as I almost wish for any thing that may put an end to my being concerned in the *mêlée*—for any end to a most gloomy prospect for the country: alas! I see it not.

Lord Byron's trial lasted two days, and he was acquitted totally by four Lords, Beaulieu[4], Falmouth[5], Despenser[6], and Orford[7], and found guilty of manslaughter by one hundred and twenty. The Dukes of York and Gloucester were present in their places. The prisoner behaved with great decorum, and seemed thoroughly shocked and mortified. Indeed, the bitterness of the world against him has been great, and the stories they have revived or invented to load him, very grievous. The Chancellor behaved with his usual, or, rather greater vulgarness and blunders. Lord Pomfret[8] kept away decently, from the similitude of his own story.

I have been to wait on Messrs. Choiseul[9], and de Lauragais[10] as you

[4] See *ante*.

[5] See *ante*.

[6] Sir Francis Dashwood, lately confirmed in this Barony, as the heir of the Fanes by his mother. He had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Bute's administration.

[7] George, third Earl of Orford, Mr. Walpole's nephew; on whose death, in 1791, he succeeded to the title.

[8] George, second Earl of Pomfret, while Lord Lempster, had the misfortune to kill Captain Grey of the Guards in a duel—he was tried at the Old Bailey in April, 1752, and found guilty of manslaughter only.

[9] The son, it is supposed, of the Duc de Praslin.

[10] Louis Leon de Brancas, the eldest son of the Duc de Villars Brancas: he was, during his father's life, known as the Comte, and afterwards Duc, de Lauragais, and was a very singular and eccentric person. He was a great *Anglomane*, and was the first introducer into France, of horse races *à l'Anglaise;* it was to him that Louis XV.—not pleased at his insolent *Anglomanie*—made so excellent a retort. The King had asked him, after one of his journies, what he had learned in England? Lauragais answered, with a kind of republican dignity, "*à panser*" (penser.) "*Les chavaux?*" inquired the King. On the

desired, but have not seen them yet. The former is lodged with my Lord Pembroke, and the Guerchy's are in terrible apprehensions of his exhibiting some scene.

The Duke of Cumberland bore the journey to Newmarket extremely well, but has been lethargic since; yet they have found out that Daffy's Elixir agrees with, and does him good. Prince Frederick is very bad. There is no private news at all. As I shall not deliver this till the day after to-morrow, I shall be able to give you an account of the fate of the Poor Bill.

The medals that came for me from Geneva, I forgot to mention to you, and to beg you to be troubled with them till I see you. I had desired Lord Stanhope [11] to send them; and will beg you too, if any bill, is sent, to pay it for me, and I will repay it you. I say nothing of my journey, which the unsettled state of affairs makes it impossible for me to fix. I long for every reason upon earth to be with you.

May 20th, Saturday.

The Poor Bill is put off till Monday; is then to be amended, and then dropped: a confession of weakness, in a set of people not famous for being moderate!

other hand, he was one of the first promoters of the practice of inoculation. The stories about him, both in England and France, are endless: "He was," says M. de Segur, who knew him well, "one of the most singular men of the long period in which he lived; he "united in his person a combination of great qualities and great faults, the smallest portion "of which would have marked any other man with a striking originality." He died not long since, at the age of ninety-one—his youthful name and follies forgotten in the respectable old age of the *Duc de Brancas*.

[11] Philip, second Earl Stanhope.

I was assured, last night, that Ireland had been twice offered to you, and that it hung on their insisting upon giving you a Secretary, either Wood[12] or Bunbury[13]. I replied very truly that I knew nothing of it, that you had never mentioned it to me, and I believed not even to your brother. The answer was, Oh! his particular friends are always the last that know any thing about him. Princess Amalie loves this topic, and is for ever teasing us about your mystery. I defend myself by pleading that I have desired you never to tell me any thing till it was in the Gazette.

They say there is to be a new alliance in the House of Montagu; that Lord Hinchinbrook[14] is to marry the sole remaining daughter of Lord Halifax; that her fortune is to be divided into three shares, of which each father is to take one, and the third is to be the provision for the victims. I don't think this the most unlikely part of the story.

Adieu! my dear Lord,

Yours, ever,

H. W.

[12] See *ante*, p. 32.

[13] See *ante*, p. 15.

[14] Afterwards fifth Earl of Sandwich. The match with Lady Eliza Savile took place on the 1st of March, 1766.

LETTER XXXVII.

Arlington-street, May 5th, 1765.

THE plot thickens; at least, it does not clear up. I don't know how to tell you in the compass of a letter, what is matter for a history, and it is the more difficult, as we are but just in the middle.

During the recess, the King acquainted the Ministry that he would have a Bill of Regency, and told them the particulars of his intention. The town gives Lord Holland the honour of the measure[1]; certain it is, the Ministry, who are not the Court, did not taste some of the items: such as the Regent to be in petto, the Princes[2] to be omitted, and four secret nominations to which the Princes *might* be applied. However, thinking it was better to lose their share of future power than their present places, the Ministers gave a gulp and swallowed the whole potion; still it lay so heavy at their stomachs, that they brought up part of it again, and obtained the Queen's name to be placed as one that might be Regent. Mankind laughed, and proclaimed their Wisdoms bit. Upon this, their Wisdoms beat up for opponents, and

[1] It was certainly the result of His Majesty's own good sense, directed to the subject by his late serious indisposition; but the details, and the mismanagement of these details, were, no doubt, the acts of the Ministers.

[2] The King's uncle and brothers.

set fire to the old stubble[3] of the Princess and Lord Bute. Every body took the alarm; and such uneasiness was raised, that after the King had notified the Bill to both Houses, a new message was sent, and instead of four secret nominations, the five Princes were named, with power to the crown of supplying their places if they died off.

Last Tuesday the Bill was read a second time in the Lords. Lord Lyttelton opposed an unknown Regent, Lord Temple the whole Bill, seconded by Lord Shelburn. The first division came on the commitment of the whole Bill. The Duke of Newcastle, and almost all the opposition were with the majority, for his Grace could not decently oppose so great a likeness of his own child, the former Bill, and so they were one hundred and twenty. Lord Temple, Lord Shelburne, the Duke of Grafton, and six more composed the minority; the slenderness of which so enraged Lord Temple, though he had declared himself of no party, and connected with no party, that he and the Duke of Bolton came no more to the House. Next day Lord Lyttelton moved an address to the King, to name the person he would recommend for Regent. In the midst of this debate, the Duke of Richmond started two questions; whether the Queen was naturalized, and if not, whether capable of being Regent; and he added a third much more puzzling; who are the Royal Family? Lord Denbigh answered flippantly, all who are prayed for: the Duke of Bedford, more significantly, those *only* who are in the order of succession—*a direct exclusion of the*

[3] These hints as to the modes by which the extraordinary prejudices and clamours which disturbed the first years of the reign of George III. were excited and maintained at the the pleasure of a faction, are very valuable; and the spirit of the times was in nothing more evident than in the intrigues and violence which marked the progress of so simple and necessary a measure as the Regency Bill.

Princess; for the Queen is named in the Bill. The Duke of Richmond moved to consult the Judges; Lord Mansfield fought this off, declared he had his opinion, but would not tell it—and staid away next day! They then proceeded on Lord Lyttelton's motion, which was rejected by eighty-nine to thirty-one; after which, the Duke of Newcastle came no more; and Grafton, Rockingham, and many others, went to Newmarket; for that rage is so strong, that I cease to wonder at the gentleman who was going out to hunt as the battle of Edgehill began.

The third day was a scene of folly and confusion, for when Lord Mansfield is absent,

Lost is the nation's sense, nor can be found.

The Duke of Richmond moved an amendment, that the persons capable of the Regency should be the Queen, the Princess Dowager, and all the descendants of the late King usually resident in England. Lord Halifax endeavoured to jockey this, by a previous amendment of *now* for *usually*. The Duke persisted with great firmness and cleverness; Lord Halifax, with as much peevishness and absurdity; in truth, he made a woeful figure. The Duke of Bedford supported t'other Duke against the Secretary, but would not yield to name the Princess, though the Chancellor declared her of the Royal Family[4]. This droll personage is exactly what Woodward would be, if there was such a farce as Trappolin Chancellor. You will want a key to all this, but

[4] This opinion of the Chancellor's appears to have been considered by Mr. Walpole as very absurd, and he seems inclined to come to the same conclusion which Sterne has treated with such admirable ridicule in the case of the Duchess of Suffolk, *viz.*, that "*the mother was not of kin to her own child.*"—See *Tristram Shandy*, part 4. Nothing in the debate of Didius and Triptolemus at the visitation dinner, is more absurd, than this grave discussion in the House of Lords, whether the King's mother is one of the Royal Family.

who has a key to chaos? After puzzling on for two hours how to adjust these motions, while the spectators stood laughing around, Lord Folkstone rose, and said, why not say *now and usually?* They adopted this amendment at once, and then rejected the Duke of Richmond's motion, but ordered the Judges to attend next day on the questions of naturalization.

Now comes the marvellous transaction, and I defy Mr. Hume, all historian as he is, to parallel it. The Judges had decided for the Queen's capability, when Lord Halifax[5] rose, by the King's permission, desired to have the Bill recommitted, and then moved the Duke of Richmond's own words, with the single omission of the Princess Dowager's name, and thus she alone is rendered incapable of the Regency—and stigmatized by Act of Parliament! The astonishment of the world is not to be described. Lord Bute's friends are thunderstruck. The Duke of Bedford almost danced about the House for joy. Comments there are, various; and some palliate it, by saying it was done at the Princess's desire; but the most inquisitive say, the King was taken by surprise, that Lord Halifax proposed the amendment to him, and hurried with it to the House of Lords, before it could be recalled; and they even surmise that he did not observe to the King the omission of his mother's name. Be that as it may, open war seems to be declared between the Court and the Administration, and men are gazing to see which side will be victorious.

To-morrow the Bill comes to us, and Mr. Pitt, too, violent against the whole Bill, unless this wonderful event has altered his tone. For my part I shall not be surprised, if he affects to be in astonishment at

[5] Secretary of State.

missing *a great and most respectable name*[6]! This is the sum total—but what a sum total? It is the worst of *North Britons* published by Act of Parliament!

I took the liberty, in my last, of telling you what I heard about your going to Ireland. It was from one you know very well, and one I thought well informed, or I should not have mentioned it. Positive as the information was, I find nothing to confirm it. On the contrary, Lord Harcourt[7] seems the most probable, if any thing is probable at this strange juncture. You will scarce believe me when I tell you, what I know is true, that the Bedfords pressed strongly for Lord Weymouth[8]—Yes, for Lord Weymouth. Is any thing extraordinary in them?

Will it be presuming too much upon your friendship and indulgence, if I hint another point to you, which, I own, seems to me right to mention to you? You know how eagerly the Ministry have laboured to deprive Mr. Thomas Walpole[9] of the French commerce of tobacco. His correspondent sends him word, that you was so persuaded it was

[6] This was Mr. Pitt's expression on not finding Lord Anson's name in the list of the Ministry formed in 1757. Mr. Walpole disliked Lord Anson, and on more than one occasion amuses himself with allusions to this phrase.

[7] Simon, first Earl of Harcourt: he was, in 1768, Ambassador to Paris, and in 1769, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

[8] Thomas, third Viscount Weymouth, and first Marquis of Bath. He was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but never went over to that kingdom; he became Secretary of State in 1768, went out in 1772, and returned to the same office in 1775, which he held till 1779. He died in 1796, Groom of the Stole.

[9] Thomas, the second son of Horatio, first Lord Walpole of Wolterton, brother of Sir Robert. He was an eminent merchant and banker in London, in partnership with Sir J. Vanneck, whose daughter he married, and by her was father of Lieutenant Colonel Walpole, killed in the Irish rebellion. Mr. Thomas Walpole sat in Parliament from, 1754, till his death in 1803.

taken away, that you had recommended another person—You know enough, my dear Lord, of the little connexion I have with that part of my family [10], though we do visit again, and therefore will, I hope, be convinced, that it is for your sake that I principally mention it. If Mr. Walpole loses this vast branch of trade, he and Sir Joshua Vanneck must shut up shop. Judge the noise that would make in the city! Mr. Walpole's [11] alliance with the Cavendishes (for I will say nothing of our family) would interest them deeply in his cause, and I think you would be sorry to have them think you instrumental to his ruin. Your brother knows of my writing to you and giving you this information, and we are both solicitous that your name should not appear in this transaction. This letter goes to you by a private hand, or I would not have spoken so plainly throughout. Whenever you please to recal your positive order, that I should always tell you whatever I hear that relates to you, I shall willingly forbear, for I am sensible this is not the most agreeable province of friendship; yet, as it is certainly due when demanded, I don't consider myself, but sacrifice the more agreeable task of pleasing you, to that of serving you, that I may show myself

Yours most sincerely,

H. W.

[10] This coolness between Mr. Walpole and his uncle should be remembered, when we read that portion of the *Memoirs* which relates to Lord Walpole.

[11] Mr. Thomas Walpole's elder brother (second Lord Walpole, and first Lord Orford of his branch) married the youngest daughter of the third Duke of Devonshire.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Arlington-street, Sunday, May 12th, 1765.

THE clouds and mists that I raised by my last letter will not be dispersed by this; nor will the Bill of Regency, as long as it has a day's breath left (and it has but one to come), cease, I suppose, to produce extraordinary events. For agreeable events, it has not produced one to any set or side, except in gratifying malice; every other passion has received, or probably will receive, a box on the ear.

In my last I left the Princess Dowager in the mire. The next incident was of a negative kind. Mr. Pitt, who, if he had been wise, would have come to help her out, chose to wait to see if she was to be left there, and gave himself a terrible fit of the gout. As nobody was ready *to read his part to the audience*, (though, I assure you, we do not want a genius or two who think themselves born to dictate,) the first day in our House did not last two minutes. The next, which was Tuesday, we rallied. our understandings (mine, indeed, did not go beyond being quiet, when the administration had done for us what we could not do for ourselves), and combatted the Bill till nine at night. Barrè, who will very soon be our first orator, especially as some[1] are a little *afraid* to dispute with him, attacked it admirably, and your

[1] It seems, from the next letter, that this alludes to Charles Townshend.

brother ridiculed the House of Lords delightfully, who, he said, *had deliberated without concluding, and concluded without deliberating.* However, we broke up without a division.

Can you devise what happened next? A buzz spread itself, that the Tories would move to reinstate the Princess. You will perhaps be so absurd as to think with me, that when the administration had excluded her, it was our business to pay her a compliment. Alas! that was my opinion, but I was soon given to understand, that patriots must be men of virtue, must be pharisees, and not countenance naughty women; and that when the Duchess of Bedford had thrown the first stone, we had nothing to do but continue pelting. Unluckily I was not convinced; I could neither see the morality nor prudence of branding the King's mother upon no other authority than public fame: yet, willing to get something when I could not get all, I endeavoured to obtain that we should stay away. Even this was warmly contested with me, and, though I persuaded several, particularly the two oldest Cavendishes[2], the Townshends[3], and your nephew Fitzroy[4], whom I trust you will thank me for saving, I could not convince Lord John, [Cavendish,] who, I am sorry to say, is the most obstinate, conceited young man I ever saw; George Onslow, and that old simpleton the Duke of Newcastle, who had the impudence to talk to me of *character*, and that we should be ruined with the Public, if we did not divide against the Princess. You will be impatient, and wonder I do not name your brother. You know

[2] Lord George, and Lord Frederick.

[3] Probably Messrs. Thomas Townshend, senior and junior, and Charles Townshend, a cousin of the great Charles Townshend's, who sat with Sir Edward Walpole for North Yarmouth.

[4] See *ante*, p. 35.

how much he respects virtue and honour, even in their names; Lord John, who, I really believe, respects them too, has got cunning enough to see their empire over your brother, and had fascinated him to agree to this outrageous, provoking, and most unjustifiable of all acts. Still Mr. Conway was so good as to yield to my earnest and vehement entreaties, and it was at last agreed to propose to name the Queen; and when we did not carry it, as we did not expect to do, to retire before the question came on the Princess. But even this measure was not strictly observed. We divided 67 for the nomination of the Queen, against 157. Then Morton[5] moved to reinstate the Princess. Martin, her treasurer, made a most indiscreet and offensive speech in her behalf; said she had been stigmatized by the House of Lords, and had lived long enough in this country to know the hearts and falsehood of those who had professed the most to her. Grenville vows publicly he will never forgive this, and was not more discreet, declaring, though he agreed to the restoration of her name, that he thought the omission would have been universally *acceptable.* George Onslow and all the Cavendishes, gained over by Lord John, and the most attached of the Newcastle band, opposed the motion; but your brother, Sir William Meredith, and I, and others, came away, which reduced the numbers so much, that there was no division. But now to unfold all this black scene[6]; it comes out as I had guessed, and very plainly told them,

[5] John Morton, Esq., M.P. for Abingdon, Chief Justice of Chester.

[6] It was, indeed, a black and scandalous intrigue, by which the character of the Sovereign's mother, and the peace and comfort of the Royal Family, were thus made the counters with which contending factions played their game; and if we may believe Mr. Walpole himself, the motives which actuated those who attacked, and those who seemed to defend the Princess Dowager, were equally selfish and unworthy.

that the Bedfords had stirred up our fools to do what they did not dare to do themselves. Old Newcastle had even told me, that unless we opposed the Princess, the Duke of Bedford would not. It was sedulously given out, that Forrester[7], the latter Duke's Lawyer, would speak against her; and after the question had passed, he told our people, that we had given up the game when it was in our hands, for there had been many more noes than ayes. It was very true, many did not wish well enough to the Princess to roar for her; and many will say *no*, when the question is put, who will vote *ay*, if it comes to a division, and of this I do not doubt but the Bedfords had taken care—well! duped by these gross arts, the Cavendishes and Pelhams determined to divide the next day on the report. I did not learn this mad resolution till four o'clock, when it was too late, and your brother in the House, and the report actually made; so I turned back and came away, learning afterwards to my great mortification, that he had voted with them. If any thing could comfort me, it would be, that even so early as last night, and only this happened on Friday night, it was generally allowed how much I had been in the right, and foretold exactly all that had happened. They had vaunted to me how strong they should be. I had replied, "When you were but 76 on the most inoffensive question, do you think you will be half that number on the most personal and indecent that can be devised?" Accordingly, they were but 37 to 167; and to show how much the Bedfords were at the bottom of all, Rigby, Forrester, and Lord Charles Spencer, went up into the Speaker's Chamber, and would not vote for the Princess!

[7] Probably Alexander Forrester, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, M.P. for Ashburton, a Barrister at law, and the same mentioned in p. 60.

At first I was not quite so well treated. Sir William Meredith, who, by the way, voted in the second question against his opinion, told me Onslow had said that he, Sir William, your brother, and Lord Townshend, had stayed away from conscience, but all the others from interest. I replied, "Then I am included in the latter predicament[8]: but you may tell Mr. Onslow that he will take a place before I shall, and that I had rather be suspected of being mercenary, than stand up in my place and call God to witness that I meant nothing personal, when I was doing the most personal thing in the world."—I beg your pardon, my dear Lord, for talking so much about myself, but the detail was necessary and important to you, who I wish should see that I can act with a little common sense, and will not be governed by all the phrenzy of party.

The rest of the Bill was contested inch by inch, and by division on division, till eleven at night, after our wise leaders had whittled down the minority to 24[9]. Charles Townshend, they say, surpassed all he had ever done, in a wrangle with Onslow, and was so lucky as to have Barrè absent, who has long laid in wait for him. When they told me how well Charles had spoken *on himself*, I replied, "That is conformable to what I always thought of his parts, that he speaks best on what he understands the least."

We have done with the Bill, and to-morrow our correction goes to

[8] It certainly does seem from the foregoing account of his own motives, that *conscience* had little to do with Mr. Walpole's conduct on this affair; as to his pledge that Mr. Onslow would take a place before him, we must observe, that it is not quite so generous as it may seem; for Mr. Walpole was already, by the provident care of his father, supplied with three sinecure places, and two rent charges on two others, producing him altogether about 6,300*l.* per annum. See *Quart. Rev.* March, 1822.

[9] On the question for the third reading of the Bill, the numbers were 150 and 24.

the Lords. It will be a day of wonderful expectation, to see in what manner they will swallow their vomit. The Duke of Bedford, it is conjectured, will stay away:—but what will that scape-goose, Lord Halifax, do, who is already convicted of having told the King a most notorious lie, that if the Princess was not given up by the Lords, she would be unanimously excluded by the Commons. The Duke of Bedford, who had broke the ground, is little less blameable; but Sandwich, who was present, has, with his usual address, contrived not to be talked of, since the first hour.

When the Bill shall be passed, the eyes of mankind will turn to see what will be the consequence. The Princess, and Lord Bute, and the Scotch, do not affect to conceal their indignation. If Lord Halifax is even reprieved, the King is more enslaved to a cabal than ever his grandfather was: yet how replace them? Newcastle and the most desirable of the Opposition have rendered themselves more obnoxious than ever, and even seem, or must seem to Lord Bute, in league with those he wishes to remove. The want of a proper person for Chancellor of the Exchequer is another difficulty, though I think easily removable by clapping a tied wig on Ellis, Barrington, or any other block, and calling it George Grenville. One remedy is obvious, and at which, after such insults and provocations, were I Lord Bute, I should not stick; I would deliver myself up, bound hand and foot, to Mr. Pitt, rather than not punish such traitors and wretches, who murmur, submit, affront, and swallow in the most ignominious manner,—*oh il faudra qu'il y vienne*,—as Leonor says in the Marquis de Roselle,—*il y viendra*. For myself, I have another little comfort, which is seeing, that when the Ministry encourage the Opposition, they do but lessen our numbers.

You may be easy about this letter, for Monsieur de Guerchy sends it for me by a private hand, as I did the last. I wish, by some such conveyance, you would tell me a little of your mind on all this embroil, and whether you approve or disapprove my conduct. After the liberties you have permitted me to take with you, my dear Lord, and without them, as you know my openness, and how much I am accustomed to hear of my faults, I think you cannot hesitate. Indeed, I trust, I have done, or tried to do, just what you would have wished. Could I, who have at least some experience and knowledge of the world, have directed, our party had not been in the contemptible and ridiculous situation it is. Had I had more weight, things still more agreeable to you had happened. Now, I could almost despair; but I have still perseverance, and some resources left. Whenever I can get to you, I will unfold a great deal; but in this critical situation, I cannot trust what I can leave to no management but my own.

Your brother would have writ, if I had not: he is gone to Park-place to-day, with his usual phlegm, but returns to-morrow. What would I give you were here yourself; perhaps you do not thank me for the wish.

Do not wonder if, except thanking you for D'Alembert's book, I say not a word of any thing but politics. I have not had a single other thought these three weeks. Though in all the bloom of my passion, lilac-tide, I have not been at Strawberry this fortnight. I saw things arrived at the point[10] I wished, and to which I had singularly contri-

[10] This seems to imply that Mr. Walpole thought that if the Opposition had taken up the cause of the Princess Dowager, when she had been abandoned by the Ministers, the latter might have been removed, and the former brought into power.

buted to bring them, as you shall know hereafter, and then I saw all my work kicked down by two or three frantic boys, and I see what I most dread, likely to happen, unless I can prevent it,—but I have said enough for you to understand me. I think we agree. However, this is for no ear or breast but your own. Remember Monsieur de Nivernois [11], and take care of the letters you receive. Adieu!

LETTER XXXIX.

Arlington-Street, Monday Evening, May 20th, 1765.

I SCARCE know where to begin, and I am sure not where I shall end. I had comforted myself with getting over all my difficulties: my friends opened their eyes, and were ready, nay, some of them eager, to list under Mr. Pitt; for I must tell you, that by a fatal precipitation[1], the King,—when his Ministers went to him last Thursday,

[11] He alludes to the infidelity of D'Eon to the Duke of Nivernois.

[1] This must mean that the King acted injudiciously in announcing to the Ministers his intentions to change them before he had arranged who were to be their successors. In a letter of Mr. Burke to Mr. Flood, dated 18th May, 1765, he thus states his view of the political prospect of this period: "There is a strong probability that new men will come in, and not improbably with new ideas: at this very instant the causes productive of such a change are strongly at work. The Regency Bill has shown such a want of concert and want of capacity in Ministers—such an inattention to the honour of the Crown, if not a design *against* it—such imposition and suspicion upon the King, and such a misrepresentation of the disposition of Parliament to the Sovereign, that there is no doubt a fixed

16th, to receive his commands for his Speech, at the end of the Session, which was to have been the day after to-morrow, the 22d,—forbad the Parliament to be prorogued, which he said he would only have adjourned; they were thunderstruck, and asked if he intended to make any change in his administration? he replied, certainly; he could not bear it as it was. His uncle[2] was sent for, was ordered to form a new Administration, and treat with Mr. Pitt. This negotiation proceeded for four days, and got wind in two. The town, more accommodating than Mr. Pitt, settled the whole list of employments. The facilities, however, were so few, that yesterday the Hero of Culloden went down in person to the Conqueror of America, at Hayes, and though tendering almost *carte blanche*,—*blanchissime* for the constitution, and little short of it for the whole red-book of places,—brought back nothing but a flat refusal. Words cannot paint the confusion into which every thing is thrown. The four Ministers, I mean the Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two Secretaries, acquainted their master yesterday, that they adhere to one another, and shall all resign to-morrow, and, perhaps, must be recalled on Wednesday,—must have a *carte noire*, not *blanche*, and will certainly not expect any stipulations to be offered for the Constitution, by no means the object of their care!

You are not likely to tell in Gath, nor publish in Ascalon, the alternative of humiliation to which the Crown is reduced. But, alas! this is far from being the lightest evil to which we are at the eve of being

resolution to get rid of them all (except, perhaps, Grenville,) but principally of the Duke of Bedford. So that you will have more reason to be surprised to find the Ministry standing by the end of the next week than to hear of their entire removal.—*Prior's Life of Burke*, p. 81.

[2] The Duke of Cumberland.

exposed. I mentioned the mob of weavers which had besieged the Parliament, and attacked the Duke of Bedford, and I thought no more of it; but on Friday, a well disciplined, and, I fear, too well conducted a multitude, repaired again to Westminster, with red and black flags; the House of Lords, where not thirty were present, acted with no spirit;—examined Justice Fielding, and the Magistrates, and adjourned till to-day. At seven that evening, a prodigious multitude assaulted Bedford House, and began to pull down the walls, and another party surrounded the garden, where there were but fifty men on guard, and had forced their way, if another party of guards that had been sent for had arrived five minutes later. At last, after reading the proclamation, the gates of the court were thrown open, and sixty foot soldiers marched out; the mob fled, but being met by a party of horse, were much cut and trampled, but no lives lost. Lady Tavistock, and every thing valuable in the house, have been sent out of town. On Saturday, all was pretty quiet; the Duchess was blooded, and every body went to visit them. I hesitated, being afraid of an air of triumph; however, lest it should be construed the other way, I went last night at eight o'clock; in the square I found a great multitude, not of weavers, but seemingly of Sunday-passengers. At the gate guarded by grenadiers, I found so large a throng, that I had not only difficulty to make my way, though in my chariot, but was hissed and pelted, and in two minutes after, the glass of Lady Grosvenor's coach was broken, as those of Lady Cork's chair were entirely demolished afterwards. I found Bedford House a perfect garrison, sustaining a siege, the Court full of horse-guards, constables, and gentlemen. I told the Duke that however I might happen to differ with him in politics, this was a com-

mon cause, and that every body must feel equal indignation at it. In the mean time the mob grew so riotous, that they were forced to make both horse and foot parade the square before the tumult was dispersed.

To-morrow we expect much worse. The weavers have declared they will come down to the House of Lords for redress, which they say they have been promised. A body of 500 sailors were on the road from Portsmouth to join them, but luckily the Admiralty had notice of their intention, and stopped them[3]. A large body of weavers are on the road from Norwich, and it is said have been joined by numbers in Essex; guards are posted to prevent, if possible, their approaching the city. Another troop of manufacturers are coming from Manchester, and what is worst of all, there is such a general spirit of mutiny and dissatisfaction in the lower people, that I think we are in danger of a rebellion in the heart of the capital in a week. In the mean time, there is neither Administration nor Government. The King is out of town, and this is the crisis in which Mr. Pitt, who could stop every evil, chooses to be more unreasonable than ever[4].

[3] We find no where else any trace of this pretended mutiny of the sailors; it was, probably, a falsehood invented by the disaffected to keep up the spirits of the rioters.

[4] The letter of Mr. Burke, before alluded to, describes in a striking manner Mr. Pitt's conduct at this crisis:—"Nothing but an intractable temper in your friend Pitt can prevent a most admirable and lasting system from being put together, and this crisis will show whether pride or patriotism be predominant in his character; for, you may be assured, he has it now in his power to come into the service of his country upon any plan of politics he may choose to dictate, with great and honourable terms to himself, and every friend he has in the world, and with such a strength of power as will be equal to any thing but absolute despotism over king and kingdom. A few days will show whether he will take *this* part, or continue *on his back at Hayes, talking fustian!*"—*Prior's Life of Burke, p.* 81.

Mr. Craufurd, whom you have seen at the Duchess of Grafton's, carries this, or I should not venture being so explicit. Wherever the storm may break out at first, I think Lord Bute cannot escape his share of it. The Bedfords may triumph over him, the Princess, and still higher, if they are fortunate enough to avoid the present ugly appearances; and yet how the load of odium will be increased, if they return to power! One can name many in whose situation one would not be,—not one, who is not situated unpleasantly.

Adieu! my dear Lord; you shall hear as often as I can find a conveyance; but these are not topics for the post!

Poor Mrs. Fitzroy has lost her eldest girl[5]. I forgot to tell you that the young Duke of Devonshire goes to Court to-morrow.

Yours, ever,

H. W.

Wednesday Evening.

I am forced to send you journals rather than letters. Mr. Craufurd, who was to carry this, has put off his journey till Saturday, and I choose rather to defer my despatch than trust it to Guerchy's courier, though he offered me that conveyance yesterday, but it is too serious to venture to their inspection.

Such precautions have been taken, and so many troops brought into town, that there has been no rising, though the Sheriffs of London acquainted the Lords on Monday that a very formidable one was preparing for five o'clock the next morning. There was another tumult,

[5] Anne Caroline, born in 1759.

indeed, at three o'clock yesterday, at Bedford House, but it was dispersed by reading the Riot Act. In the mean time, the revolution has turned round again. The Ministers desired the King to commission Lord Granby, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Waldegrave, to suppress the riots, which, in truth, was little short of asking for the power of the sword against himself. On this, His Majesty determined to name the Duke of Cumberland Captain-General; but the tranquillity of the rioters happily gave H. R. H. occasion to persuade the King to suspend that resolution. Thank God! From eleven o'clock yesterday, when I heard it, till nine at night, when I learned that the resolution had dropped, I think I never passed such anxious hours! nay, I heard it was done, and looked upon the civil war as commenced. During these events, the Duke was endeavouring to form a ministry, but, luckily, nobody would undertake it when Mr. Pitt had refused; so the King is reduced to the mortification, and it is extreme, of taking his old Ministers again. They are insolent enough, you may believe: Grenville has treated his master in the most impertinent manner, and they are now actually digesting the terms that they mean to impose on their Captive, and Lord Bute is the chief object of their rage; though I think Lord Holland will not escape, nor Lord Northumberland, whom they treat as an encourager of the rioters. Both he and my Lady went on Monday night to Bedford House, and were received with every mark of insult[6]. The Duke turned his back on the Earl, without speaking to him, and he was kept standing an hour exposed to all their raillery. Still I have a more extraordinary event to tell you than all I have re-

[6] From the family, not from the rioters.

lated. Lord Temple and George Grenville were reconciled yesterday morning, by the intervention of Augustus Hervey; and, perhaps, the next thing you will hear, may be, that Lord Temple is sent by this Ministry to Ireland, though Lord Weymouth is again much talked of for it.

The report of Norwich and Manchester weavers on the road is now doubted. If Lord Bute is banished, I suppose the Duke of Bedford will become the hero of this very mob, and every act of power which they [the Ministers] have executed, let who will have been the adviser, will be forgotten. It will be entertaining to see Lord Temple supporting Lord Halifax on general warrants!

You have more than once seen your old master[7] reduced to surrender up his closet to a cabal—but never with such circumstances of insult, indignity, and humiliation! For our little party, it is more humbled than ever. Still I prefer that state to what I dread; I mean, seeing your brother embarked in a desperate administration. It was proposed first to make him Secretary at War, then Secretary of State, but he declined both. Yet I trembled, lest he should think himself bound in honour to obey the commands of the King and Duke of Cumberland; but, to my great joy, that alarm is over, unless the triumphant faction exact more than the King can possibly suffer. It will rejoice you, however, my dear Lord, to hear that Mr. Conway is perfectly restored to the King's favour, and that if he continues in Opposition, it will not be against the King, but a most abominable faction, who having raged against the constitution and their country to pay court to Lord

[7] George II.

Bute, have even thrown off that paltry mask, and avowedly hoisted the standard of their own power. Till the king has signed their demands, one cannot look upon this scene as closed.

Friday Evening.

You will think, my dear Lord, and it is natural you should, that I write my letters at once, and compose one part with my prophecies, and the other with the completion of them; but you must recollect that I understand this country pretty well,—attend closely to what passes,—have very good intelligence,—and know the characters of the actors thoroughly. A little sagacity added to such foundation, easily carries one's sight a good way; but you will care for my narrative more than my reflections, so I proceed.

On Wednesday, the Ministers dictated their terms; you will not expect much moderation, and, accordingly, there was not a grain: they demanded a royal promise of never consulting Lord Bute; secondly, the dismission of Mr. Mekinsy from the Direction of Scotland; thirdly, and lastly, for they could go no further, the Crown itself—or, in their words, the immediate nomination of Lord Granby to be Captain General. You may figure the King's indignation—for himself, for his favourite, for his uncle. In my own opinion, the proposal of grounds for taxing his Majesty himself hereafter with breaking his word[8], was the bitterest affront of all. He expressed his anger and astonishment, and bade them return at ten at night for his answer; but, before that,

[8] This alludes to the required promise not to consult Lord Bute.

he sent the Chancellor to the Junto, consenting to displace Mekinsy, refusing to promise not to consult Lord Bute, though acquiescing to his not interfering in business, but with a peremptory refusal to the article of Lord Granby. The rebels took till next morning to advise on their answer, when they gave up the point of Lord Granby, and contented themselves with the modification on the chapter of Lord Bute. However, not to be too complimentary, they demanded Mekinsy's place for Lord Lorn[9], and the instant removal of Lord Holland; both which have been granted. Charles Townshend is Paymaster, and Lord Weymouth Viceroy of Ireland; so Lord Northumberland remains on the *pavé*, which, as there is no place vacant for him, it was not necessary to stipulate. The Duchess of Bedford, with colours flying, issued out of her garrison yesterday, and took possession of the Drawing-room. To day their *Majesty-Graces* are gone to Woburn; but as the Duchess is a perfect Methodist against all suspicious characters, it is said, to-day, that Lord Talbot is to be added to the list of proscriptions, and now they think themselves established for ever.—Do they so?

Lord Temple declares himself the warmest friend of the present Administration;—there is a mystery still to be cleared up,—and, perhaps, a little to the mortification of Bedford House.—We shall see.

The Duke of Cumberland is retired to Windsor: your brother gone to Park-place: I go to Strawberry to-morrow, lest people should not

[9] John, Marquis of Lorn, afterwards fifth Duke of Argyle; a Lieutenant-General in the army. He was brother of General Conway's Lady.

think me a great man too. I don't know whether I shall not even think it necessary to order myself a fit of the gout [10].

I have received your short letter of the 16th, with the memorial of the family of Brebeuf;—now my head will have a little leisure, I will examine it, and see if I can do any thing in the affair. In that letter you say, you have been a month without hearing from any of your friends. I little expected to be taxed on that head: I have written you volumes almost every day; my last dates have been of April 11th, 20th, May 5th, 12th, and 16th. I beg you will look over them, and send me word exactly, and I beg you not to omit it, whether any of these are missing. Three of them I trusted to Guerchy, but took care they should contain nothing which it signified whether seen or not on t'other side of the water, though I did not care they should be perused on this. I had the caution not to let him have this, though; by the eagerness with which he proffered both to-day and yesterday, to send any thing by his couriers, I suspected he wished to help them to better intelligence than he could give them himself. He even told me he should have another courier depart on Tuesday next; but I excused myself, on pretence of having too much to write at once, and shall send this and a letter your brother has left me by Mr. Craufurd, though he does not set out till Sunday; but you had better wait for it from him, than from the Duc de Choiseul. Pray commend my discretion—you see I grow a consummate politician; but do'nt approve of it too much, lest I only send you letters as prudent as your own.

You may acquaint Lady Holland with the dismission of her Lord,

[10] An allusion to Mr. Pitt.

if she has not heard it, he being at Kingsgate. Your Secretary [11] is likely to be Prime Minister in Ireland. Two months ago the new Viceroy himself was going to France for debt, leaving his wife and children to be maintained by her mother [12].

I will be much obliged to you, my dear Lord, if you will contrive to pay Lady Stanhope for the Medals; they cost, I think, but 4*l.* 7*s.*, or thereabout—but I have lost the note.

Adieu! here ends volume the first. *Omnia mutantur, sed non mutamur in illis.* Princess Amelia, who has a little veered round to north-west, and by Bedford, does not speak tenderly of her brother—but if some families are reconciled, others are disunited. The Keppels are at open war with the Keppels, and Lady Mary Coke weeps with one eye over Lady Betty Mackinsy, and smiles with t'other on Lady Dalkeith [13]; but the first eye is the sincerest. The Duke of Richmond, in exactly the same proportion, is divided between his sisters, Holland and Bunbury.

Thank you much for your kindness about Mr. T. Walpole—I have not had a moment's time to see him, but will do full justice to your goodness.

Yours ever,

H. W.

Pray remember the dates of my letters—you will be strangely puzzled

[11] Sir Charles Bunbury, Secretary of Embassy at Paris, was nominated Secretary to Lord Weymouth, and held that office for about two months.

[12] The straitened circumstances of Lord Weymouth made his nomination very unpopular in Ireland: he never went over.

[13] In the recent arrangement, Lady Betty's husband was, as we have seen, dismissed from, and Lady Dalkeith's (Charles Townshend) acceded to, office.

for a clue, if one of them has miscarried. Sir Charles Bunbury is not to be Secretary for Ireland, but Thurloe, the Lawyer[14]: they are to stay five years without returning. Lord Lorn has declined, and Lord Frederic Campbell is to be Lord Privy Seal for Scotland. Lord Waldegrave, they say, Chamberlain to the Queen.

[14] This was a mistake.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE state of the administration, as described in the foregoing letters, could evi
not last; and after the failure of several attempts to induce Mr. Pitt to take the g lently
ment on terms which the King could grant, the Duke of Cumberland, at His M overn-
desire, succeeded in forming the Rockingham administration, in which General C ajesty's
was Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons, and Lord Hertfor Conway
Lieutenant of Ireland. There can be little doubt, that during these transactio l, Lord
Walpole (although he had in the interval a severe fit of the gout) wrote to Lord H ns, Mr.
but no other letter of this series has been discovered, which is the more to be reg ertford;
the state of Parties was at that moment particularly interesting. The refusal of retted, as
raised the Ministers to a pitch of confidence, (perhaps we might say, arrogance) Mr. Pitt
Mr. Walpole foresaw, accelerated their fall. So blind were they to their true which, as
that Mr. Rigby, who was as deep as any man in the Ministerial councils, w situation,
private friend—"I never thought, to tell you the truth, that we were in any d rites to a
"this last political cloud—The Duke of Cumberland's political system, grafte anger from
"Earl of Bute's stock, seems, of all others, the least capable of succeeding." d upon the
This letter was written on the 7th July, and on the 10th, the new Ministry
was formed.

LETTERS

FROM THE

HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE

TO THE

REVEREND HENRY ZOUCH.

THE Reverend Henry Zouch, to whom these letters were addressed, was a gentleman of ancient family in Yorkshire. He was the elder brother of Dr. Thomas Zouch, more extensively known as an author than Henry, who dedicated himself, particularly in latter life, to the performance of his duties as a parish priest, a country gentleman, and a magistrate, in all which characters he was highly exemplary. He published several works connected with these avocations, particularly on the management of prisons, and on other points of police. He had also in his earlier days been a poet; and these letters show that he was well acquainted with the literary history and antiquities of the country.

He died at the family seat of Sandall, of which parish he was also Vicar, in June, 1795, leaving his friend and kinsman, the Earl of Longdale, his Executor, by whose favour these letters are now given to the public.

The exact time of his birth is not ascertained, but as he was an A.B. of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1746, he probably was born about 1725.

LETTER I.

Strawberry-Hill, August 3d, 1758.

SIR,

I HAVE received with much pleasure and surprise, the favour of your remarks upon my catalogue[1]; and whenever I have the opportunity of being better known to you, I shall endeavour to express my gratitude for the trouble you have given yourself in contributing to perfect a work, which, notwithstanding your obliging expressions, I fear you found very little worthy the attention of so much good sense and knowledge, Sir, as you possess.

I am extremely thankful for all the information you have given me; I had already met with a few of the same lights as I have received, Sir, from you, as I shall mention in their place. The very curious accounts of Lord Fairfax were entirely new and most acceptable to me. If I decline making use of one or two of your hints, I believe I

[1] The *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,* originally published by Mr. Walpole in 1758. Mr. Zouch appears to have commenced the correspondence on the occasion of this publication. The author of the catalogue received much of the same kind of assistance as was given to him by Mr. Zouch; but his editor, Mr. Park, says, "it would seem that Lord Orford was more thankful for communications tendered, than desirous to let the contents of them be seen."

can explain my reasons to your satisfaction. I will, with your leave, go regularly through your letter.

As Caxton[2] laboured in the monastery of Westminster, it is not at all unlikely that he should wear the habit, nor, considering how vague our knowledge of that age is, impossible but he might enter the order.

I have met with Henry's institution of a Christian, and shall give you an account of it in my next edition. In that, too, I shall mention, that Lord Cobham's[3] allegiance professed at his death to Richard II., probably means to Richard and his right heirs, whom he had abandoned for the house of Lancaster. As the article is printed off, it is too late to say any thing more about his works.

In all the old books of genealogy you will find, Sir, that young Richard, Duke of York[4], was solemnly married to a child of his own age, Anne Mowbray, the heiress of Norfolk, who died young as well as he.

[2] It is probable that Mr. Zouch objected to Mr. Walpole's assertion, that the illumination prefixed to a manuscript in Lambeth library, of Earl Rivers's translation of "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers, by Jehan de Teonville," represented the Earl introducing Caxton to Edward IV. Mr. Zouch seems to have very properly doubted whether Caxton would wear the clerical habit, as the figure referred to in that illumination does; and Mr. Walpole replies to that doubt. Upon the same subject, Mr. Cole says, "qu. how Lord Orford came to know the kneeling figure in a clerical habit was Caxton the printer? He is certainly a Priest, as is evident from his tonsure, but I do not think that Caxton was in orders. I should rather suppose that it was designed for Jean de Teonville, provost of Paris."

[3] Mr. Walpole did make this promised statement in the following note: "King Richard had long been dead; I suppose it is only meant that Lord Cobham disclaimed obedience to the House of Lancaster, who had usurped the throne of King Richard and his right heirs."

[4] He was married on the 15th of January, 1477-8, in the fourth year of his age.

The article of the Duke of Somerset is printed off too; besides, I should imagine the letter you mention not to be of his own composition, for, though not illiterate, he certainly could not write any thing like classic Latin[5]. I may, too, possibly have inclusively mentioned the very letter; I have not Ascham's book, to see from what copy the letter was taken, but probably from one of those which I have said is in Bennet Library.

The Catalogue of Lord Brooke's works is taken from the volume of his works; such pieces of his as I found doubted, particularly the tragedy of Cicero, I have taken notice of as doubtful.

In my next edition you will see, Sir, a note on Lord Herbert, who, besides being with the King at York, had offended the Peers by a speech in His Majesty's defence.

Mr. Wolseley's preface I shall mention, from your information.

Lord Rochester's letters to his son are letters to a child, bidding him mind his book and his grandmother.

I had already been told, Sir, what you tell me of Marchmont Needham.

Matthew Clifford I have altered to *Martin* as you prescribe; the blunder was my own, as well as a more considerable one, that of Lord Sandwich's death—which was occasioned by my supposing, at first, that

[5] In a subsequent edition Mr. Walpole recites the title of this letter, "Epistola exhortatoria missa ad Nobilitatem ac Plebem universumque Populum Regni Scotiæ," printed in 4to. at London, 1548; and he adds, this might possibly be composed by some dependant. We do not exactly see the grounds of Walpole's assertion, that the Lord Protector Somerset "could not write any thing like classic Latin;" although we admit that his having been Chancellor of Cambridge is not conclusive evidence upon this subject, and that it is probable that the letter was written by his Secretary.

the translation of Barba[6] was made by the second Earl, whose death I had marked in the list, and forgot to alter, after I had writ the account of the father. I shall take care to set this right, as the second volume is not yet begun to be printed.

Lord Halifax's maxims I have already marked down, as I shall Lord Dorset's share in Pompey.

The account of the Duke of Wharton's death I had from a very good hand—Captain Willoughby; who, in the Convent where the Duke died, saw a picture of him in the habit. If it was a Bernardine Convent, the gentleman might confound them; but, considering that there is no life of the Duke but Booksellers' trash, it is much more likely that they mistook.

I have no doubts about Lord Belhaven's speeches, but unless I could verify their being published by himself, it were contrary to my rule to insert them.

If you look, Sir, into Lord Clarendon's account of Montrose's death, you will perceive that there is no probability of the book of his actions being composed by himself.

I will consult Sir James Ware's book on Lord Totness's translation; and I will mention the Earl of Cork's Memoirs.

Lord Lessington is the Earl of Monmouth, in whose article I have taken notice of his Romulus and Tarquin.

[6] "The *Art of Metals*, in which is declared the manner of their generation." Albara Alonzo Barba was Curate of St. Bernard's, in Potosi. This work, which contains a great deal of practical information on mining, has also been translated into German and French. The English editions are very scarce, and a republication might be desirable in this age of mining adventure.

Lord Berkeley's book I have actually got, and shall give him an article.

There is one more passage, Sir, in your letter, which I cannot answer, without putting you to new trouble—a liberty which all your indulgence cannot justify me in taking; else I would beg to know on what authority you attribute to Laurence, Earl of Rochester[7], the famous preface to his father's history, which I have always heard ascribed to Atterbury, Smallridge, and Aldridge. The knowledge of this would be an additional favour; it would be a much greater, Sir, if coming this way, you would ever let me have the honour of seeing a gentleman to whom I am so much obliged.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient, humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[7] Second son of the great Lord Clarendon. Mr. Walpole makes no mention of this preface, but Mr. Park seems to have entertained the same idea as Mr. Zouch, as he says, "his Lordship merits honourable notice in the present work, as the conceived author of a preface to the first edition of his noble father's history, which abounds with dignified sentiment and filial reverence."

LETTER II.

Strawberry Hill, August 12th, 1758.

SIR,

IT were a disrespect to your order, of which I hope you think me incapable, not to return an immediate answer to the favour of your last, the engaging modesty of which would raise my esteem, if I had not felt it before for you. I certainly do not retract my desire of being better acquainted with you, Sir, from the knowledge you are pleased to give me of yourself. Your profession is an introduction any where; but, before I learned that, you will do me the justice to observe, that your good sense and learning were to me sufficient recommendation; and though, in the common intercourse of the world, rank and birth have their proper distinctions, there is certainly no occasion for them between men whose studies and inclinations are the same. Indeed, I know nothing that gives me any pretence to think any gentleman my inferior: I am a very private person myself, and if I have any thing to boast from my birth, it is from the good understanding, not from the nobility of my father. I must beg, therefore, that, in the future correspondence, which I hope we shall have, you will neither shew me, nor think I expect a respect, to which I have no manner of title; and which I wish not for, unless it would enable me to be of service to gentlemen of merit, like yourself. I will say no

more on this head, but to repeat, that if any occasion should draw you to this part of England, (as I shall be sorry if it is ill health that has carried you from home,) I flatter myself you will let me have the satisfaction, and, for the last time of using so formal a word, the honour of seeing you.

In the mean time, you will oblige me by letting me know how I can convey my Catalogue to you. I ought, I know, to stay till I can send you a more correct edition; but, though the first volume is far advanced, the second may profit by your remarks. If you could send me the passage, and the page in Wardus, relating to the Earl of Totness, it would much oblige me; for I have only the English edition, and as I am going a little journey for a week, cannot just now get the Latin.

You mention, Sir, Mr. Thoresby's Museum: is it still preserved entire?

I would fain ask you another question, very foreign to any thing I have been saying, but from your searches into antiquity, you may possibly, Sir, be able to explain what nobody whom I have consulted hitherto can unravel. At the end of the second part of the *Cabala*, p. 105, in the folio edition, is a letter from Henry VIII. to the Cardinal Cibo, dated from our Palace, *Mindas*, 10th July, 1527. In no map, topographical account, or book of antiquity, can I possibly find such house or place as *Mindas*[1].

I will trouble you no farther at present, but to assure you, Sir, how much I am your obliged and obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] See this corrected as a typographical mistake, in p. 250.

LETTER III.

Strawberry Hill, September 14th, 1758.

SIR,

THOUGH the approaching edition of my Catalogue is so far advanced, that little part is left now for any alteration, yet as a book of that kind is always likely to be reprinted from the new persons who grow intituled to a place in it, and as long as it is in my power I shall wish to correct and improve it, I must again thank you, Sir, for the additional trouble you have given yourself. The very first article strikes me much. May I ask where, and in what page of what book, I can find Sir R. Cotton's account of *Richard II.*[1] being an author: does not he mean Richard I.?

The Basilicon Doron is published in the folio of K. James's works and contains instructions to his son Prince Henry. In return, I will ask you where you find those verses of Herbert; and I would also ask you, how you have had time to find and know so much?

Lord Leicester, and much less the Duke of Monmouth, will scarce, I fear, come under the description I have laid down to myself of authors. I doubt the first did not compose his own apology.

[1] Mr. Walpole takes no notice of Richard II. as an author; but Mr. Park inserts this Prince as a writer of ballads. In a letter to Archbishop Usher, Sir Robert Cotton requests his grace to procure for him a poem by Richard II., which that Prelate had pointed out.

Did the Earl of Bath publish, or only design to publish *Dionysius*[2]? Shall I find the account in *Usher's Letters?* Since you are so very kind, Sir, as to favour me with your assistance, shall I beg, Sir, to prevent my repeating trouble to you, just to mark at any time where you find the notices you impart to me; for, though the want of a citation is the effect of my ignorance, it has the same consequence to you.

I have not the *Philosophical Transactions*, but I will hereafter examine them on the hints you mention, particularly for Lord Brounker[3], who I did not know had written, though I have often thought it probable he did. As I have considered Lord Berkeley's *Love-Letters*, I have no doubt but they are a fiction, though grounded on a real story.

That Lord Falkland was a writer of controversy appears by the list of his works; and that he is said to have assisted Chillingworth: that he wrote against Chillingworth, you see, Sir, depends upon very vague authority, that is, upon the assertion of an anonymous person, who wrote so above a hundred years ago.

James, Earl of Marlborough, is entirely a new author to me—at present, too late. Lord Raymond I had inserted, and he will appear in the next edition.

I have been as unlucky, for the present, about Lord Totness. In a collection published in Ireland, called *Hibernica*, I found, but too late, that he translated another very curious piece, relating to Richard II.

[2] Spelman's is the only English translation of the antiquities of *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*, known to be printed.

[3] He wrote several papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and also translated Descartes' *Musicæ Compendium*.

However, Sir, with these and the very valuable helps I have received from you, I shall be able, at a proper time, to enrich another edition much.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged,

Humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IV.

Strawberry Hill, October 5th, 1758.

SIR,

You make so many apologies for conferring great favours on me, that if you have not a care, I shall find it more convenient to believe that, instead of being grateful, I shall be very good if I am forgiving. If I am impertinent enough to take up this style, at least I promise you I will be very good, and I will certainly *pardon* as many obligations as you shall please to lay on me.

I have that *Life of Richard II.* It is a poor thing, and not even called in the title page Lord Holles's; it is a still lower trick of Booksellers to insert names of Authors in a Catalogue, which, with all their confidence, they do not venture to bestow on the books themselves; I have found several instances of this.

Lord Preston's *Boetius* I have. From Scotland, I have received a

large account of Lord Cromerty, which will appear in my next edition: as my copy is in the press, I do not exactly remember if there is the Tract on Precedency: he wrote a great number of things, and was held in great contempt living and dead[1].

I have long sought, and wished to find some piece of Duke Humphrey[2]: he was a great patron of learning, built the schools, I think, and gave a library to Oxford. Yet, I fear, I may not take the authority of Pits, who is a wretched liar; nor is it at all credible that in so blind an age a Prince, who, with all his love of learning, I fear, had very little of either learning or parts, should write on Astronomy;—had it been on Astrology, it might have staggered me.

My omission of Lord Halifax's maxims was a very careless one, and has been rectified. I did examine the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and I think found a copy or two, and at first fancied I had found more, till I came to examine narrowly. In the *Joys* and *Griefs* of Oxford and Cambridge, are certainly many noble copies; but you judge very right, Sir—they are not to be mentioned, no more than exercises at school, where, some

[1] We can hardly account for this expression, unless Mr. Walpole alludes to Lord Cromerty's political reputation. Macky states, that "his arbitrary proceedings had rendered him so obnoxious to the people, he could not be employed;" and, certainly, his character for consistency and integrity was not very exalted: but almost all cotemporary writers describe him as a man of great weight and of singular endowments; and Walpole himself, in his subsequent editions, calls him "a person eminent for his learning, and for his abilities as a statesman and general."

[2] That Duke Humphrey had at least a relish for learning, may be inferred from the following passage. At the close of a fine manuscript in the Cotton collection (*Nero.* E. v.) is "Origo et processus gentis Scotorum, ac de superioritate Regum Angliæ super regnum illud." It once belonged to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and has this sentence in his own hand-writing at the end, "C'est livre est a moy Homfrey Duc de Gloucestre, lequel j'achetay des executeurs de maistre Thomas Polton, feu evesque de Wurcestre." Bishop Polton died in 1436.

how or other, every Peer has been a poet. To my shame, you are still more in the right about the Duke of Buckingham: if you will give me leave, instead of thinking that he wrote, hoping to be mistaken for his predecessor, I will believe that he hoped so after he had written.

You are again in the right, Sir, about Lord Abercorn, as the present Lord himself informed me. I don't know Lord Godolphin's verses: at most, by your account, he should be in the Appendix; but if they are only signed *Sidney Godolphin*, they may belong to his uncle, who, if I remember rightly, was one of the troop of verse-writers of that time.

You have quite persuaded me of the mistake in *Mindas;* till you mentioned it, I had forgot that they wrote *Windsor*, *Windesore*, and then by abbreviation the mistake was easy.

The account of Lord Clarendon is printed off; I do mention as printed his account of Ireland, though I knew nothing of Borlase. *Apropos*, Sir, are you not glad to see that the second part of his history is actually advertised to come out soon after Christmas[3]?

Lord Nottingham's letter I shall certainly mention.

I yesterday sent to Mr. Whiston a little piece that I have just mentioned here, and desired him to convey it to you; you must not expect a great deal from it: yet it belongs so much to my Catalogue, that I thought it a duty to publish it. A better return to some of your civilities is to inform you of Dr. Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, with which I am much entertained. There are numberless anecdotes of men thought great in their day, now so much forgotten, that it grows valuable again to hear about them. The book is written with great moderation and goodness of heart; the style is not very striking, and has some vulgarisms,

[3] The second part of Lord Clarendon's history was printed in folio, in 1760, and also in 3 vols. 8vo.

and in a work of that bulk I should rather have taken more pains to digest and connect it into a flowing narrative, than dryly give it as a diary: yet I dare promise it will amuse you much.

With your curiosity, Sir, and love of information, I am sure you will be glad to hear of a most valuable treasure that I have discovered; it is the collection of State Papers[4] amassed by the two Lords Conway, that were Secretaries of State, and their family: vast numbers have been destroyed; yet I came time enough to retrieve vast numbers, many, indeed, in a deplorable condition. They were buried under lumber upon the pavement of an unfinished chapel, at Lord Hertford's, in Warwickshire, and during his minority, and the absence of his father, an ignorant steward delivered them over to the oven and kitchen, and yet had not been able to destroy them all. It is a vast work to dry, range, and read them, and to burn the useless, as bills, bonds, and every other kind of piece of paper that ever came into a house, and were all jumbled and matted together. I propose, by degrees, to print the most curious; of which, I think, I have already selected enough to form two little volumes of the size of my Catalogue. Yet I will not give too great expectations about them, because I know how often the public has been disappointed when they came to see in print what in manuscript has appeared to the editor wonderfully choice.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[4] The increased and increasing taste of the public for the materials of history, such as these valuable papers supply, will, we have reason to hope, be gratified by the approaching appearance of this collection, publication of which was, we see, contemplated even as long since as 1758.

LETTER V.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21st, 1758.

SIR,

EVERY letter I receive from you is a new obligation, bringing me new information; but, sure, my Catalogue was not worthy of giving you so much trouble. Lord Fortescue is quite new to me; I have sent him to the press. Lord Dorset's poem it will be unnecessary to mention separately, as I have already said that his works are to be found among those of the minor poets.

I don't wonder, Sir, that you prefer Lord Clarendon to Polybius, nor can two authors well be more unlike; the *former*[1] wrote a general history in a most obscure and almost unintelligible style; the *latter*, a portion of private history, in the noblest style in the world: whoever made the comparison, I will do them the justice to believe that they understood bad Greek better than their own language in its elevation. For Dr. Jortin's *Erasmus*, which I have very nearly finished, it has given me a good opinion of the author, and he has given me a very bad one of his subject. By the Doctor's labour and impartiality, *Erasmus* appears a begging Parasite, who had parts enough to discover

[1] It is evident that Mr. Walpole has here transposed, contrary to his meaning, the references to Lord Clarendon and Polybius: the *latter* wrote the *general* history, the *former* the portion of history.

truth, and not courage enough to profess it; whose vanity made him always writing; yet his writings ought to have cured his vanity, as they were the most abject things in the world. *Good Erasmus's honest mean* was alternate time-serving. I never had thought much about him, and now heartily despise him.

When I speak my opinion to you, Sir, about what I dare say you care as little for as I do; (for what is the merit of a mere man of letters?) it is but fit I should answer you as sincerely on a question about which you are so good as to interest yourself. That my father's life is likely to be written, I have no grounds for believing. I mean I know nobody that thinks of it. For myself, I certainly shall not, for many reasons, which you must have the patience to hear. A reason to me myself is, that I think too highly of him, and too meanly of myself, to presume I am equal to the task. They who do not agree with me in the former part of my position, will undoubtedly allow the latter part. In the next place, the very truths that I should relate would be so much imputed to partiality, that he would lose of his due praise by the suspicion of my prejudice. In the next place, I was born too late in his life to be acquainted with him in the active part of it. Then I was at school, at the university, abroad, and returned not till the last moments of his administration. What I know of him I could only learn from his own mouth in the last three years of his life; when, to my shame, I was so idle, and young, and thoughtless, that I by no means profited of his leisure as I might have done; and, indeed, I have too much impartiality in my nature to care, if I could, to give the world a history, collected solely from the person himself of whom I should write. With the utmost veneration for his truth, I can easily

conceive, that a man who had lived a life of party, and who had undergone such persecution from party, should have had greater bias than he himself could be sensible of. The last, and that a reason which must be admitted, if all the others are not—his papers are lost. Between the confusion of his affairs, and the indifference of my elder brother to things of that sort, they were either lost, burnt, or what we rather think, were stolen by a favourite servant of my brother, who proved a great rogue, and was dismissed in my brother's life—and the papers were not discovered to be missing till after my brother's death. Thus, Sir, I should want vouchers for many things I could say of much importance. I have another personal reason that discourages me from attempting this task, or any other, besides the great reluctance that I have to being a voluminous author. Though I am by no means the learned man you are so good as to call me in compliment,—though, on the contrary, nothing can be more superficial than my knowledge, or more trifling than my reading,—yet I have so much strained my eyes, that it is often painful to me to read even a newspaper by daylight. In short, Sir, having led a very dissipated life, in all the hurry of the world of pleasure, I scarce ever read, but by candlelight, after I have come home late at nights. As my eyes have never had the least inflammation or humour, I am assured I may still recover them by care and repose. I own I prefer my eyes to any thing I could ever read, much more to any thing I could write. However, after all I have said, perhaps I may now and then, by degrees, throw together some short anecdotes of my father's private life and particular story, and leave his public history to more proper and more able hands, if such will undertake it. Before I finish on this chapter, I can assure

you he did forgive my Lord Bolingbroke[2]—his nature was forgiving—after all was over, and he had nothing to fear or disguise, I can say with truth, that there were not *three* men of whom he ever dropped a word with rancour. What I meant of the Clergy not forgiving Lord Bolingbroke, alluded not to his doctrines, but to the direct attack and war he made on the whole body. And now, Sir, I will confess my own weakness to you. I do not think so highly of that writer, as I seem to do in my book; but I thought it would be imputed to prejudice in me, if I appeared to undervalue an author of whom so many persons of sense still think highly. My being Sir Robert Walpole's son warped me to praise, instead of censuring, Lord Bolingbroke. With regard to the Duke of Leeds, I think you have misconstrued the decency of my expression. I said *Burnet had treated him severely;* that is, I chose that Burnet should say so, rather than myself. I have never praised where my heart condemned. Little attentions, perhaps, to worthy descendants, were excusable in a work of so extensive a nature, and that approached so near to these times. I may, perhaps, have an opportunity at one day or other of showing you some passages suppressed on these motives, which yet I do not intend to destroy.

Crew, Bishop of Durham, was as abject a tool as possible. I would be very certain he is an author before I should think him worth mentioning. If ever you should touch on Lord Willoughby's sermon, I should be obliged for a hint of it. I actually have a printed copy of verses by his son, on the marriage of the Princess Royal; but they

[2] This alludes to an epigrammatic passage in the article 'Bolingbroke' in the *Noble Authors.* "He wrote against Sir Robert Walpole, who did forgive him; and against the Clergy, who never will forgive him."

are so ridiculously unlike measure, and the man was so mad and so poor[3], that I determined not to mention them.

If these details, Sir, which I should have thought interesting to no mortal but myself, should happen to amuse you, I shall be glad; if they do not, you will learn not to question a man who thinks it his duty to satisfy the curiosity of men of sense and honour, and who, being of too little consequence to have secrets, is not ambitious of the less consequence of appearing to have any.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged, humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I must ask you one question, but to be answered entirely at your leisure. I have a play in rhyme called Saul, said to be written by a Peer. I guess Lord Orrery. If ever you happen to find out, be so good to tell me.

[3] This seems a singular reason for excluding him from a list of authors.

LETTER VI.

Arlington-street, Dec. 9th, 1758.

SIR,

I HAVE desired Mr. Whiston to convey to you the second edition of my Catalogue, not so complete as it might have been, if great part had not been printed before I received your remarks, but yet more correct than the first sketch with which I troubled you. Indeed, a thing of this slight and idle nature does not deserve to have much more pains employed upon it.

I am just undertaking an edition of Lucan, my friend Mr. Bentley having in his possession his father's notes and emendations on the first seven books. Perhaps a partiality for the original author concurs a little with this circumstance of the notes, to make me fond of printing, at Strawberry Hill, the works of a man, who alone of all the classics was thought to breathe too brave and honest a spirit for the perusal of the Dauphin and the French. I don't think that a good or bad taste in poetry is of so serious a nature, that I should be afraid of owning too, that, with that great judge Corneille, and with that, perhaps, *no* judge Heinsius, I prefer Lucan to Virgil. To speak fairly, I prefer great sense, to poetry with little sense. There are hemistics in Lucan that go to one's soul and one's heart;—for a mere epic poem, a fabulous tissue of uninteresting battles that don't teach one even to fight, I

know nothing more tedious. The poetic images, the versification and language of the Æneid are delightful; but take the story by itself, and can any thing be more silly and unaffecting? There are a few gods without power, heroes without character, heaven-directed wars without justice, inventions without probability, and a hero who betrays one woman with a kingdom that he might have had, to force himself upon another woman and another kingdom to which he had no pretensions, and all this to show his obedience to the gods! In short, I have always admired his numbers so much, and his meaning so little, that I think I should like Virgil better if I understood him less.

Have you seen, Sir, a book which has made some noise—*Helvetius de l'Esprit*[1]? The author is so good and moral a man, that I grieve he should have published a system of as relaxed morality as can well be imagined: 'tis a large quarto, and in general a very superficial one. His Philosophy may be new in France, but is greatly exhausted here. He tries to imitate Montesquieu, and has heaped common-places upon common-places, which supply or overwhelm his reasoning; yet he has often wit, happy allusions, and sometimes writes finely: there is merit enough to give an obscure man fame; flimsiness enough to depreciate a great man. After his book was licensed, they forced him to retract it, by a most abject recantation. Then why print this work? If zeal for his system pushed him to propagate it, did not he consider that a recantation would hurt his cause more than his arguments could support it?

We are promised Lord Clarendon in February from Oxford, but I hear shall have the surreptitious edition from Holland much sooner.

[1] See *ante*, p. 88.

You see, Sir, I am a sceptic as well as Helvetius, but of a more moderate complexion. There is no harm in telling mankind that there is not so much divinity in the *Æneid* as they imagine; but, even if I thought so, I would not preach that virtue and friendship are mere names, and resolvable into self-interest; because there are numbers that would remember the grounds of the principle, and forget what was to be engrafted on it. Adieu!

Sir,

Your obedient and obliged Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VII.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 12th, 1759.

SIR,

I SHALL certainly be obliged to you for an account of that piece of Lord Lonsdale[1]: besides my own curiosity after any thing that relates to a work in which I have engaged so far, I think it a duty

[1] Mr. Walpole did not insert any notice of Lord Lonsdale in his subsequent editions, though the omission has been remedied by Mr. Park. The piece to which Mr. Zouch probably alluded, the knowledge of which he may have derived from the noble family of Lowther, was "a Treatise on Œconomies" addressed to his son, by Sir John Lowther, created Baron Lonsdale in 1696. This treatise was never published.

to the public to perfect, as far as one can, whatever one gives to it; and yet I do not think of another edition; two thousand have been printed, and though nine hundred went off at once, it would be presumption in me to expect that the rest will be sold in any short time. I only mean to add occasionally to my private copy whatever more I can collect and correct; and shall, perhaps, but leave behind me materials for a future edition, in which should be included what I have hitherto omitted. Yet it is very vain in me, to expect that anybody should care for such a trifle after the novelty is worn off; I ought to be content with the favourable reception I have found; so much beyond my first expectations, that, except in two Magazines, not a word of censure has passed on me in print. You may easily believe, Sir, that having escaped a *trial*, I am not mortified at having dirt thrown at me by children in the kennel. With regard to the story of Lord Suffolk, I wish I had been lucky enough to have mentioned it to you in time, it should not have appeared: yet it was told me by Mr. Mallet, who did not seem to have any objection that I should even mention his name, as the very person to whom it happened. I must suppose that Lord Suffolk acted that foolish scene in imitation of Lord Rochester[2].

[2] The story here alluded to is told in the Noble Authors of Edward Howard, eighth Earl of Suffolk. But Mr. Zouch had probably apprized Mr. Walpole, that a similar story had been told of Lord Rochester. The Earl is represented as having sent for "a gentleman well known in the literary world," (Mallet) upon whom he inflicted the hearing of some of his verses; but coming to the description of a beautiful woman, he suddenly stopped, and said, "Sir, I am not like most poets; I do not draw from ideal Mistresses: I always have my subject before me;" and ringing the bell, he said to a footman, "call up Fine Eyes." A woman of the town appeared—"Fine Eyes," said the Earl, "look full on this gentleman." She did, and retired. Two or three others of the seraglio were summoned in their turns, and displayed their respective charms for which they had been distinguished by his Lordship's pencil.

I am happy, Sir, that I have both your approbation to my opinion of Lucan, and to my edition of him; but I assure you there will not be one word from me. I am sensible that it demands great attention to write even one's own language well: how can one pretend to purity in a foreign language? to any merit in a dead one? I would not *alone* undertake to correct the press; but I am so lucky as to live in the strictest friendship with Dr. Bentley's only son, who to all the ornament of learning, has the amiable turn of mind, disposition, and easy wit. Perhaps you may have heard that his drawings and architecture are admirable,—perhaps you have not: he is modest—he is poor—he is consequently little known, less valued.

I am entirely ignorant of Dr. Burton and his *Monasticon*[3], and after the little merit you tell me it has, I must explain to you that I have a collection of books of that sort, before I own that I wish to have it; at the same time, I must do so much justice to myself as to protest that I don't know so contemptible a class of writers as topographers, not from the study itself, but from their wretched execution. Often and often I have had an inclination to show how topography should be writ, by pointing out the curious particulars of places, with descriptions of principal houses, the pictures, portraits, and curiosities they contain.

I scarce ever yet found any thing one wanted to know in one of those books; all they contain, except encomiums on the Stuarts and the monks, are lists of institutions and inductions, and inquiries how

[3] Dr. John Burton was a physician and antiquary of Yorkshire, who died in 1771. His principal work here alluded to, is entitled "Monasticon Eboracense." This work was never completed, the first volume only having appeared in folio. Some imputations on the Doctor's loyalty in 1745, diminished, it is said, his means and materials for continuing the work.

names of places were spelt before there was any spelling. If the *Monasticon Eboracense* is only to be had at York, I know Mr. Cæsar Ward, and can get him to send it to me.

I will add but one short word: from every letter I receive from you, Sir, my opinion of you increases, and I much wish that so much good sense and knowledge were not thrown away only on me. I flatter myself that you are engaged, or will engage, in some work or pursuit that will make you better known. In the mean time, I hope that some opportunity will bring us personally acquainted, for I am, Sir, already most sincerely yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. You love to be troubled, and therefore I will make no apology for troubling you. Last summer, I bought of Vertue's widow forty volumes of his MS. collections relating to English painters, sculptors, gravers, and architects. He had actually begun their lives: unluckily he had not gone far, and could not write grammar. I propose to digest and complete this work, (I mean after the Conway papers)[4]. In the mean time, Sir, shall I beg the favour of you just to mark down memorandums of the pages where you happen to meet with any thing relative to these subjects, especially of our antienter buildings, paintings, and artists. I would not trouble you for more reference if even that is not too much.

[4] The two first volumes appeared from the press at Strawberry Hill, in 1762.

LETTER VIII.

Arlington-street, March 15th, 1759.

SIR,

You judge very rightly, Sir, that I do not intend to meddle with accounts of *religious* houses; I should not think of them at all, unless I could learn the names of any of the architects, not of the founders. It is the history of our architecture that I should search after, especially the beautiful Gothic. I have by no means digested the plan of my intended work. The materials I have ready in great quantities in Vertue's MSS.; but he has collected little with regard to our architects, except Inigo Jones. As our painters have been very indifferent, I must, to make the work interesting, make it historical; I would mix it with anecdotes of patrons of the arts, and with dresses and customs from old pictures, something in the manner of Montfauçon's Antiquities of France. I think it capable of being made a very amusing work, but I don't know whether I shall ever bestow the necessary time on it. At present, even my press is at a stop; my printer, who was a foolish Irishman, and who took himself for a genius, and who grew angry when I thought him extremely the former, and not the least of the latter, has left me, and I have not yet fixed upon another.

In what edition, Sir, of Beaumont and Fletcher, is the copy of verses you mention, signed "*Grandison*[1] *?*" They are not in mine. In my catalogue I mention the Countess of Montgomery's *Eusebia;* I shall be glad to know what her Urania is. I fear you will find little satisfaction in a library of *noble works.* I have got several, some duplicates, that shall be at your service if you continue your collection; but in general they are mere curiosities.

Mr. Hume has published his history of the House of Tudor. I have not advanced far in it, but it appears an inaccurate and careless, as it certainly has been a very hasty, performance.

Adieu! Sir.

I am, your most obedient Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] There must have been some mistake here. Amidst the vast number of complimentary verses to Beaumont and Fletcher, none are found with this signature. There is one copy signed *Gardiner.*

LETTER IX.

Strawberry Hill, May 14th, 1759.

SIR,

You accuse me with so much delicacy and with so much seeming justice, that I must tell you the truth, cost me what it will. It is in fact, I own, that I have been silent, not knowing what to say to you, or how not to say something about your desire, that I would attend the affair of the navigation of Calder in Parliament. In truth, I scarce ever do attend private business on solicitation. If I attend, I cannot help forming an opinion, and when formed I do not care *not* to be guided by it, and at the same time it is very unpleasant to vote against a person whom one went to serve. I knew nothing of the merits of the navigation in question, and it would have given me great pain to have opposed, as it might have happened, a side espoused by one for whom I had conceived such an esteem as I have for you, Sir. I did not tell you my scruples, because you might have thought them affected, and because, to say the truth, I choose to disguise them. I have seen too much of the parade of conscience to expect that an ostentation of it in me should be treated with uncommon lenity. I cannot help having scruples; I can help displaying them; and now, Sir, that I have made you my confessor, I trust you will keep my secret for my sake, and give me absolution for what I have committed against you.

I certainly do propose to digest the materials that Vertue had collected[1] relating to English artists; but doubting of the merit of the subject, as you do, Sir, and not proposing to give myself much trouble about it, I think, at present, that I shall still call the work *his*. However, at your leisure, I shall be much obliged to you for any hints. For *nobler* or any other game, I don't think of it; I am sick of the character of Author; I am sick of the consequences of it; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered. It is called *Remarks on my catalogue*, asperses the revolution more than it does my book, and, in one word, is written by a nonjuring preacher, who was a dog-doctor. Of me, he knows so little, that he thinks to punish me by abusing King William! Had that Prince been an author, perhaps I might have been a little ungentle to him too. I am not dupe enough to think that any body wins a crown for the sake of the people. Indeed, I am Whig enough to be glad to be abused; that is, that any body may write what they please; and though the Jacobites are the only men who abuse outrageously that liberty of the press which all their labours tend to demolish, I would not have the nation lose such a blessing for *their* impertinences. That their spirit and projects revive is certain. All the histories of England, Hume's, as you observe, and Smollett's more avowedly, are calculated to whiten

[1] Mr. Walpole, in his dedication of the *Anecdotes of Painting*, says, he is rather an *Editor* than an *Author;* but much as he certainly derived from Vertue, his own share in this interesting work entitles him to the thanks of every lover of the fine arts, and of British antiquities.

the house of Stuart. All the Magazines are erected to depress writers of the other side, and as it has been learnt within these few days, France is preparing an army of Commentators[2] to illustrate the works of those professors. But to come to what ought to be a particular part of this letter. I am very sensible, Sir, to the confidence you place in me, and shall assuredly do nothing to forfeit it; at the same time, I must take the liberty you allow me, of making some objections to your plan. As your friend, I must object to the subject. It is heroic to sacrifice one's own interest to do good, but I would be sure of doing some before I offered myself up. You will make enemies; are you sure you shall make proselytes? I am ready to believe you have no ambition now—but may you not have hereafter? Are Bishops corrigible or placable? Few men are capable of forgiving being told of their faults in private; who can bear being told of them publicly?—Then, you propose to write in Latin: that is, you propose to be read by those only whom you intend to censure, and whose interest it will be to find faults in your work. If I proposed to attack the clergy, I would at least call in the laity to hear my arguments, and I fear the laity do not much listen to Latin. In short, Sir, I wish much to see something of your writing, and consequently, I wish to see it in a shape in which it would give me most pleasure.

You will say, that your concealing your name is an answer to all I have said. A bad author may be concealed; but then what good does he do? I am persuaded you would write well—ask your heart, Sir, if

[2] The French were at this time attempting to play the farce of invasion. Flat-bottomed boats were building in all the ports of Normandy and Brittany, calculated to transport an army of 100,000 men.

you then would like to conceal yourself. Forgive my frankness; I am not old, but I have lived long enough to be sure that I give you good advice.

There is, lately published, a voluminous history of Gustavus Adolphus, sadly written[3], yet very amusing, from the matter.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER X.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 23d, 1759.

SIR,

I OWN I am pleased, for your sake as well as my own, at hearing from you again. I felt sorry at thinking that you was displeased with the frankness and sincerity of my last. You have shewn me that I made a wrong judgment of you, and I willingly correct it.

You are extremely obliging in giving yourself the least trouble to make collections for me. I have received so much assistance and information from you, that I am sure I cannot have a more useful friend. For the catalogue, I forgot it, as in the course of things I suppose it is forgot. For the lives of English artists, I am going

[3] Harte's. Time has confirmed the justice of this censure. We still want a readable book on the history of that interesting period.

immediately to begin it, and shall then fling it into the treasury of the world, for the amusement of the world for a day, and then for the service of any body who shall happen hereafter to peep into the dusty drawer where it shall repose.

For my Lord Clarendon's new work[1], of which you ask me, I am charmed with it. It entertains me more almost than any book I ever read. I was told there was little in it that had not already got abroad, or was not known by any other channels. If that is true, I own I am so scanty an historian as to have been ignorant of many of the facts; but sure, at least, the circumstances productive of, or concomitant on several of them, set them in very new lights. The deductions and stating of arguments are uncommonly fine. His language I find much censured—in truth, it is sometimes involved, particularly in the indistinct usage of *he* and *him*. But in my opinion his style is not so much inferior to the former history as it seems. But this I take to be the case; when the former part appeared, the world was not accustomed to a good style as it is now. I question if the History of the Rebellion had been published but this summer, whether it would be thought so fine in point of style as it has generally been reckoned. For his veracity, alas! I am sorry to say, there is more than one passage in the new work which puts one a little upon one's guard in lending him implicit credit. When he says that Charles I. and his Queen were a pattern of conjugal affection, it makes one stare. Charles was so, I verily believe; but can any man in his historical senses believe, that my Lord Clarendon did not know that, though the Queen was a

[1] The life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, *&c.*, *&c.* Doctor Johnson, in the 67th No. of the *Idler*, has also celebrated the appearance of this interesting and valuable work.

pattern of affection, it was by no means of the conjugal kind[2]. Then the subterfuges my Lord Clarendon uses to avoid avowing that Charles II. was a papist, are certainly no grounds for corroborating his veracity[3]. In short, I don't believe him when he does not speak truth, but he has spoken so much truth, that it is easy to see when he does not.

Lucan is in poor forwardness. I have been plagued with a succession of bad printers, and am not got beyond the fourth book. It will scarce appear before next winter. Adieu! Sir. I have received so much pleasure and benefit from your correspondence, that I should be sorry to lose it. I will not deserve to lose it, but endeavour to be as you will give me leave to be,

Your friend, and most obliged,

Humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Mr. Walpole had early taken upt his opinion; witness that gross line in his dull epistle to Aston, written in 1740,

The lustful Henrietta's Romish shade;

but we believe that no good authority for this imputation can be produced; there is strong evidence the other way, and if we were even to stand on mere authority, we should prefer that of Lord Clarendon to the scandalous rumours of troublesome times, which were, we believe, the only guides of Mr. Walpole.

[3] Nor for impugning it, for the very fact brought to light in later times, of Charles's having with great secresy and mystery reconciled himself to the church of Rome *on his death-bed*, proves, that up to that extreme hour he was *not* a Papist.

LETTER XI.

Strawberry Hill, February 4th, 1760.

SIR,

I DEFERRED answering your last, as I was in hopes of being able to send you a sheet or two of my new work, but I find so many difficulties and so much darkness attending the beginning, that I can scarce say I have begun. I can only say, in general, that I do not propose to go further back than I have sure footing; that is, I shall commence with what Vertue had collected from our records, which, with regard to painting, do not date before Henry III., and then from him there is a gap to Henry VII. I shall supply that with a little chronology of intervening paintings, though, hitherto, I can find none of the two first Edwards. From Henry VIII., there will be a regular succession of painters, short lives of whom I am enabled by Vertue's MSS. to write, and I shall connect them historically. I by no means mean to touch on foreign artists, unless they came over hither; but they are essential, for we had scarce any others tolerable. I propose to *begin* with the anecdotes of painting only, because, in that branch, my materials are by far most considerable. If I shall be able to publish this part, perhaps it may induce persons of curiosity and knowledge to assist me in the darker parts of the story, touching our architects, statuaries, and engravers. But it is from the same kind

friendship which has assisted me so liberally already, that I expect to draw most information; need I specify, Sir, that I mean yours, when the various hints in your last letter speak so plainly for me?

It is a pleasure to have anybody one esteems agree with one's own sentiments, as you do strongly with mine about Mr. Hurd[1]. It is impossible not to own that he has sense and great knowledge—but sure he is a most disagreeable writer! He loads his thoughts with so many words, and those couched in so hard a style, and so void of all veracity, that I have no patience to read him. In one point, in the dialogues you mention, he is perfectly ridiculous. He takes infinite pains to make the world believe, upon *his* word, that they are the genuine productions of the speakers, and yet does not give himself the least trouble to counterfeit the style of any one of them. What was so easy as to imitate Burnet? In his other work, the notes on Horace, he is still more absurd. He cries up Warburton's preposterous notes on Shakspeare, which would have died of their own folly, though Mr. Edwards had not put them to death with the keenest wit in the world[2]. But what signifies any sense, when it takes Warburton for a pattern, who, with much greater parts, has not been able to save himself from, or rather has affectedly involved himself in, numberless absurdities?—who proved Moses's legation by the sixth book of Virgil;—a miracle, (Julian's Earthquake) by proving it was none;—and who explained a recent poet (Pope) by metaphysical notes, ten times more obscure than the text! As if writing were come to perfection, Warburton and Hurd

[1] Who died Bishop of Worcester in 1808. He was the author of many works, most of which are now little read, although they had a great vogue in their day. There is a great deal of justice in Mr. Walpole's criticism of him and his patron.

[2] In the *Canons of Criticism.*

are going back again: and since commentators, obscurity, paradoxes, systems, and visions, have been so long exploded, ay, and pedantry too, they seem to think that they shall have merit by reviving what was happily forgotten; and yet these men have their followers, by that balance which compensates to one for what he misses from another. When an author writes clearly, he is imitated; and when obscurely, he is admired.

May I ask if you have no thoughts of coming southward? You are sensible, I trust, how interestedly I ask that question.

Adieu! Sir,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Strawberry Hill, May 3rd, 1760.

INDEED, Sir, you have been misinformed; I had not the least hand in the answer to my Lord Bath's *Rhapsody:* it is true the booksellers sold it as mine, and it was believed so till people had read it, because my name and that of Pulteney have been apt to answer one another, and because that war was dirtily revived by the latter in his libel; but the deceit soon vanished: the answer appeared to have much more knowledge of the subject than I have, and a good

deal more temper than I should probably have exerted, if I had thought it worth my while to proceed to an answer; but though my Lord Bath is unwilling to enter lists in which he has suffered so much shame, I am by no means fond of entering them; nor was there any honour to be acquired either from the contest or the combatant.

My history of artists proceeds very leisurely; I find the subject dry and uninteresting, and the materials scarce worth arranging: yet I think I shall execute my purpose, at least as far as relates to painters. It is a work I can scribble at any time, and on which I shall bestow little pains; things that are so soon forgotten should not take one up too much. I had consulted Mr. Lethinkai, who told me he had communicated to Mr. Vertue what observations he had made. I believe they were scanty, for I find small materials relating to architects among his MSS.

If you are obliged (I shall be sorry if it is from your being *obliged)* to go to Bristol this summer, I hope you will give me some previous notice, Sir, when I may be likely to see you. I should hope you would take a bed here for a night or two, as I should be sorry to be out of the way, as I often am, upon slight visits and excursions.

Adieu! Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIII.

Arlington-street, Nov. 27th, 1760.

You are extremely kind, Sir, in remembering the little commission I troubled you with. As I am in great want of some more painted glass to finish a window in my round-tower, I should be glad, though it may not be a Pope, to have the piece you mentioned, if it can be purchased reasonably.

My *Lucan* is finished, but will not be published till after Christmas, when I hope you will do me the favour of accepting one, and let me know how I shall convey it. The *Anecdotes of Painting* have succeeded to the press; I have finished two volumes, but as there will at least be a third, I am not determined whether I shall not wait to publish the whole together. You will be surprised, I think, to see what a quantity of materials the industry of one man (Vertue) could amass! and how much he retrieved at this late period. I hear of nothing new likely to appear; all the world is taken up in penning addresses, or in presenting them[1]; and the approaching elections will occupy the thoughts of men so much that an author could not appear at a worse era.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] On the then recent accession of George III.

LETTER XIV.

Arlington-street, Jan. 3d, 1761.

SIR,

I staid till I had the *Lucan* ready to send you, before I thanked you for your letter, and for the pane of glass, about which you have given yourself so much kind trouble, and which I have received; I think it is clearly Heraclitus weeping over a globe.

Illuminated MSS., unless they have portraits of particular persons, I do not deal in; the extent of my collecting is already full as great as I can afford. I am not the less obliged to you, Sir, for thinking of me. Were my fortune larger, I should go deeper into printing, and having engraved curious MSS. and drawings; as I cannot, I comfort myself with reflecting on the mortifications I avoid, by the little regard shewn by the world to those sort of things. The sums laid out on books one should, at first sight, think an indication of encouragement to letters; but booksellers only are encouraged, not books. Bodies of sciences, that is, compilations and mangled abstracts, are the only saleable commodities. Would you believe, what I know is fact, that Dr. Hill[1] earned fifteen guineas a-week by working for wholesale dealers: he was at once employed on six voluminous works of Botany, Husbandry, *&c.*, published weekly. I am sorry to say, this journeyman is one of the first

[1] Dr. Hill's were among the first works in which scientific knowledge was put in a popular shape, by the system of number publishing. The Doctor's performances in this way are not discreditable, and are still useful as works of reference.

men preferred in the new reign: he is made gardener of Kensington, a place worth 2000*l.* a-year[2]. The King and Lord Bute have certainly both of them great propensity to the Arts; but Dr. Hill, though undoubtedly not deficient in parts, has as little claim to favour in this reign, as Gideon, the stock-jobber, in the last; both engrossers without merit. Building, I am told, is the King's favourite study; I hope our architects will not be taken from the erectors of turnpikes.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I flatter myself you will think the *Lucan*, which goes to you next week, a handsome edition.

LETTER XV.

Arlington-street, March 7th, 1761.

JUST what I supposed, Sir, has happened; with your good breeding, I did not doubt but you would give yourself the trouble of telling me that you had received the *Lucan*, and as you did not, I concluded Dodsley had neglected it: he has in two instances. The moment

[2] This was a great exaggeration of the emoluments of a place, which, after all, was not improperly bestowed on a person of Hill's pursuits and merits.

they were published, I delivered a couple to him, one Sir, for you, and one for a gentleman in Scotland. I received no account of either, and after examining Dodsley a fortnight ago, I learned three days since from him, that your copy, Sir, was delivered to Mrs. Ware, bookseller, in Fleet-street, who corresponds with Mr. Stringer, to be sent in the first parcel; but, says he, as they send only once a month, it probably was not sent away till very lately.

I am vexed, Sir, that you have waited so long for this trifle: if you neither receive it, nor get information of it by this direction, I will immediately convey another to you. It would be very ungrateful in me to neglect what would give you a moment's amusement, after your thinking so obligingly of the painted glass for me. I shall certainly be in Yorkshire this summer, and as I flatter myself that I shall be more lucky in meeting you, I will then take what you shall be so good as to bestow on me, without giving you the trouble of sending it.

If it were not printed in the *London Chronicle*, I would transcribe for you, Sir, a very weak letter of Voltaire to Lord Lyttleton[1], and the latter's answer: there is nothing else new, but a very indifferent play[2], called the *Jealous Wife*, so well acted as to have succeeded greatly.

[1] An absurd letter from Voltaire to the author of the *Dialogues of the Dead*, remonstrating against a statement, that "he, Voltaire, was in *exile*, on account of some blameable freedoms in his writings." He denies both the facts and the cause assigned; but he convinced nobody, for both were notoriously true. Voltaire was, it is true, not *banished by sentence;* but he was not permitted to reside in France, and that surely may be called *exile*, particularly as he was all his life endeavouring to obtain leave to return to Paris.

[2] The *Jealous Wife* still keeps the stage, and does not deserve to be so slightingly spoken of; but there were private reasons which might possibly warp Mr. Walpole's judgment on the works of Colman. He was the nephew of Lord Bath, and the *Jealous Wife* was dedicated to that great rival of Sir Robert Walpole.

Mr. Mason, I believe, is going to publish some elegies: I have seen the principal one, on Lady Coventry; it was then only an unfinished draft.

The second and third volumes of *Tristam Shandy*, the dregs of nonsense, have universally met the contempt they deserve: genius may be exhausted;—I see that folly's invention may be so too.

The foundations of my gallery at Strawberry-hill are laying. May I not flatter myself, Sir, that you will see the whole even before it is quite complete

I am, Sir,
Your much obliged humble Servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Since I wrote my letter, I have read a new play of Voltaire's, called *Tancred*, and I am glad to say that it repairs the idea of his decaying parts, which I had conceived from his *Peter the Great*, and the letter I mentioned. *Tancred* did not please at Paris, nor was I charmed with the two first acts; in the three last are great flashes of genius, single lines, and starts of passion of the first fire: the woman's part is a little too Amazonian.

LETTER XVI.

Arlington-street, Feb. 13th, 1762.

SIR,

I SHOULD long ago have given myself the pleasure of writing to you, if I had not been constantly in hope of accompanying my letter with the *Anecdotes of Painting*, &c., but the tediousness of engravers, and the roguery of a fourth printer, have delayed the publication week after week for months: truly I do not believe that there is such a being as an honest printer in the world.

I sent the books to Mr. Whiston [1], who, I think you told me, was employed by you: he answered, he knew nothing of the matter. Mr. Dodsley has undertaken now to convey them to you, and I beg your acceptance of them: it will be a very kind acceptance if you will tell me of any faults, blunders, omissions, *&c.*, as you observe them. In a first sketch of this nature, I cannot hope the work is any thing like complete.

Excuse, good Sir, the brevity of this: I am much hurried at this instant of publication, and have barely time to assure you how truly I am

Your humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] A well-known bookseller.

LETTER XVII.

Arlington-street, March 20th, 1762.

I AM glad you are pleased, Sir, with my *Anecdotes of Painting;* but I doubt you praise me too much: it was an easy task when I had the materials collected, and I would not have the labours of forty years, which was Vertue's case, depreciated in compliment to the work of four months, which is almost my whole merit. Style is become, in a manner, a mechanical affair, and if to much ancient lore our antiquaries would add a little modern reading, to polish their language and correct their prejudices, I do not see why books of antiquities should not be made as amusing as writings on any other subject. If Tom Herne had lived in the world, he might have writ an agreeable history of dancing; at least, I am sure that many modern volumes are read for no reason but for their being penned in the dialect of the age.

I am much beholden to you, dear Sir, for your remarks; they shall have their due place whenever the work proceeds to a second edition, for that the nature of it as a record will ensure to it. A few of your notes demand a present answer: the Bishop of Imola pronounced the nuptial benediction at the marriage of Henry VII., which made me suppose him the person represented[1].

[1] In the picture by Mabuse of the marriage of Henry VII. Whatever was Mr. Zouch's correction (in which Mr. Walpole seems to acquiesce) no alteration seems to have been made in the passage about the Bishop of Imola. This curious picture is at Strawberry Hill, and should be in the Royal Collection.

Burnet, who was more a judge of characters than statues, mentions the resemblance between Tiberius and Charles II.; but, as far as countenances went, there could not be a more ridiculous prepossession; Charles had a long face, with very strong lines, and a narrowish brow; Tiberius a very square face, and flat forehead, with features rather delicate in proportion. I have examined this imaginary likeness, and see no kind of foundation for it. It is like Mr. Addison's travels, of which it was so truly said, he might have composed them without stirring out of England. There are a kind of naturalists who have sorted out the qualities of the mind, and allotted particular turns of features and complexions to them. It would be much easier to prove that every form has been endowed with every vice. One has heard much of the vigour of Burnet himself, yet I dare to say, he did not think himself like Charles II.

I am grieved, Sir, to hear that your eyes suffer; take care of them; nothing can replace the satisfaction they afford: one should hoard them, as the only friend that will not be tired of one when one grows old, and when one should least choose to depend on others for entertainment. I most sincerely wish you happiness and health in that and every other instance, and am, Sir,

Your most grateful, humble Servant,

Hor. Walpole.

LETTER XVIII.

Arlington-street, July 21st, 1764.

SIR,

YOU will have heard of the severe attendance which we have had for this last week in the House of Commons. It will, I trust, have excused me to you for not having answered sooner your very kind letter. My books, I fear, have no merit over Mr. Harte's *Gustavus*, but by being much shorter. I read his work, and was sorry so much curious matter should be so ill and so tediously put together. His anecdotes are much more interesting than mine; luckily I was aware that mine were very trifling, and did not dwell upon them. To answer the demand, I am printing them with additions, but must wait a little for assistance and corrections to the two latter, as I have had for the former.

You are exceedingly obliging, Sir, to offer me one of your Fergussons. I thank you for it, as I ought; but, in truth, I have more pictures than room to place them; both my houses are full, and I have even been thinking of getting rid of some I have. That this is no declension of your civility, Sir, you will see, when I gladly accept either of your medals of King Charles. I shall be proud to keep it as a mark of your friendship; but then I will undoubtedly rob you of but one.

I condole with you, Sir, for the loss of your friend and relation, as I

heartily take my share in whatever concerns you. The great and unmerited kindness I have received from you, will ever make me,

Your most obliged,

and obedient, humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIX.

Strawberry Hill, April 6th, 1767.

SIR,

YOUR letter has lain here a few days while I was in London, or I should certainly have obeyed your commands sooner. I will leave word with my housekeeper, as I am not settled here yet, to admit Sir Thomas Wentworth and your friends, whenever they shall call to see my house.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, for your kind inquiry after my health. I was extremely ill the two last summers, but have had no complaint since Christmas last. I should have been very glad if you had given me as good an account of your own health, which I most sincerely desire, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XX.

Berkeley Square, March 13th, 1787.

It is very true, Sir, as Lord Strafford told you, that I have taken care that letters of living persons to me shall be restored to the writers when I die. I have burnt a great many, and, as you desire it, would do so by yours; but having received a like intimation some time ago, I put yours into a separate paper with a particular direction, that they should be delivered to you; and therefore, I imagine it will be more satisfaction to you, as it will be to me too, that you should receive them yourself; and therefore, if you please to let me know how I shall convey them, I will bring them from Strawberry Hill, where they are, the first time I go thither.

I hope you enjoy your health, and I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient, humble Servant,

Hor. Walpole.

THE END.

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